

MODERN SCREEN

MARCH



ENTS



LINDA
DARNELL

**HOW HOLLYWOOD'S GREAT LOVERS
PROPOSED IN REAL LIFE!**

**MATRIMONIAL STATISTICS ON
OUTSTANDING ELIGIBLES!**

All Bob Pins are NOT Alike

DeLong's have a strong, lasting grip
 . . . will hold your waves and curls
 in place and keep you looking your best.
 They won't slip out.



INFORMAL POMPADOUR

Soft Curls piled on top.
 Longer Hair at the
 back in a loose roll.
 All skillfully held in place
 with DeLong Bob Pins.



RUMBA WHIRL

Crown and Back brushed
 smooth as a Helmet. Double
 roll frames face ingeniously.
 All kept cleverly in place
 with DeLong Bob Pins.



PRETTILY PARTED

. . . this Center Part
 lends Witchery to a
 Heart-shaped Face. The
 Hair is brushed back
 smoothly from the Brow
 and held securely with DeLong
 Bob Pins.

Try DeLong's . . .
 Convince Yourself They're Better
 Look for the Blue Card
 at Notion Counters

REMEMBER DELONG'S

Won't Slip Out



Even if you're not a Queen of Beauty...
LIFE'S FUN...If your Smile has Charm!



"A LOVELY SMILE IS YOUR MOST IMPORTANT BEAUTY ASSET!"

*say well-known beauty editors of
 23 out of 24 leading magazines*

In a recent poll made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines all but one of these beauty experts agreed that a lovely smile is a woman's most precious asset. They went on to say that "Even a plain girl has charm and personality if she keeps her smile bright, attractive and sparkling."

**Help keep your smile sparkling
 with Ipana and Massage**

DO YOU have to be a great beauty to find happiness—to win a husband—to be admired by your friends?

No! Decidedly no! Charm counts as much as great beauty. And even the plainest girl with a sparkling smile can give cards and spades to a beauty whose smile is shadowed.

Your smile is YOU! It's a priceless asset! And you should keep it right. Remember—your gums as well as your teeth need daily care—for bright, sparkling smiles depend upon *healthy gums*.

Keep your smile at its sparkling best... guard against "pink tooth brush"... with the help of the modern dental health

routine of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—see *your dentist*. You may or may not be in for trouble. He may tell you your gums are weak and sensitive because today's soft foods have robbed them of work. Like thousands of dentists today, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

Get Ipana Today!

For Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, it is specially designed to aid the gums to healthier firmness.

So get Ipana today. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter and your smile the charming beauty asset it should be.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

This is a Winter's Tale. Not told by the Bard of Avon, but by the Bard of M-G-M. ★ ★ ★ ★

It is the story of things to come as the blustery season goes into the home stretch.

★ ★ ★ ★

Good things to come.
Exhibits A, B, C, D.



A. James Stewart and Hedy Lamarr in Clarence Brown's production *Come Live With Me*. The screen play is by Patterson McNutt. It's a romantic comedy drama, the story of a circumstantial marriage in which the woman attempts to pay.

★ ★ ★ ★

B. Wallace Beery in *The Bad Man*, screenized by Wells Root from the famous Porter Emerson Browne play which was produced by William Harris, Jr., and directed by Richard Thorpe. It has action, great humor of a high order, and Lionel Barrymore, Laraine Day and Ronald Reagan.



★ ★ ★ ★

Do you like our Exhibits?

★ ★ ★ ★



Well, **C** is the long-awaited co-starring of Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney in *Men of Boys Town* by James Kevin McGuinness, directed by Norman Taurog. Those of you—meaning all of you—who enjoyed "Boys Town", will understand that this new Father Flanagan-inspired film promises to be a contribution of remarkable merit.

★ ★ ★ ★



And **D** is *The Ziegfeld Girl*, gay, glamorous, glittering, gorgeous. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard, it will present for the delight of those with eyes and ears a galaxy of stars which include Jimmy Stewart, Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, Tony Martin, Charles Winninger and many, many others.

★ ★ ★ ★

That's A, B, C, and D.

★ ★ ★ ★

Your best alpha **BET** is

— Lea



Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

MODERN SCREEN

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FASHIONS

From Now On 56-57-58

PEARL H. FINLEY, Editor

SYLVIA KAHN, Hollywood Reporter

Cover Girl: Linda Darnell, natural color photograph by Gene Kornman

Vol. 22, No. 4, March, 1941. Copyright, 1941, the Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 149 Madison Ave., New York. Published monthly. Printed in U. S. A. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Single copy price 10c in U. S. and Canada; U. S. subscription price \$1.00 a year; Canadian subscription \$2.00 a year; foreign subscription \$2.20 a year. Entered as second-class matter, Sept. 18, 1930, at the Postoffice, Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional second-class entries at Seattle, Wash.; San Francisco, Calif.; Houston, Texas; Savannah, Ga.; and New Orleans, La. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Names of characters used in semi-fictional matter are fictitious. If the name of any living person is used it is purely a coincidence. Trademark No. 301773.



"Come Live with me!"



...and be my love," says gorgeous Hedy Lamarr to handsome James Stewart. Does he? We'll say he does! And she pays him \$17.60 a week in the bargain!...You can't believe it? *Wait 'til you see it!*

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER presents

James
STEWART · *Hedy*
LAMARR

Not even in the much-talked-about "Philadelphia Story" was he so romantic!

She wears fifteen dream-gowns by famed Adrian—and how she wears 'em!


in **CLARENCE BROWN'S** production of

Come Live With Me

with
IAN HUNTER · VERREE TEASDALE · DONALD MEEK

Screen Play by Patterson McNutt • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Directed by **CLARENCE BROWN**



February's short on days, but terrifically long on famous birthdates. There's Washington's, Lincoln's, Barrymore's and Gable's! Yep, you February-ites are pretty wonderful, even

though the astrologists tell us you're definitely on the eccentric side.

You're mad about bizarre clothes and doing unconventional things. You're the first to try

out a new fad and are almost foolhardy in your daring. You pride yourself on your Soul

and would trade your only winter coat for a Philharmonic subscription. Yes, you're a wack, all right, but gosh, you're swell.

You're the most hospitable person in the world, unselfish to a fault and unbelievably sympathetic. Everyone loves you and you love everyone. You're a pacifist through and through—but when you're really irked you can fight rings around Joe Louis.

You're a bit of a flirt and not always the most constant mate—but you've got a special kind of charm that lets you get away with murder!


You're allergic to moods and make it a point to be gay, so this is probably superfluous. Nevertheless—



HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

Send greetings to . . .

EDWARD ARNOLD—February 18 • **JUDITH BARRETT**—February 2 • **JOHN BARRYMORE**—February 15 • **JOAN BENNETT**—February 27 • **JACK BENNY**—February 14 • **EDGAR BERGEN**—February 16 • **MARY BRIAN**—February 17 • **MARY CARLISLE**—February 3 • **JOHN CARRADINE**—February 5 • **MADELEINE CARROLL**—February 26 • **JULIE CARTER**—February 28 • **RONALD COLMAN**—February 9 • **RAY CORRIGAN**—February 14 • **LARRY (BUSTER) CRABBE**—February 7 • **JAMES CRAIG**—February 4 • **BRIAN DONLEVY**—February 9 • **STUART ERWIN**—February 14 • **BETTY FIELD**—February 8 • **W. C. FIELDS**—February 10 • **WALLACE FORD**—February 12 • **FRANCISKA GAAL**—February 1 • **CLARK GABLE**—February 1 • **RUSSELL GLEASON**—February 6 • **DAVID GORCEY**—February 6 • **BONITA GRANVILLE**—February 2 • **ALAN HALE**—February 10 • **JON HALL**—February 26 • **SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE**—February 19 • **JASCHA HEIFETZ**—February 2 • **TIM HOLT**—February 5 • **BETTY JAYNES**—February 12 • **BRENDA JOYCE**—February 25 • **IAN KEITH**—February 27 • **JEFFREY LYNN**—February 16 • **ADOLPHE MENJOU**—February 18 • **VICTOR MOORE**—February 24 • **CHESTER MORRIS**—February 16 • **WAYNE MORRIS**—February 17 • **MERLE OBERON**—February 19 • **ERIK RHODES**—February 10 • **FLORENCE RICE**—February 14 • **CESAR ROMERO**—February 15 • **CHARLES RUGGLES**—February 8 • **ANN SHERIDAN**—February 21 • **LYLE TALBOT**—February 8 • **MAX TERHUNE**—February 12 • **FRANCHOT TONE**—February 27 • **FORREST TUCKER**—February 12 • **LANA TURNER**—February 8 • **BOB YOUNG**—February 22 • **ZORINA**—February 1.



"HIGH SIERRA is an excitement-loaded yarn if ever I knew one! On film it's a world-beater!"
Newspaperdom's acknowledged No. 1 Story-Teller
MARK HELLINGER

"HIGH SIERRA is the most thrilling and unusual picture I have directed since 'What Price Glory'!"
Director of a hundred Hits, **RAOUL WALSH**

"My story to top 'Little Caesar' is
HIGH SIERRA!
Famed Author, **W. R. BURNETT**



WARNER BROS., Producers of 'Little Caesar' and 'Angels with Dirty Faces', now present the drama that towers mightily beside both . . .

HIGH SIERRA

A NEW PEAK FOR SCREEN EXCITEMENT!

It's the picture that skyrockets them to top star ranks!

IDA LUPINO

As Marie, the taxi dancer and killer's companion—deep down just another woman whose hungry heart yearned for one man.



HUMPHREY BOGART

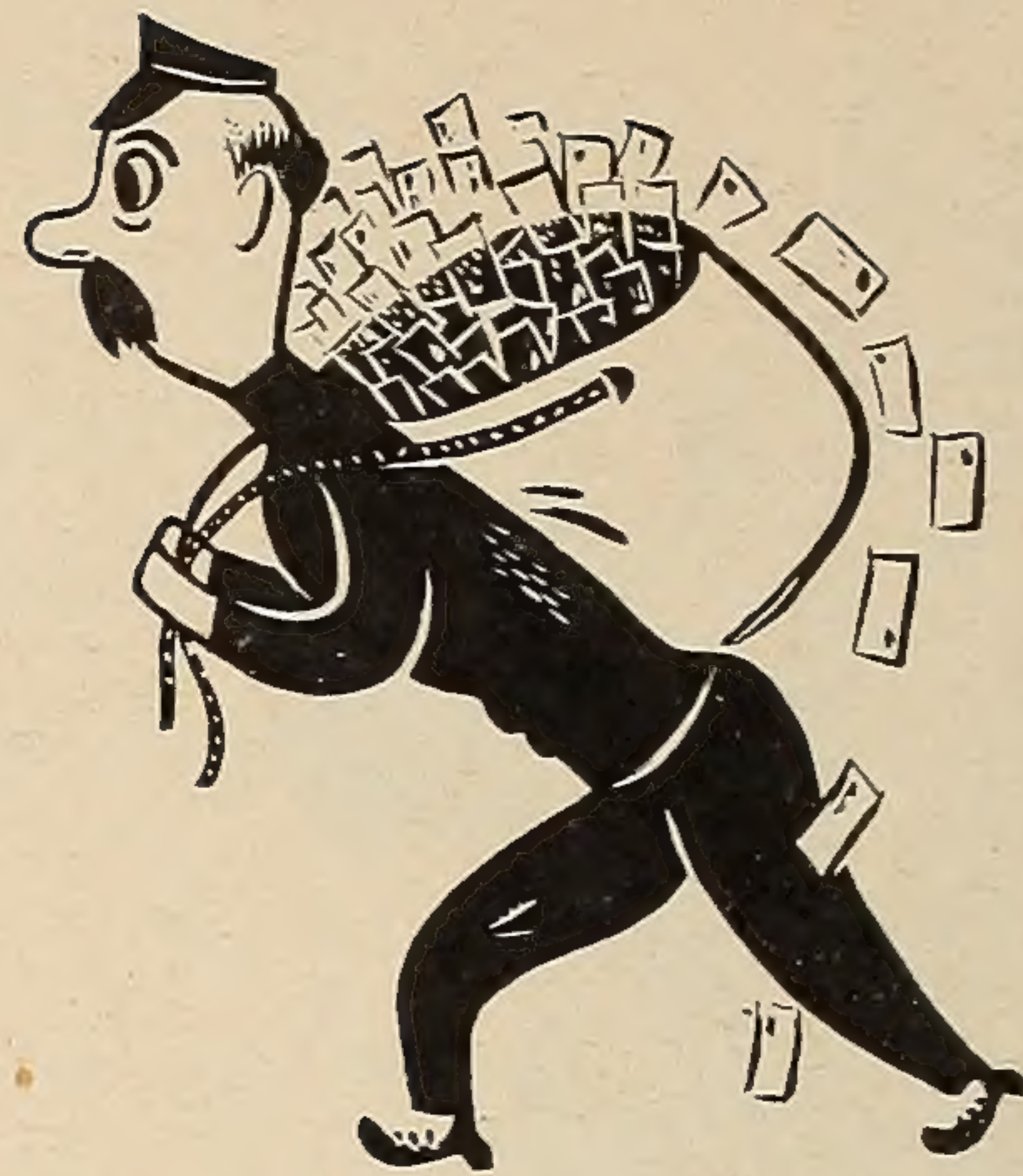
As 'Mad Dog' Earle, enemy of all that is decent and good, defiant of every law on earth—except the High Sierras!



With **ALAN CURTIS • ARTHUR KENNEDY • JOAN LESLIE**
HENRY HULL • HENRY TRAVERS

INFORMATION DESK

HELP US KEEP OUR MAILBOX FULL OF QUESTIONS, AND
WE PROMISE TO KEEP YOURS CHOCKFULL OF ANSWERS!



NOTE: *If you desire a reply by mail, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, New York.*



Grace Sterlen, Pittsburgh, Pa. Roy Rogers is very happily wedded to Arline Wilkins, who hails from the Texas ranges and shares Roy's interest in horses and ranch life. They have a little five-months-old adopted girl, Cheryl Darline, who keeps them home nights!

Mary Lawler, Philadelphia, Penn. 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box No. 900, Beverly Hills, Cal., would be glad to send you a picture of Linda Darnell for 25c in coin or stamps. Warner Brothers, Burbank, Cal., send photographs of Dennis Morgan, autographed 'n' everything, for a mere quarter.

Duke Roberts, Piedmont, Cal. Linda Darnell's 17 years old, five feet, five inches tall and weighs a mere 109 pounds. Her favorite sports are tennis, swimming which she enjoys on a par with dancing and whipping around in her new car. Her next picture sounds grim—"Blood and Sand" in which she plays opposite Tyrone Power.



Virginia Jwahlen, El Dorado, Ark. Looks like maybe Ginny Simms and Kay Kyser are Mr. and Mrs. The other day while ordering clothes for Ginny, Kay slipped and mentioned her as "my wife" to the sales girl. They *were* trying to keep it a secret, but that certainly didn't help the matter any!

Blondie, Sharon, Mass. Laurence Olivier's latest picture is as yet unnamed, but concerns the love affair of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton (played by Vivien Leigh). A few weeks ago, he and wife Vivien left for England to give their services to their native country for the duration of the war. You can get his picture at United Artists Studio, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. Errol Flynn's photograph is distributed by Warner Brothers, Burbank, Cal.

Ida Campi, Berkley, Mich. Billy Halop will be 21 on February 11th. His most recent movie was "Give Us Wings." You can get an autographed picture of him at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. James Cagney's photos are obtainable at Warner Brothers, Burbank, Cal. He answers all the fan mail he possibly can in his too few spare moments.

A fan, Brooklyn, N. Y. Your favorite John Shelton's next thriller will be "Fools Rush In," with Virginia Grey. . . . Priscilla Lane's making "Miss Wheelwright Discovers America."

L. De Marco, Jersey City, N. J. Margaret Lindsay's unmarried at present but everyone expects a quick change into Mrs. Bill Lundigan any time now. . . . Her next picture is "Hard Boiled Canary," in which she plays opposite Allan Jones. . . . Ann Sheridan's newest is "Honeymoon for Three," with George Brent.



A fan, Erie, Pa. Ida Lupino's father, famous comedian and stage dancer, was responsible for Ida's dramatic ability through both environment and heredity. From the time she was seven years old, he trained her for the stage in a private theatre in their London garden. At the age of ten, Ida knew the complete roles of all Shakespeare's leading women, and at fifteen took the lead in a British motion picture "Her First Affair." From that time on, her career was assured. Paramount talent scouts discovered her and brought her to Hollywood, where she's been making history ever since. Now, however, she's switched to Warner Brothers.

Mary E. Stoddard, Pictou, N. S., Canada. Madeleine Carroll's portrait is sent out by Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal., and Andrea Leeds' picture may be obtained at 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box No. 900, Beverly Hills, Cal. 25c in coin or stamps is the fee per photo.

Joan Smith, Omaha, Neb. Cary Grant was born Archibald Alexander Leach, in Bristol, England, on January 18, 1909. At the age of fifteen he ran away from home and joined the Bog Bender's Acrobats, known in England as the "knock-about" comedians. So successful was his "knocking about" that he continued in show business and soon appeared on the London stage. 'Twasn't long before his antics were brought to America via a juicy Hollywood contract. His last pictures were: "In Name Only," "His Girl Friday," "My Favorite Wife," "The Howards of Virginia" and "The Philadelphia Story."



Sally Robillard, Gloversville, N. Y. You can get a picture of Ian Hunter at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal., for 25c in coin or stamps. He was born in Cape Town, South Africa, June 13, 1900, is six feet tall and has brown hair and grey eyes.
(Continued on page 11)

David L. Loew • Albert Lewin *present*

"SO ENDS OUR NIGHT"

starring **FREDRIC
MARCH**

MARGARET
SULLAVAN

FRANCES
DEE

Glenn Ford • Anna Sten and Erich Von Stroheim

*Two thrilling
Romances in a
story of high
Adventure!*

FROM THE NOVEL
FLOTSAM
by
Erich Maria
Remarque

JOSEPH and MARIE
(Fredric March and Frances Dee)
who prove no power on earth
can divide and rule true love!

RUTH and KERN
(Margaret Sullavan and the
exciting new romantic screen
personality, Glenn Ford) who,
armed only with their love,
win their hearts' victory!

Directed by JOHN CROMWELL • Screenplay by Talbot Jennings • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Unforgettable Performances by the Year's Greatest Cast!

IRRESISTIBLE *Loveliness*



YOURS WITH *Iresistible* LIPSTICK

Ask any man! He'll tell you irresistible lips are soft lips, smooth lips, dewy-fresh! Glamorous women know this and choose a softer, creamier lipstick like IRRESISTIBLE. Easy to apply, non-drying, stays on smoothly for hours because it's WHIP-TEXT through a secret new process. Thrilling range of fashion-right colors includes such favorites as: RUBY RED, FLASH RED, CANDY STRIPE RED, FUCHSIA PLUM with matching rouge, face powder and powder foundation.

IT'S *Whip-Text*

LASTS LONGER
SMOOTHER



10c AT ALL
5 & 10c STORES

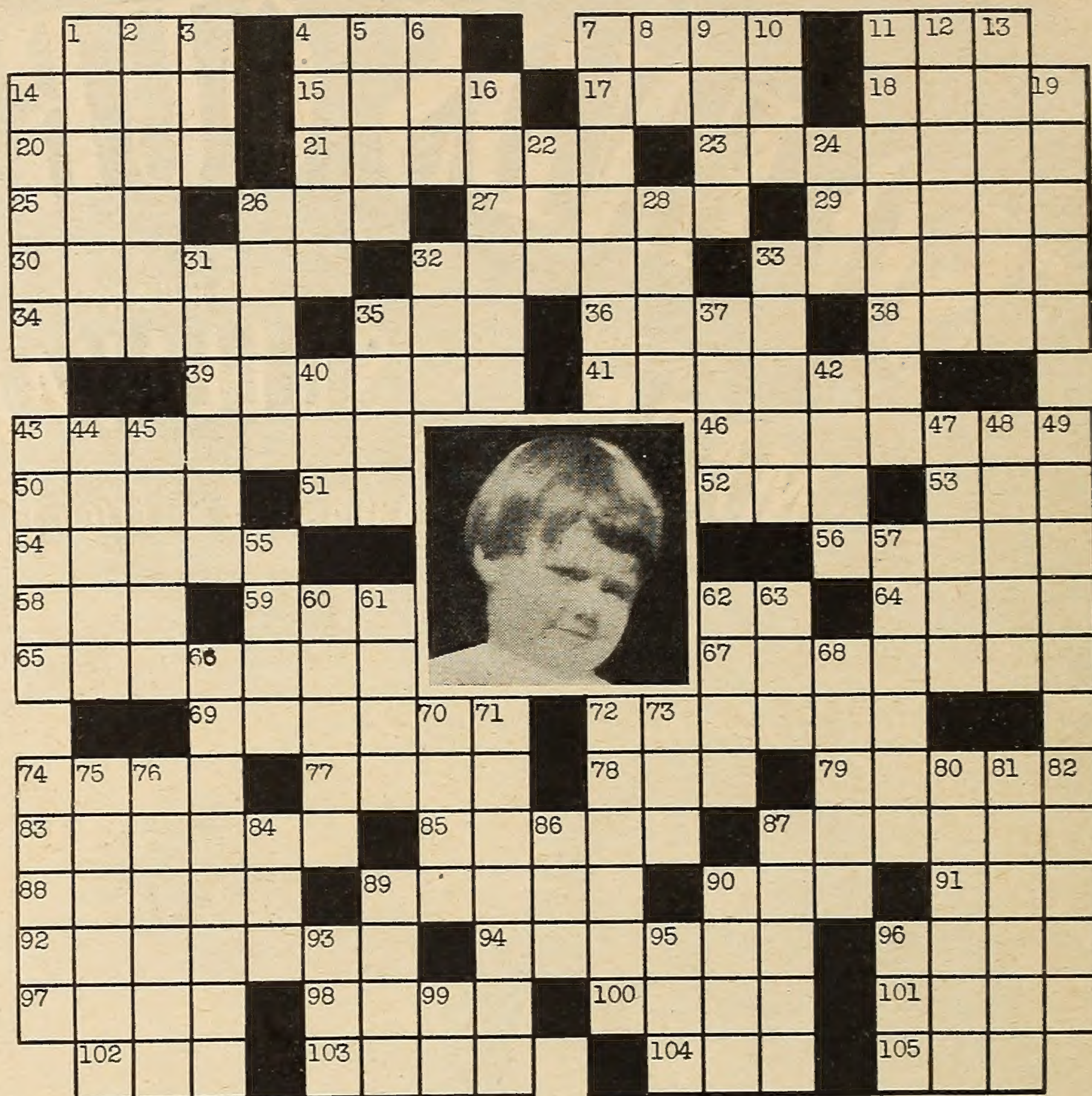
DOES HE LOVE YOU?

New! Irresistible Valentine Perfume holder spins and tells all! Wear this enchanting IRRESISTIBLE fragrance on your next date. Then spin the heart! Our guess: He loves you.



IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME 10c

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



PUZZLE SOLUTION ON PAGE 92

ACROSS

1. Famed "oomph girl"
4. Roe: Scot.
7. Bonita's mother in "Gallant Sons"
11. Marshall's role in "Foreign Correspondent"
14. Foot gear
15. Star of "No, No, Nanette"
17. Gown designer for 1 across
18. Gardener
20. "The Thundering ..."
21. She'll star in "Legacy"
23. Silent day actress
25. Young man in "Honeymoon For Three"
26. Number
27. Receives cargoes
29. Seed coverings
30. Edible bulbs
32. Persian coin
33. Ribbed cloth
34. All film players make these
35. Japanese coin
36. Movie sports commentator
38. Moistens
39. Greatest of "Young People"
41. Beloved girl of "Spring Parade"
43. Lana is the "----- girl"
46. Tested
50. Melt
51. Cagney's home state: abbr.
52. Explosive
53. Man's name
54. Singing Irish star
56. Charles ----- ett
58. Exist
59. "Victoria R --- na"
62. "The mammy singer"
64. Soon
65. Uppermost strata series
67. Films, cut and shown by the week
69. Lion tamer in "Wagons Roll At Night"
72. Shiny fabric
74. Gelatinous substance
77. Singer, ---- Ray
78. Our star's real name: Cl --- Lou
79. Stupefies
83. Tuneful Universal musical
85. Cozy corners
87. He gave us "Fantasia"
88. Star of "One Night in the Tropics"
89. Where Isa Miranda hails from
90. Even: poet.
91. Birthmonth of 1 across: abbr.
92. Female prophet
94. Star of "Mark of Zorro"
96. Persian poet
97. Dirk
98. "The March of ----"
100. Lanky screen comic
101. Small stream
102. Emmet
103. Belgian river
104. Printed notices
105. Mineral deposit

DOWN

1. Business man in "Hired Wife"
2. Ex-hubby of our star
3. Dour comedian
4. Friend of "The Lady with Red Hair"
5. Wife of John Payne
6. Vivien Leigh's home-land: abbr.
7. She dances in "Second Chorus"
8. Measure of area
9. Angers
10. Lya ---
11. Last name of our star
12. Law enforcement department
13. Color
14. Film a scene
16. She's returning to films
19. Reclines
22. Actor in "Bitter Sweet"
24. Sailor
26. Assault
28. Great lake
31. Canadian capital
32. Dolores --- Rio
33. A dowel
35. Agile
37. A film's dramatic personae
40. "Little ---"
42. Fruits of the oak
43. Strip of leather
44. Whence
45. Anxious
47. Femme in "Go West"
48. Jeb Stuart in "Santa Fe Trail"
49. Mends
55. Actor Hamilton
57. Spoils
60. Star reporter of "Comrade X"
61. Arrow poison
62. "The Thin Man's" dog
63. Tot in "Virginia"
66. With Boyer in "Back Street"
68. Plant exudation
70. Rave
71. Where we see 1 across
72. Woodland deities
73. "--- Gratia Artis"
74. Accumulate
75. Ore of lead
76. Who is Hollywood's "Cinderella?"
80. Not just
81. Pointed sewing implement
82. Gifted child actress
84. "New W ---"
86. Cunning
87. Considers
89. Egyptian goddess
90. City in Oklahoma
93. Pen
95. L --- Lane
96. Sign of a packed theatre
99. Personal pronoun

(Continued from page 8)

Helen Stephens, Waterloo, Iowa. The complete unabridged name of Mrs. Gene Autry is Ina Mae Spivey Autry.

Barbara Wicks, Providence, R. I. You can get stills from "Wuthering Heights" by sending your request and 25c in coin or stamps to United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Pauline Hurley, Hollister, Mo. Clark Gable's marriage to his first wife, Josephine Dillon, took place in 1924 and lasted four years. . . . Katharine Hepburn became Mrs. Ludlow Smith in 1928, but has since been divorced. . . . Ginger Rogers has played in a host of pictures, including: "Sap from Syracuse," "A Night in a Dormitory," "Honor Among Lovers," "The Tip-Off," "Suicide Fleet," "Bad Timber," "Broadway Bad," "Thirteenth Street," "Rafter Romance," "Professional Sweetheart," "Chance at Heaven," "Flying Down to Rio," "Don't Bet on Love," "Sitting Pretty," "Twenty Million Sweethearts," "Upperworld," "The Gay Divorcée," "Romance in Manhattan," "Finishing School," "Change of Heart," "Roberta," "Star of Midnight," "Having Wonderful Time," "Vivacious Lady," "Carefree," "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle," "Bachelor Mother," "Fifth Avenue Girl," "Primrose Path," "Little Mother," "Lucky Partners" and "Kitty Foyle."

Jean Connor, Mansfield, Ohio. Yep, Frank Morgan did the imitations of Hedy Lamarr, Claudette Colbert and others in "Hullabaloo." You can get the clever fellow's autographed picture by writing to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal., and sending twenty-five cents.



Grace Bradley's a sophisticated dancer in "Hard Boiled Canary," but after hours she's Cowboy Bill Boyd's sweet young frau—his third!

Shirley Chevette, Dearborn, Mich. Errol Flynn has penned several literary pieces, chief among which are two full-length books, "The White Rajah" and "Beam Ends." He loves to read as well as write and spends most of his free time doing one or the other. You can get an autographed picture of him by writing and enclosing twenty-five cents to Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Lois Jean Jewell, Story City, Iowa. Tim Holt's real name is just that, and he's the son of Jack Holt of movie fame. He was born in Beverly Hills, Cal., on February 5th, and still lives thereabouts. He's married and has a son about a year old. Like his father, he enjoys the outdoors and is a crack swimmer, badminton expert and polo player. He's tanned as an Indian, dislikes formal clothes and closed cars, but is not a genuine cowboy by any means. He enjoys the luxuries of life and travels extensively in Mexico and the West. His hobbies are raising dogs and taking pictures. His latest movie's "Along the Rio Grande."

Ralph Thompson, Dawson, Texas. Your friend, Mary Lee, was born in Centralia, Ill., on October 24, 1925. She went to school there until Ted Weems discovered her and took her to New York with his orchestra when she was only 3. Her two ambitions are to be a movie star and radio singer, and she's getting pretty much what she wants at this early age! During her leisure hours, she swims, dives, collects phonograph records and dates her army of young men. She's four feet, eleven and a half inches tall, has curly brown hair and brown eyes. Her favorite colors are blue and red.

"Like every Bride I wanted a Lovelier Skin — and Camay helped me to have one"

—Says Mrs. James L. Macwithey

Camay's greater mildness is a help to Every Woman—even to many with Dry and Delicate Skin.



His bride in his arms, Mr. Macwithey finds her blonde hair and creamy skin an exquisite picture. After the reception they left for a honeymoon at Sea Island, Georgia, with Camay in her luggage.

NOW a great new improvement has made Camay milder than six of the leading large-selling beauty soaps, as we proved by actual tests. Skin specialists we asked say that regular cleansing with a fine, mild toilet soap will help your skin to look lovelier. So why not let Camay's milder cleansing help you in your search for greater skin loveliness!



Photographs by David Berns

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Macwithey were married at Christ Episcopal Church, East Orange, N. J. Mrs. Macwithey says about Camay, "Camay is so mild. It is just wonderful for delicate skin like mine. I really feel that my continued use of Camay helps my skin to look smoother and lovelier."

The Soap of Beautiful Women

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY

It's absolutely tops in entertainment from almost any standpoint. It has sophistication, sparkle, wit, humor—plus a down-to-earth basic plot with human elements such as any of us might face.

Katharine Hepburn is perfect as the society girl who has been divorced from Cary Grant because she's seeking perfection in life and men, and who is about to marry John Howard. Jimmy Stewart is a reporter who is trying to write a yarn about the wedding, and Ruth Hussey, his photographer, loves him. Jimmy and Katharine spend a crazy few hours in each other's company, drinking too much and talking too much—as a result of which she realizes that John is not her man and goes back to Cary. And Jimmy hands himself over one hundred per cent to Ruth.

Just in case these aren't enough big-time personalities to lure you, the minor parts are handled by such top-notch people as Roland Young, Mary Nash, Virginia Weidler and John Halliday.

What makes this a really important film is that every second of it is real. The writing is smart, brittle and intelligent—but none of the characters talk like people in a play, like human beings.

All three of the stars are perfectly cast, and Ruth Hussey moves a couple of notches higher up the ladder. Directed by George Cukor.—*M-G-M.*

★ ★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★ ★

SANTA FE TRAIL

When a movie company goes to a great deal of trouble to advertise and ballyhoo a film, a lot of us are inclined to become acutely critical and wonder whether it isn't a case of putting a good bit of fancy icing on a simple piece of angel cake? Well, this is not one of those cases. All the advance adjectives and hurrahs you have heard about this one are well deserved; it is a thriller!

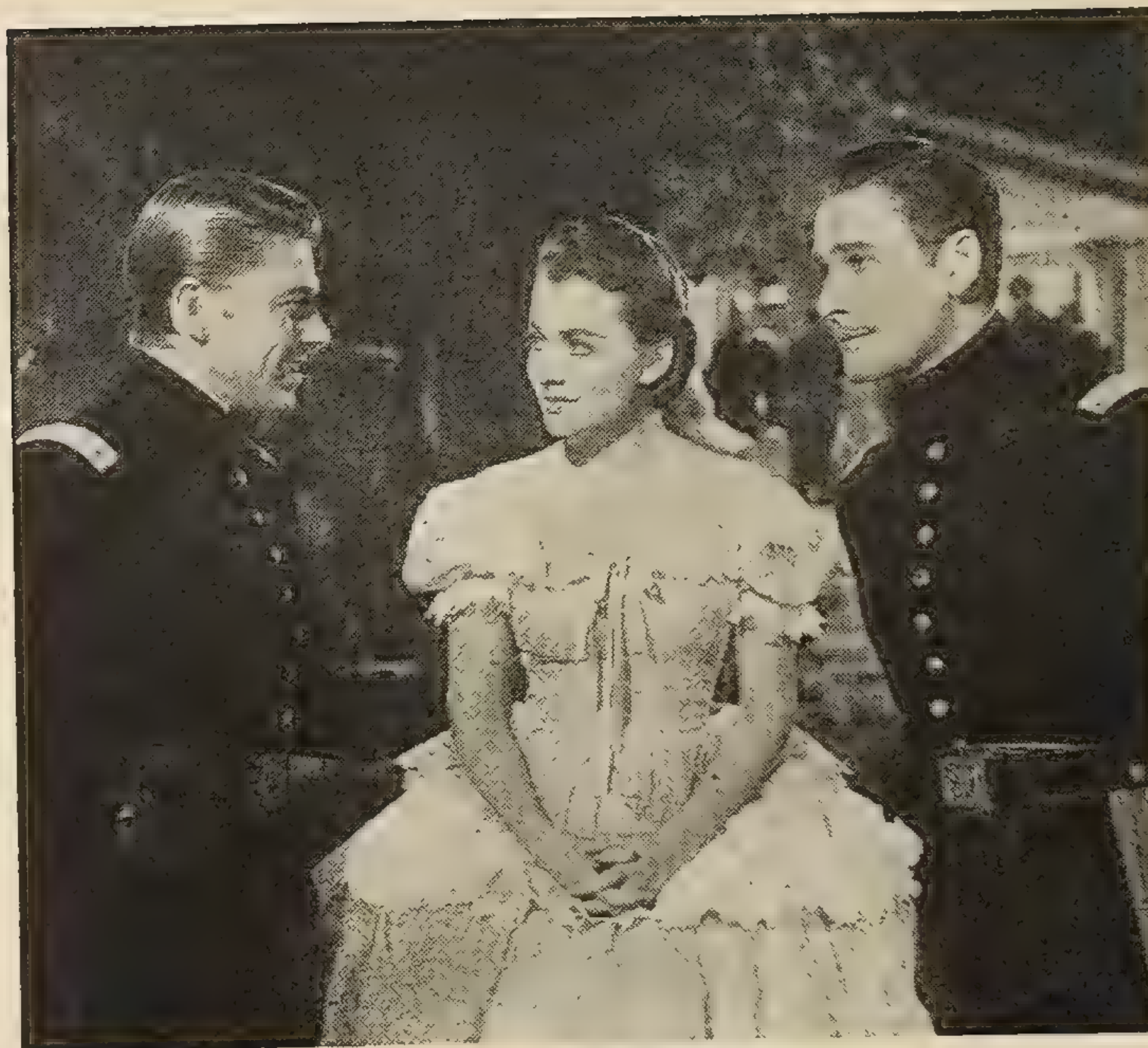
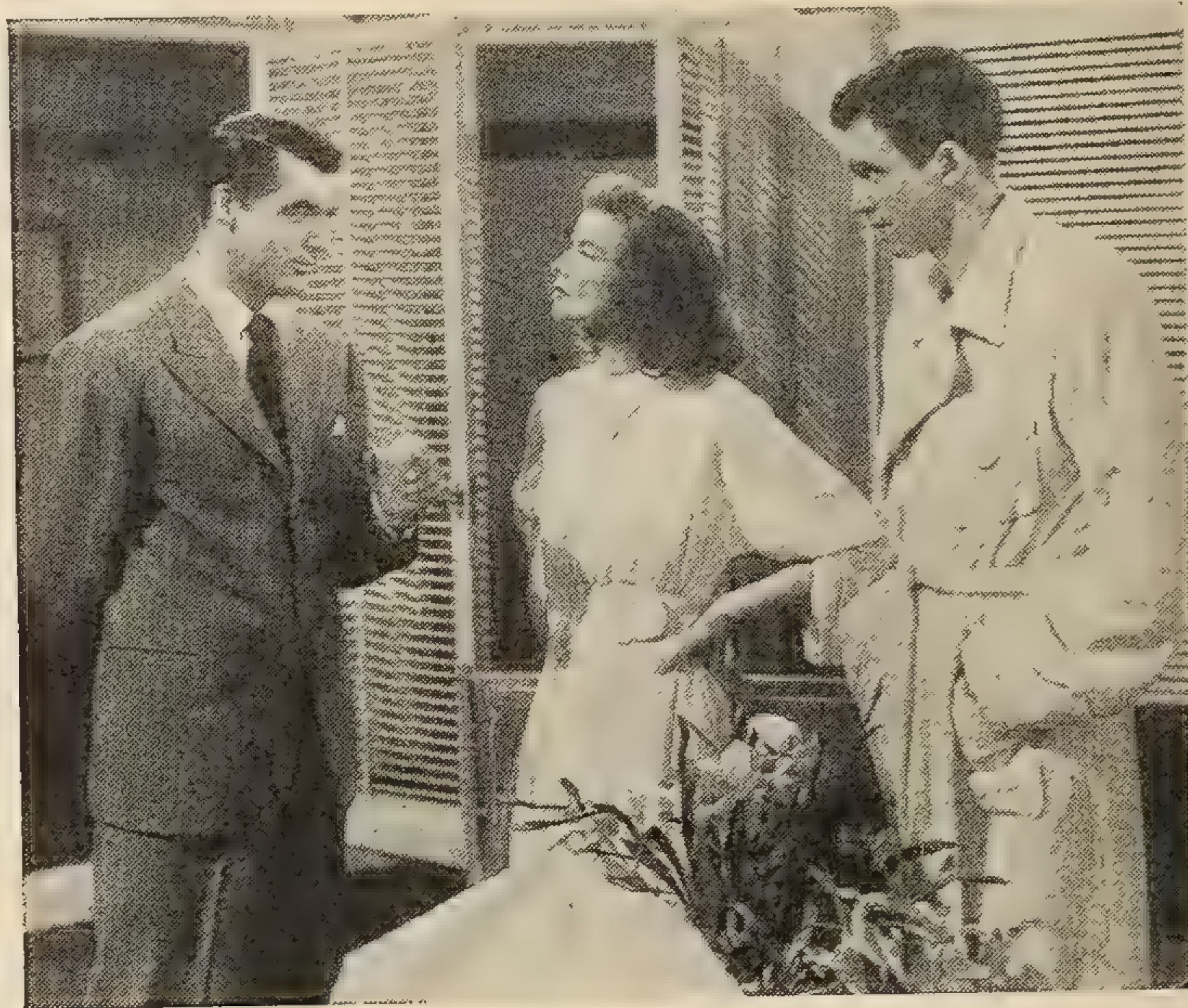
The story has to do with the fantastic career of John Brown and his battle to liberate America from what he called "the cancer of slavery." Errol Flynn is a young West Point graduate who is sent out to Kansas to catch Brown and stop him from trying to split up the Union. He almost does this, but does not actually succeed until Brown tries to get a second start in Maryland. That leads to the historic battle at Harper's Ferry, when Brown, badly outnumbered, forces a heroic, though futile, fight.

John Brown is played by Raymond Massey, and this is one of the strongest bits of acting you have seen in a long time.

The swashbuckling and romance are in the hands of Errol Flynn, with beautiful Olivia de Havilland as the romantic goal, and Ronald Reagan as the romantic hurdle that Flynn has to clear away. Directed by Michael Curtiz.—*Warners.*

MOVIE

Jimmy Stewart makes his bow as basso profundo in "The Philadelphia Story," in which he adds intrigue to the rollicking Katie Hepburn-Cary Grant feud.



There's grim suspense when Olivia de Havilland has a double proposal of marriage from bosom chums Ronald Reagan and Errol Flynn in "Santa Fe Trail."

REVIEWS

By Wolfe Kaufman

Ginger Rogers takes to a white collar and Dennis Morgan to Philadelphia's Main Line in the screen version of Christopher Morley's "Kitty Foyle."



To make it really authentic, the cast of "Virginia," headed by Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll, settled in that state during the entire filming!

KITTY FOYLE

Ginger Rogers' interpretation of the title role is tremendously exciting, and if it doesn't get her an Academy Award it will certainly pull her right up to the brink of one. Equally thrilling is the perfect job the writers and producer have done. It wasn't easy to put Morley's book on celluloid, but here it is, adult without bothering anyone's moral scruples, and an exciting hunk out of real life.

The story—told via flashbacks—has to do with Kitty, a poor gal with a lot of dreams and imagination, who lands a job on a society magazine. She gets involved with the handsome, rich and snooty young editor (Dennis Morgan, who's really terrific) and they fall in love. However, hard as they both try, there seems to be no luck in their love affair, and Ginger runs away to New York.

There is another romance with a young interne—James Craig. She promises to marry him, when along comes her first love, whom her heart hasn't forgotten. He is married, but is leaving his wife and wants Ginger to go to South America with him. That's the decision she faces at the beginning of the film.

Besides top-notch acting by Ginger and the two men, there are some excellent supporting performances by Ernest Cossart and Odette Myrtil. Directed by Sam Wood.—*RKO-Radio*.

★ ★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★ 1/2

VIRGINIA

If nothing else, the fact that Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray are at top form in this film should insure healthy box office reception. But added to that is the fact that the film is in astonishingly beautiful Technicolor and the scenery is just about the most unusual and thrilling of the year. It was all filmed right on the ground, in Virginia proper, and the results justify the expense.

The story is rather rambling, due to the fact that the writers tried to get too much into it, in the belief that they were creating an important film epic. The central theme is that of an ex-Virginian, Madeleine, brought up in New York and completely broken with Southern "tradition." She comes back to Virginia to sell the old mansion and land, because she is broke.

MacMurray is her next-door neighbor. The rich people from up North are kicking tradition and heritage in the face, but Fred believes that it is important to hold on to them. After a long and complicated struggle, he convinces Madeleine that she belongs down there, playing it his way.

An important element in the film's favor is the presence of five-year-old Carolyn Lee. There is a new young leading man, too, named Stirling Hayden. Directed by Edward H. Griffith.—*Paramount*.

(Continued on page 15)



Yes — You will be more beautiful with Princess Pat Rouge

Suppose you found you were less beautiful than you could be . . . and then discovered a way to new loveliness . . . wouldn't you act—and quickly? Of course! Well, ordinary rouge doesn't give you all the beauty you *could* have. It gives that "painted, artificial look."

Now, let's see about

PRINCESS PAT ROUGE

You've a good reason to change to Princess Pat—if it can give you *thrilling new beauty*. And it does because it's duotone . . . an *undertone* and an *overtone* make each shade. Not just another rouge, but *utterly different*. Princess Pat Rouge changes on your skin!—matches your individual type. Mysteriously, amazingly, the color seems to come from within the skin, bringing out new hidden beauty. Isn't that what you want? Your mirror shows you sparkle and animation—a new confidence in your beauty makes you irresistible. Until you experience the excitement of wearing this duo-tone rouge, you will never know how glamorous you really can be. Try Princess Pat Rouge today—*before tonight*.

And lips to match . . . For perfect harmony in loveliness and allure try Princess Pat Lipstick to match your rouge. Get the big, Princess Pat *Night and Day* Double: which carries a different shade at either end. Comes in all combinations for light, medium and dark types. Be fascinating in your daylight make-up . . . be irresistible by night-light. Convenient and economical. Two Lipsticks in one . . . and think, it's only 25c.

For faces of fashion

*Miss Gloria Brewster, charming screen actress, smiles her approval of Princess Pat Rouge.



PRINCESS PAT

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

200 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on films not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture

General Rating

All This, and Heaven Too (Warners).....	4★
Andy Hardy Meets Debutante (M-G-M).....	3★
Angels Over Broadway (Columbia).....	2½★
Argentine Nights (Universal).....	2½★
Arise, My Love (Paramount).....	4★
*Arizona (Columbia).....	4★
Bank Dick, The (Universal).....	3★
Bitter Sweet (M-G-M).....	3★
Blondie Plays Cupid (Columbia).....	C 2½★
Boom Town (M-G-M).....	3½★
Brigham Young—Frontiersman (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Captain Caution (United Artists).....	2½★
Chad Hanna (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Charlie Chan at the Wax Museum (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2½★
Charter Pilot (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Christmas in July (Paramount).....	3★
City for Conquest (Warners).....	3½★
Colorado (Republic).....	2½★
Comin' Round the Mountain (Paramount).....	2★
Comrade X (M-G-M).....	3★
Dance, Girl, Dance (RKO).....	2★
Dancing on a Dime (Paramount).....	2★
Devil's Island (Warners).....	2½★
Devil's Pipeline, The (Universal).....	2★
Diamond Frontier (Universal).....	2★
Dispatch From Reuter's, A (Warners).....	C 3★
Dr. Kildare Goes Home (M-G-M).....	3★
Dr. Kildare's Crisis (M-G-M).....	2½★
Down Argentine Way (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Dulcy (M-G-M).....	3★
Earl of Puddleston (Republic).....	2★
East of the River (Warners).....	2½★
Ellery Queen, Master Detective (Columbia).....	2½★
Escape (M-G-M).....	3½★
Fantasia (Walt Disney).....	C 4★
Five Little Peppers in Trouble (Columbia).....	C 2★
*Flight Command (M-G-M).....	3★
Foreign Correspondent (United Artists).....	4★
*Four Mothers (Warners).....	3★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Gallant Sons (M-G-M).....	2½★
Gambling on the High Seas (Warners).....	2½★
Gay Caballero, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Ghost Breakers, The (Paramount).....	3★
Girl from Avenue A (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2★
Girl from God's Country (Republic).....	2★
Girls Under 21 (Columbia).....	2★
Glamour for Sale (Columbia).....	2★
Gold Rush Maise (M-G-M).....	2½★
Golden Fleece, The (M-G-M).....	3★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M).....	4★
Grapes of Wrath, The (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Great Dictator, The (United Artists).....	3½★
Great McGinty, The (Paramount).....	3½★
Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Haunted Honeymoon (M-G-M).....	3★
He Stayed for Breakfast (Columbia).....	2½★
Hired Wife (Universal).....	3★
Hit Parade of 1941 (Republic).....	2½★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal).....	2½★
Howards of Virginia, The (Columbia).....	3½★
*Hudson's Bay (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Hullabaloo (M-G-M).....	2★
I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby (Universal).....	2★
If I Had My Way (Universal).....	C 3★
I Love You Again (M-G-M).....	3★
I Married Adventure (Columbia).....	3★
I'm Still Alive (RKO).....	2½★
In Old Missouri (Republic).....	2★
Irene (RKO).....	3★
Isle of Destiny (RKO).....	2★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M).....	2★
I Want A Divorce (Paramount).....	3★
Kit Carson (United Artists).....	2½★
*Kitty Foyle (RKO).....	4★
Knute Rockne—All American (Warners).....	C 3½★
Lady in Question, The (Columbia).....	3★
Lady with Red Hair, The (Warners).....	3★
Letter, The (Warners).....	4★
*Let's Make Music (RKO).....	3★
Little Bit of Heaven (Universal).....	C 3★
Little Men (RKO).....	2½★
Little Nellie Kelly (M-G-M).....	C 3★
Long Voyage Home, The (United Artists).....	4★
Love Thy Neighbor (Paramount).....	3½★
Lucky Partners (RKO).....	3★
*Mad Doctor, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Man I Married, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Mark of Zorro, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Meet the Wildcat (Universal).....	2½★

Picture

General Rating

Meet the Missus (Republic).....	2★
Mexican Spitfire Out West (RKO).....	2★
Midnight (Paramount).....	3★
Moon Over Burma (Paramount).....	2½★
Mortal Storm, The (M-G-M).....	4★
Mummy's Hand, The (Universal).....	2½★
Murder in the Air (Warners).....	2★
My Little Chickadee (Universal).....	2½★
My Love Came Back (Warners).....	3½★
New Moon (M-G-M).....	3★
Night Train (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Nobody's Children (Columbia).....	2½★
North West Mounted Police (Paramount).....	C 3½★
Northwest Passage (M-G-M).....	4★
No, No, Nanette (RKO).....	2½★
No No, Nanette (RKO).....	2★
No No, Nanette (RKO).....	2★
Okla. Kid, The (Warners).....	3★
Okla. Renegades (Republic).....	2½★
One Crowded Night (RKO).....	2★
One Million B. C. (United Artists).....	C 3★
One Night in the Tropics (Universal).....	2½★
Opened by Mistake (Paramount).....	2½★
Pastor Hall (United Artists).....	3½★
Phantom Raiders (M-G-M).....	4★
Philadelphia Story, The (M-G-M).....	2★
Pier 13 (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Pioneers of the Frontier (Columbia).....	2★
*Playgirl (RKO).....	2★
Pop Always Pays (RKO).....	2½★
Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M).....	3½★
Public Deb No. 1 (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Quarterback, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Queen of the Mob (Paramount).....	3★
Queen of the Yukon (Monogram).....	2★
Ragtime Cowboy Joe (Universal).....	2★
Ramparts We Watch, The (March of Time-RKO).....	3½★
Rangers of Fortune (Paramount).....	3★
Rhythm on the River (Paramount).....	3½★
Road to Singapore, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Romance of the Rio Grande (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Safari (Paramount).....	2½★
Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO).....	2½★
Sandy Gets Her Man (Universal).....	2★
Sea Devils, The (Warners).....	3½★
San Francisco Docks (Universal).....	2½★
Santa Fe Trail (Warners).....	4★
*Second Chorus (Paramount).....	3½★
Seven Sinners (Universal).....	3★
Sing, Dance, Plenty Hot (Republic).....	2★
Sky Murder (M-G-M).....	2★
Slightly Honorable (United Artists).....	3★
Slightly Tempted (Universal).....	2★
Son of Monte Cristo, The (United Artists).....	3★
South of Pango Pango (United Artists).....	2½★
So You Won't Talk? (Columbia).....	2½★
Spirit of Blood, The (Universal).....	C 2½★
Sporting Culver (M-G-M).....	2½★
Spring Parade (Universal).....	C 3★
Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Stranger on the Third Floor (RKO).....	3★
Strike Up the Band (M-G-M).....	C 3½★
Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M).....	2½★
Susan and God (M-G-M).....	3½★
Swiss Family Robinson (RKO).....	C 3★
They Drive by Night (Warners).....	3★
They Knew What They Wanted (RKO).....	3½★
Thief of Bagdad, The (United Artists).....	3½★
Third Finger, Left Hand (M-G-M).....	3★
*This Thing Called Love (Columbia).....	3½★
Those Were the Days (Paramount).....	C 2½★
Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal).....	C 3★
Thundering Frontier (Columbia).....	2★
Tin Pan Alley (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Tom Brown's School Days (RKO).....	C 3★
Too Many Girls (RKO).....	3★
Tower of London (Universal).....	2★
Trail of the Vigilantes (Universal).....	3★
Triple Justice (RKO).....	2★
Tugboat Annie Sails Again (Warners).....	2½★
Victory (Paramount).....	3★
*Virginia (Paramount).....	3½★
Vigil in the Night (RKO).....	3★
Westerner, The (United Artists).....	C 3★
We Who Are Young (M-G-M).....	3★
When the Daltons Rode (Universal).....	3★
Wyoming (M-G-M).....	3★
You'll Find Out (RKO).....	3★
Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Young People (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2½★
Youth Will Be Served (20th Century-Fox).....	2★

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 13)

★★★½ Second Chorus

There are so many very good things about this picture that the first impulse is to put it right up at the head of the parade and call it the best musical of the year. But, analyzing it, you realize that there are a number of serious faults, too—and so the best you can do is call it a pretty good show.

Fred Astaire, Paulette Goddard, Burgess Meredith and Artie Shaw are the personalities to be reckoned with here—and that's personalities enough for anybody's movie. Astaire and Meredith are both trumpet players, and they deliberately flunk their courses in college every year because they don't want to graduate. The gag behind it is that as long as they stay they can continue playing in the school band which is a mighty good way to earn a living, it seems. Then, along comes Paulette. Both lads do nips-ups trying to outsmart each other, and both get graduated. Then they have to go out and earn a living.

It's a good framework because it keeps the music flowing into the picture quite naturally, without seeming to be dragged in by the ears. Also, it gives all of the characters a good chance to do their stuff, since they are all just about equally spotted. Trouble is that the producer was in such a hurry to get the picture made that a lot of it was written and rewritten almost as fast as it was photographed, and a lot of it needs polishing and editing. Several weeks more of advance preparation would have made all the difference in the world.

Paulette returns to romantic light comedy here and, no doubt about it, the gal has emotional range. And Meredith, too, will surprise you. He is perhaps the most underrated actor in Hollywood.

Astaire doesn't do as much dancing in this picture as he has in others; he's been trying to stop dancing in films, as you probably know. As for Artie Shaw—he's Artie Shaw; right down the groove if you're a jitterbug; a little noisy and brash, if you're not.

The music and songs are way up there, and the Clarinet Concerto in Swing is something you're not likely to forget very easily. Directed by H. C. Potter.—*Paramount.*

★★★½ Love Thy Neighbor

One of the oldest headaches in the movie business is the one about why Joe Doakes is a big sock attraction in stage shows but a dead fish in movies. Any number of times terrific Broadway or radio attractions have tried making movies (Kate Smith, Ben Bernie, Ed Wynn, Amos 'n' Andy, Jack Pearl, to name only a few) but couldn't make the grade. That is why it is so pleasant to be able to report that Jack Benny and Fred Allen are both in this movie and they're swell!

Benny, of course, is an established movie as well as radio star, but Allen has tried movies a couple of times without too much hurrah. And here they are both resorting to the Benny formula—the trick that has kept him on top in his two mediums—and they really click. So it's a good trick, and it's worth remembering. All the actors have to do is—be themselves.

Jack and Fred are battling all the way

If she can't take a tip— she'll surely lose her job



**Why risk offending? Use Mum every day.
Be sure underarms are always fresh!**

NANCY couldn't believe her eyes! Yet there, plain as day, was the note that told what her fellow workers thought.

Carelessness of this sort... the merest hint of underarm odor... can pull you down so quickly! That's why smart girls make a daily habit of Mum.

For Mum makes your daintiness sure. Just smooth it on and you're safe from underarm odor for a full day or evening. Never forget Mum for a single day, for even daily baths can't prevent risk of offending. Underarms always need Mum's sure protection.

More women use Mum than any other deodorant because:

MUM IS SPEEDY! Thirty seconds is all it takes to apply a touch of Mum.

MUM IS SURE! Without attempting to stop perspiration, Mum *prevents* underarm odor all day long.

MUM IS SAFE! Can't irritate your skin... can't harm clothes. Mum has the seal of approval of the American Institute of Laundering. Get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today. Use it every day... be sure you're always sweet.

SMART GIRLS MAKE A HABIT OF MUM!

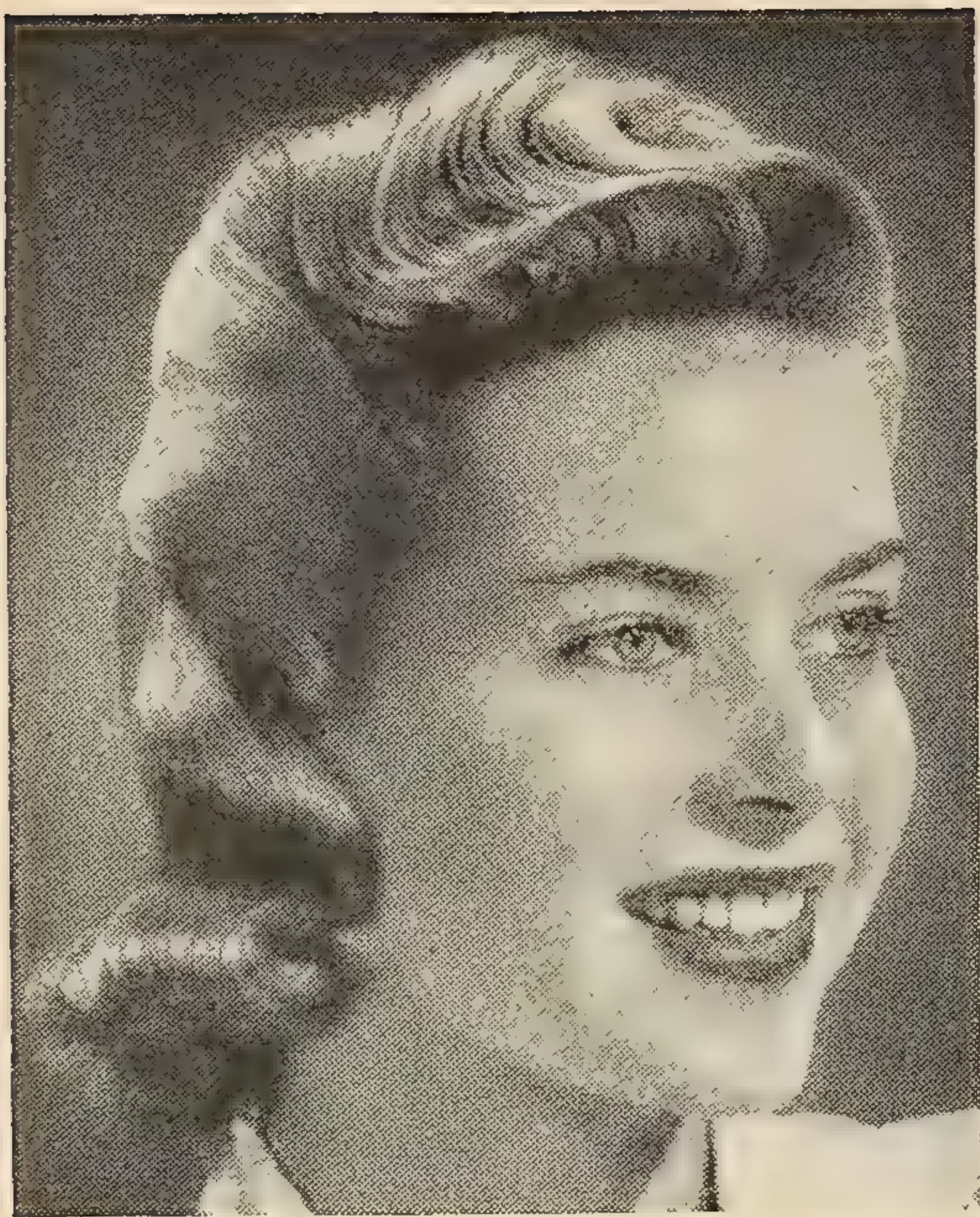


For Sanitary Napkins

More and more women who want no worries about daintiness are using Mum for this important purpose. And Mum is so gentle, so safe.

MUM

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HAIR RADIATES NEW COLOR with One Shampoo

WHEN hair is radiant, dancing with youthful highlights and color, it reflects new overtones of beauty in your eyes, your complexion, your whole appearance. That's why your shampoo is so important.

So do as millions of women are doing, and try Halo Shampoo. Because Halo contains no soap, it therefore leaves no dulling film to hide the natural luster and color of your hair.

Once Halo removes these accumulations of dulling soap-curd from each tiny hair shaft, your head-dress fairly radiates with color and brilliance. What's more, with Halo you don't need a lemon or vinegar rinse.

See how Halo leaves your hair radiant, soft and easy to curl. How it gives eye-appeal to "mousey" hair. How it gently cleanses your scalp, and leaves it fragrantly clean.

And Halo, because of its new-type sudsing ingredient, makes oceans of lather in hardest water.

Buy Halo Shampoo in generous 10c or larger sizes. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.



HALO SHAMPOO



HAND CREAM

Women are raving about this new beauty cream for hands. Contains the fragrance of costly perfumes. No stickiness—no greasy feeling—quick disappearing. Big value for your money—in 10¢, 25¢ and 50¢ jars, at toilet goods counters.



through the picture. They hate one another and are saying nasty things about and to each other. For purposes of complication, Benny is preparing a stage show and Fred has a niece who goes into Jack's show as a singer. She is Mary Martin, and you can't blame Jack for hiring her, or for falling in love with her—but uncle Fred can't see anything but red. He burns up, swears revenge and hires Jack's boy Friday, Rochester, and makes him his personal valet. You can imagine what that does to Jack!

Well, it's that kind of lunacy; it's back and forth, up and down, hit-and-run humor. The scene where Fred Allen is trying to sleep and is counting sheep and every sheep looks like Jack Benny; the scene in which Fred is eating sleeping tablets by the dozen, and all they do is give him indigestion; the one in which Jack and Fred almost make up and tell each other what nice guys they both are—they're all highlight comedy scenes. Add a dash of good singing via Mary Martin and Theresa Harris (Rochester's dusky girl friend), throw in a couple of A-1 dance routines by the Merriel Abbott Dancers, get a whiff of Virginia Dale, a new cutie with a swell chassis and a hotcha sense of rowdy humor, and you have a total of—"Love Thy Neighbor," a sock comedy directed by Mark Sandrich.—Paramount.

★★★½ This Thing Called Love

And here is still another in the recent parade of good, solid sophisticated comedies. It's plenty on the rough side but it is chuck full of laughs and, no matter how you feel about it all, you will be forced to do your share of chuckling.

Roz Russell and Melvyn Douglas are the couple who, this time, get mixed up about their marital relations. It all reminds you, somehow, of an Esquire cartoon—but one which is spread out into eight reels. Roz thinks that the first three months or so of married life should be spent platonically. Melvyn, naturally, is amazed, but agrees and then tries to make Roz change her mind. Well, he succeeds, along about reel four—but by this time, Mel has changed his mind, so that all her wiles are of no avail and

she turns to the audience with one of the most amusing cracks of the film.

There are a goodly number of lightly hilarious scenes, and it is all beautifully paced, so that it keeps you interested and entertained all the way. Mel and Roz do most of the acting, but Binnie Barnes, Allyn Joslyn (this guy is climbing these days), Sig Arno and Lee J. Cobb all do well with their scripts. Directed by Alexander Hall.—Columbia.

★★★½ Chad Hanna

There is a charming reminiscent quality to this story which should endear it to its audience, but you can't help wishing that it had a bit more coherence. The character of Dorothy Lamour, for instance, is never really clarified. Nevertheless, the picture manages to hold your interest and keep you consistently excited about the escapades of Henry Fonda, who—as Chad Hanna, a country bumpkin—joins a traveling circus.

Henry falls in love with Dorothy Lamour, a bareback rider with few moral scruples, but he marries Linda Darnell, a country lass who joined the circus to get away from her sordid home. Both the romance and the circus run into trouble; but Dorothy saves the former and Chad saves the latter, so all's well.

Fonda, of course, is perfectly cast in the title role. He's the oldtime conception of a country boy to his very fingertips. Linda Darnell is beautiful and believable as the girl. Lamour will rather surprise you as the other girl; she's a competent actress here, not depending on looks alone. Unfortunately, as stated, the script is not clear (probably in deference to the censors) as to just what she is trying to do most of the way, but Dorothy lends the role so much piquancy that you are ready to throw your hat in the air and shout—and pray that she never gets mixed up with a sarong again.

There are a lot of other good performances in the smaller roles, notably those of Guy Kibbee and Jane Darwell. And the Technicolor is very good, especially in the re-creation of the red circus wagons and uniforms. Directed by Henry King.—Twentieth Century-Fox.

(Continued on page 18)



It's a sixtieth wedding anniversary for the devoted couple in "Cheers for Miss Bishop." Minus the hair and specs, they're Bill Gargan and Martha Scott!

*The most beautiful
fingernails
in the world!*

COLOR FLASH

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Are your fingernails the most beautiful?



Your exquisite fingers, flame-tipped with the lustrous beauty of Dura-Gloss—like tiny beacons, flashing a message to a masculine heart falling under your spell! Let Dura-Gloss, the durable, easy-onflow, longer-lasting nail polish created for the most beautiful fingernails in the world, bring flashing beauty to your fingertips! Exult in their longer-lasting gem-hard lustre—and compare this superlative polish, Dura-Gloss, to polishes costing five, ten times as much! Buy Dura-Gloss—Buy Dura-Gloss today!

The Better Nail Polish by LORR 10¢

DURA-GLOSS

**THE DIFFERENCE
between NAIL POLISHES**

- (1) Some nail polishes "fray" off at the edge of nail within one day. Dura-Gloss doesn't.
- (2) Some nail polishes dry so fast that you can't apply them properly. Dura-Gloss goes on evenly and smoothly.
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- (4) Some nail polishes chip off so easily that you have "bald spots" on your nails. Dura-Gloss is true to its name—it lasts.

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We will pay \$5.00 for every Kleenex "True Confession" published. Mail to Kleenex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

THE COLD RUSH IS ON



THE WHOLE FAMILY CAUGHT COLDS, AND THE TRAFFIC AROUND THE KLEENEX WAS TERRIFIC. NOW WE EACH HAVE OUR OWN BOX, AND THERE ISN'T A SORE RED NOSE BETWEEN US, THANKS TO SOFT KLEENEX TISSUES.

(from a letter by M. M., Bend, Ore.)

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Tar

LOTS OF INSPECTIONS AT UNCLE SAM'S NAVAL ACADEMY ...BUT THANKS TO KLEENEX, SHOES AND VISORS ARE EASY TO POLISH.

(from a letter by Midshipman H. E., Annapolis, Md.)



THE NIPPER WAS A DRIPPER...

SMART MOTHER FEEDING BABY DAUGHTER, GOES ABOUT IT LIKE MOTHERS OUGHTER, TUCKS KLEENEX UNDER BABY'S CHIN, BABY SMILES AND DIGS RIGHT IN.

(from a letter by M. S., Silver Spring, Md.)



Don't put a Cold in your Pocket... use Kleenex

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

★★★ Let's Make Music

Here is a neat little surprise package, an unpretentious picture with good fun, hot rhythm and neat entertainment. Bob Crosby, Bing's kid brother, makes his movie debut here and welcome. He's a good-looking kid, sounds exactly like his older and more experienced brother and has an astonishingly large number of the same mannerisms as Bing.

The really swell story revolves around the antics of Malvina Adams, a small-town schoolteacher who writes a novelty song on the side. It is picked up by Crosby and becomes a smash hit. Malvina thinks this makes her a famous song-writer and is, of course, heart-broken when the novelty wears off and she can't repeat.

It is a good, true story base, wound around a neat love story with some novel twists and some very funny situations, and it all ends well, of course, for both the schoolmarm and the lovers.

Aside from young Crosby's debut, the picture introduces Joseph Buloff in a

comedy assignment. He's a new RKO discovery who has tremendous talent and should go very far in films. Elizabeth Risdon as Malvina Adams does an absolutely top-notch job which should move her quite a way up in the acting ranks. Jean Rogers is pretty and desirable as the girl friend. Bob Crosby's orchestra and the Bobcats, a Crosby band quartette, are swell.

If there is any fault to be found with the film it is that the direction is a bit too slowly-paced. Directed by Leslie Goodwins.—RKO-Radio.

★★★ Hudson's Bay

There is nothing in the world that can slow up a film as much as too much dialect—unless it is Paul Muni's propensity for long speeches. And here we have a picture burdened with both.

And so it is our painful duty to report at this point that "Hudson's Bay," an adventure yarn dealing with early Canada, has a lot of beautiful background and a good deal of exciting story content

—but loses itself because of its lack of action and its terrific overdose of gab.

Before you run away too hastily, let it be mentioned that there are at least two important performances here, both from brand new young actors. There is a gent named Lair Cregar, who will certainly go places in a big way; he's a giant of a man, a character actor, and he can troupe like nobody's business. And there is a lad named John Sutton who seems to have all that it takes to make femme hearts flutter.

Well, to get back to "Hudson's Bay," it tells the history of the early days up north. Paul Muni, a Canadian trapper, discovers the place, which abounds in furs. He wants to lead the trappers there but only on condition that they deal honestly and fairly with the Indians. The French don't see any sense in this, but Paul convinces the British, and so the Hudson's Bay Company, consisting of Englishmen under a grant from Charles II, is born.

There is sufficient basic merit in the story to warrant filming, but the emphasis was thrown on talking rather than acting and that is distinctly unfortunate. Muni is a lovable rogue in the leading role, but one gets tired of those long speeches. Vincent Price turns in a swell job as King Charles, and as for Gene Tierney and Virginia Field, they don't get much to do. Directed by Irving Pichel.—Twentieth Century-Fox.

★★★ Four Mothers

This series goes on and on—and why shouldn't it? Except that the producers will have to be a bit more imaginative if they want to keep it running. The current sample is a bit too manufactured; it's so full of clichés that everyone in the audience knows exactly what the next sequence will be. As it happens, it's done so well that it doesn't matter too much; it's still fun.

The story complications, this time, comes from the fact that Frank McHugh has become rich in Florida real estate and Claude Rains has induced the entire community to buy land down there. Yes, you know the rest. There's a typhoon, the money is lost for everyone, and all the Lemps have to go to work to save the pieces.

All four girls (including the one whose name is not Lane but Page) are exactly as you think they will be throughout. The same is true of their men folks (Jeffrey Lynn, Eddie Albert, Frank McHugh and Dick Foran) and the old folks (Claude Rains and May Robson) as well.

Oh, but there are some swell babies to look at—they are really new, and really fun.

Next in the series will be "Four Fathers"—and that will be better—no doubt about it. Directed by William Keighley.—Warner Bros.

★★★ The Son of Monte Cristo

This is a picture full of action, color and imagination. Alex Dumas, the inventor of Monte Cristo, isn't mentioned anywhere in the screen credits but should have been; it's his type of imaginative tale-telling. Alex would have been very pleased with this yarn.

Louis Hayward is in the title role, a swashbuckling, quick-on-the-draw gent who is Europe's richest man, best swordsman, champ villain-hater and top lady-killer—all in one. The lady is Joan Bennett and the villain is George Sanders, who has never been better. (Continued on page 87)



Mary Martin

She's a fugitive from raven locks and musical roles that are sheer froth!

Watch out for a gorgeous blonde who's plenty dramatic in Paramount's pulse-quickenning story of life in a great metropolis—"New York Town"



NED SCOTT

"Ziegfeld Girl" brings you a

beware the eyes of March

Lana Turner's as Irish as the corner cop in M-G-M's musical extravaganza, and she's never been

Fredric March

refugee in Loew-Lewin's swiftly paced "So Ends Our Night"

more appealing Lana →

ed's irresistible as the adventurous

more lovable →



Rosemary Lane

Imagine neglecting a wife like piquant, cuter-than-ever Rosemary Lane! Eddie Albert's the anniversary-ignoring hubby in Warner's heart-warming, homespun comedy, "Four Mothers" — fourth and swellest of the series

How you'll cheer
"OH, JOHNNIE" BONNIE
and *ORRIN* as they
sing and play!

"GEE, I WISH I'D LISTENED TO MY MOTHER"
STRAWBERRY LANE
THE YOGI WHO LOST HIS MIND-POWER
I COULD KISS YOU FOR THAT
YOU'RE THE ONE

Paramount presents

BONNIE BAKER ★ ORRIN TUCKER
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

in

"YOU'RE THE ONE"

with

Jerry Colonna • Edward Everett Horton • Albert Dekker
Lillian Cornell
Teddy Hart

It's more than just a song when Bonnie sings to Orrin "I Could Kiss You for That"!

Written and Produced by Gene Markey • A Paramount Picture • Directed by Ralph Murphy

Pat confesses he'd proposed to 5 girls before El said "yes!"



PAT O'BRIEN

Maureen and son Mike, 1 yr., commute to Canada now



ALAN CURTIS

Gay divorcées Curtis and Massey will try it again in March.

How They Proposed

Attention, girls! Are you in your middle teens? Do you flop on your bed, stern up, chin in palms and spin visions of the fairy prince—who somehow looks like your favorite movie star—and what he'll say to you when he comes along? Are you married or engaged? Did he stammer when he popped the question? And even while you melted in his arms, did you quash a disloyal pang, wishing he could have put a dash of Gable or a touch of Olivier into the business?

If you did, forget it. The love scenes you watch are written for them, but on their own, they're different. Here's a representative cross section of glamour boys and gals—how they proposed and were proposed to. Read it, you youngsters, and don't expect too much from Mr. Right. And you others, you may find that your own Jim has outclassed a movie hero, who can be as jittery and desperately offhand as any man in love. As for Gloria Gorgeous, though she's been kissed by Melvyn Douglas and socked by Cary Grant and remained unmoved, she'll yield

as hungrily as you to a commonplace "Will you marry me?" from the right lips.

* * *

Mary Martin was dining at Dick Halliday's house one Saturday night. They'd been a steady twosome, but Mary was starting "Rhythm on the River" the following Monday, which seemed to depress Dick.

"After tomorrow," he growled, "I'll have to fight for a glimpse of you."

"Well, it won't be easy—with me working all day and dead tired at night."

Pause. "Suppose we got engaged."

Chuckling inside, Mary kept her pan dead. "How would that help? Besides, I don't like engagements."

Somewhere between those lines he read hope. "We couldn't get married tonight, could we?"

"No-o, I guess we couldn't."

That brought him to his feet. "What do you mean we couldn't? I guess we could if you would. Will you?"

They flew to Yuma that night.

* * *

Fran and Hank each have one unhappy marriage behind them.

JOHN FARROW

HENRY FONDA

RONALD REAGAN

DICK HALLIDAY

Jane, who's 26, ribs 25-year-old Ron about his youth.

Mary Martin's 26. Has a strapping 9-year-old son!

By Ida Zeitlin

Ronnie Reagan is an athlete. Jane Wyman isn't. They met on the set of "Brother Rat." Their first date was on the golf course, their second on the tennis court, their third at the beach, where Jane wore a fetching one-piecer and never set toe to water. Then came the football, followed by the baseball season. Next he took her ice-skating and picked her up without a murmur every time she flopped. At last came the moment when Jane knew, as women do, that her fish was hooked. She suggested they go out and rhumba. On the way home they stopped at the Tropics for a nightcap. Ronnie had always dreamed of proposing to his girl by moonlight. But he couldn't wait. He grabbed for her hand across the table, all but upsetting a drink into her lap. "What are you doing for the next fifty years?" he demanded.

Jane was demure. "Well—I did have a date—but I'll try to get out of it."

By the time this sees print, they'll be three.

* * *

Henry Fonda went on a Thames boating party while he was making "Wings of the Morning" in London. Frances Brokaw was there, too. From then on, she couldn't lose him. The picture finished, he followed her to Budapest, to Munich, to Paris. They were sitting in the Bois de Boulogne one day, nothing on their minds—so the lady thought—but idle chatter. Hank broke off in the midst of a sentence. "Will you marry me right away?" he asked. One look at his face, and she realized that the transition wasn't as abrupt as it seemed. She couldn't stand the suspense in his eyes. "Not here," she said. "At home."

In Maine her mother had been seeing a Fonda film for the first time. She thought it a little odd that a cable should arrive from her daughter that very night, saying she planned to marry the man. "Are you sure?" mother cabled back. The reply was peremptory. "Of course I'm sure. Announce our engagement."

A month later the (Continued on page 80)



*"I'd Make
An Awful Husband"*

SURE, JEFF SNORES, SPURNS NECK-

TIES AND FLATLY REFUSES TO SHAVE

—BUT THE FUTURE MRS. LYNN WILL

STILL BE GETTING A BARGAIN

Mr. Jeffrey Lynn, of Auburn, Massachusetts, has been in Hollywood for three years.

During two and a half of these three years, the mild-mannered Mr. Lynn has been about as radical as rock-bound New England, as unpredictable as the Plymouth Rock and as scandalous as the Pilgrim Fathers.

When people in the film colony wanted a definition for the words "conservative" or "respectable," they didn't go to their Webster's Dictionary, they merely stared at Mr. Lynn. He was an unshakable Puritan in a land of satyrs, this ex-schoolteacher, this good-natured son of the traditional East.

Wild parties might come and go. Mr. Lynn did not attend them. Glamour gals might give young men the come-hither. Mr. Lynn did not go thither. Actors might threaten to dynamite studios for better roles. Mr. Lynn remained silent.

In fact, all of Hollywood might be a vast lunatic asylum—but though he dwelled in it, Mr. Lynn never became an inmate.

That is, not until very recently. Then something happened to him. Something akin to playing handball with a package of TNT. He was stricken with a sudden amnesia that made him forget his conservative nature and his respectable background. Something happened to Mr. Lynn—and how! At first it seemed he had sold out to the boogie-woogies, or anyway, joined those extroverts on the side of professional daffiness.

The word swept Movieland. Mr. Jeffrey Lynn was seen out with Dana Dale the other night. Jeffrey Lynn was planning to move from his cozy apartment to a sprawling mansion. Jeff Lynn was fighting with his studio for better parts and was now on suspension. Lynn was dancing the wildest Conga ever seen west of the Rockies. Jeff had gone Hollywood! It was as if the Plymouth Rock had taken up swing music!

After a very enlightening session with him, I feel safe to announce that, in all honesty, Jeffrey Lynn has not suddenly gone Hollywood at all—but simply become used to Hollywood.

Take yourself, for example. You may be shy in the presence of strangers. But, after you become better acquainted, then you yourself change and lose your frigidity. Thus with Jeffrey Lynn. Hollywood was the stranger Mr. Lynn met. A wild, crazy, upside-down village, which frightened Mr. Lynn into his New England shell of conservatism. However, with each succeeding year, Mr. Lynn became better acquainted with this stranger. Until, recently, he emerged from his shell, and began acting as normal as he used to when he was a student at Bates College in Maine or when he played stock at the famous Barter Theatre in Virginia.

Today, you see Jeffrey Lynn as he really is and it's pretty plain that the last months haven't changed him so much. Only loosened him up. He is still quieter, humbler, more reserved than those about him. But—not because he is conservative or grimly respectable, but because he's just naturally serious.

The best insight into Jeffrey Lynn is his attitude toward matrimony. Mention marriage to him and he still jumps like one who has inadvertently sat on a cactus plant. Is his anti-marriage phobia a result of thoughtful conservatism? No, not a bit. It's just that Mr. Lynn feels that women and children don't always come first.

"Marriage would jar me out of my career line," was the way Lynn put it. "Besides, for the present, I have too many other responsibilities."

So, if any of you have been planning to hand him the old routine—moon eyes, fluttering lashes, parted lips—that's fair warning. Because, believe me, even though Jeffrey Lynn is twenty-eight years old, tall, handsome and unshackled, he gets a minor case of apoplexy when he observes his name on those yearly "Most Eligible Bachelor in Hollywood" lists.

"Furthermore," he admitted to me at a recent luncheon, whilst drowning his sorrows in a crisp salad bowl, "I would be a poor catch for any girl. The ladies have the wrong slant on me. Maybe because of the roles I play on the screen, where I'm always the kind of son that mothers would like their daughters to marry. Actually, I'm sure I'd make an awful husband."

Mr. Lynn mercilessly revealed the gruesome details about himself.

"I snore," he said, with diabolical delight. "Yes sir, tell 'em I snore when I sleep on my back. And I'm picky about food. The sight of celery makes me ill. And I have a breakfast allergy. Can't stand eggs, milk or orange juice. And I go unshaven for days."

"But that's only the beginning. I'm untidy. Toss socks and shoes all over the floor around my bed until, at the end of the week, I have to wade to sleep. I'm a poor listener. When someone is talking to me, I take mental journeys elsewhere. I hate neckties. I weigh minor problems too carefully. I never answer letters from the East. I find lengthy and involved psychological excuses for all my shortcomings and mistakes. My face is too sober on and off-screen, and I never know what to do with my hands."

Having finished with his elocution lesson, Jeffrey Lynn fell back, a trifle exhausted—but evidently well pleased. On his face was the satisfied and familiar grin of the cat in the throes of digesting the canary.

I wondered, aloud, why, if all his shortcomings were so evident, well, why in the heck Dana Dale, the blonde beauty whom Paramount has recently re-christened Margaret Hayes, even bothered with him. He shrugged, then smiled.

"Have you ever heard how I met Dana? Well, it was just recently, when I was loosening up. After Bette Davis finished work on 'All This, and Heaven Too,' she threw a big shindig. I went to the party, still wearing the sideburns I'd worn in the picture, and after a few cocktails, I felt pretty gay. I was attracted to a new girl who had come with Bob Taplinger, our publicity head. (Continued on page 92)

2



YEARS WITH A PSYCHIATRIST...





By Gladys Hall

**Virginia Gilmore's doctors explained away a million strange fears—
but her tragic, almost mystical romance has baffled them all!**

"I think I used to be afraid of everything in the world except one thing. And that was acting. I had an awful fear of people. Not of strangers, so much, because I could always act for them, but of people who tried to know me, come close to me. Even worse was the fact that I always fell in love with someone who didn't care for me. When someone did care, I couldn't respond.

"Because of these and other phobias, I went first to a psychiatrist in San Francisco, and later to a practical psychologist here in Hollywood."

It was young Virginia Gilmore speaking. She looks very normal, I thought; clear brown eyes, clean-cut features, with her manner and voice suggesting a younger Margaret Sullavan. I had been warned she might run away when I questioned her. She didn't. I had been told that she was "complex" and "different." She is. Obviously.

I said, "You seem pretty well oriented to life. Certainly well adjusted to Hollywood. Efficient. Successful."

"I am," she explained, "in my work. I have no inferiority complex whatsoever about that. When I first came to Hollywood, there were two or three parts I said I knew I could play. This probably sounded presumptuous, since I had never made a picture, and my interviewer wasn't easily convinced. 'You must be a hell of an actress,' he snapped, and I came right back with, 'I *am* a hell of an actress.' I have no fear of my work because I know my job. I feel I can take any role and, on a day's notice, turn in a really good performance.

"But I'm confident only about my acting. As a person, I have no substance. I am a thousand people. I'm one person with you—what you want me to be. And I'm someone else with the next person. I once met a man who attracted me very much. The night I met him I was pretending to be a sweet, little girl. He said that was why he liked me, so every night for three weeks I went on being sweet until I nearly went mad. I was afraid to change and I just couldn't go on pretending, so I ran away.

"I have one major phobia in particular—a dread of having my personal privacy invaded. In all my life I've had only two intimate friends—the twin sons of the poet, Robinson Jeffers.

"Today I live alone in a miniature house here in Hollywood. It's so small that even the woman who cleans for me must leave before I come home, for the place couldn't hold us both. It has only one bedroom; a defense, you see, against any remote possibility of my having guests. I dance only the schottische and polka, because they were the dances the Jeffers boys knew. I have one dinner dress to my name. I know hardly anybody. I rarely go anywhere.

"Primarily it was with the hope of losing my lisp and my fear of people that I went to the psychiatrist in San Francisco.

"In order to offer me some immediate relief he gave me a few definite formulas to apply to my everyday life. One of my worst phobias was the belief that nobody liked me. Whenever I had to go to a party or anywhere among people, I was literally in agony. The doctor advised me always to manage it so that all the people in my particular group would go into a room well ahead of me. I was then to walk in and say to myself, 'I like everybody in this room'—and mean it. As I didn't really dislike anyone, this was comparatively simple, and when I tried it, I was astonished to find that a sort of aura surrounded me, something palpably warm and reaching. People *did* gather around me and conversation became easy.

"Another suggestion he made was that, whenever I was rendered speechless by that dreadful fear of invasion, I was to say to myself, 'I will not think of aeroplanes, I will *not* think of aeroplanes,' or 'I will not think of horses.' The idea being that whenever you tell yourself not to think of something, you immediately, of course, think of that very thing, to the exclusion of everything else. Consequently, one of two things happens: either you begin to chatter volubly about aeroplanes or horses, or you are thinking so much (Continued on page 75)

"WHY I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE ONLY ONCE"

By James Reid

Fred MacMurray does a double-recoil when he hears the question. "You want to know why I've fallen in love only once?" he asks, and pauses for confirmation. "That's what I *thought* you said," he mumbles—and reaches for a glass of water, the strongest potion in sight. He takes a swallow, sets the glass down, puts on his most disarming grin, raises his eyebrows in mock bewilderment, and asks, "But why pick on me?"

That's easy to explain.

He is a member of the male sex. He lives in Hollywood, where the opposite sex is unusually attractive. He is tall, dark and handsome. He is a romantic actor by profession. And the average romantic actor isn't famous as a one-woman man. There seems to be something about the work—constantly turning on emotion, constantly making imaginary love to very real beauties, constantly getting dream-heated fan mail from women—that can unnerve a man and give him wandering eyes and wandering ways.

Yet, in spite of it all, Fred has managed to stay in love with just one girl—Lillian Lamont MacMurray.

Fred shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

"Well," he says, with a flicker of a smile, "I guess one good reason is that I'm sure *she's* in love with *me*. She fell in love with me when I was playing a saxophone in a band."

In other words, he's luckier than a lot of actors. He fell in love before he was a success. So, unlike some of the boys, he doesn't have to wander around, looking skeptically for a girl who could be happy with him, and with whom he could be happy—if he *weren't* a movie star.

The way Fred talks, when a man has been lucky enough to find a girl like that, he can't help appreciating her for keeps.

But there are other actors who apparently don't feel that way. They too, fell in love in their struggling days—only they, after being given a whirl by Hollywood and getting a taste of popularity, have regretted it. How does he explain his strange immunity from Hollywood-success-itis?

"I was here once before," he says wryly. "I was here for a year and a half, doing extra work and sign painting and any other job I could lay my hands on. I was strictly outside the whirl. I had a good chance to see how it operated. Popularity was always in direct ratio to success—and success was a matter of luck. It could be mighty short-lived. I saw young fellows who were 'finds' one week and forgotten men the next. So when I came back and they called *me* a 'find,' I wasn't swept off my big feet." He grins cheerfully.

Fred, giving press-agents all the credit for the attention he was suddenly attracting, was immune from any notion that he, personally, had suddenly become terrific. Or that Glamour Girls had suddenly become susceptible to his charms. Besides, he was already in love.

If he hadn't fallen in love with Lillian, he probably wouldn't have been in Hollywood at all.

He can't explain how the phenomenon happened.

This is interesting, and a revelation of the inner MacMurray because, from the way Hollywood stresses sex appeal, you might think anyone in Hollywood could explain love as a simple matter of biology. Fred seems to think of love as a baffling matter of chemistry—when one combination of elements fuses with another; something that doesn't happen unless those particular combinations of elements are thrown together.

Fred and Lillian happened to be thrown together because he was a big, gangling hulk who played a hot saxophone and did an occasional vocal with a dance band called the California Collegians, and she was one of the taller, prettier John Powers models. The Broadway musical comedy, "Roberta," needed a dance band whose members could pass for college boys— (Continued on page 77)

Married 5 years, the MacMurrays are perpetual honeymooners.

Fred hates to dance, but Lillie occasionally heckles him into it!



FRED MacMURRAY, WHO'S MADE CELLULOID LOVE TO MORE BEAUTIES THAN ANY OTHER MAN IN HOLLYWOOD, EXPLAINS THAT ONE TRACK MIND OF HIS!

He never used to go to any of his own movies. Enjoyed seeing "Virginia" though. Forgot he was in it.



Mrs. Gary Cooper's Mrs. Mac's only rival. Fred thinks she's swell.

How

TO HANDLE WOLVES WITH

By Dorothy Spensley



Lucille Ball used to have more than her share of wolf-trouble before she used the flabbergasting technique that sends 'em running in a friendly way.

"The young wolves are twice as fast as the older ones," says Ann Miller, and she should know. A girl doesn't cavort in the Scandals and migrate to Hollywood without picking up knowledge about the predatory boys.

Her hazel eyes twinkle as she says, "I've had the biggest wolves in New York come to my back door and howl. And I've found them easier to handle than the sly boys you don't suspect."

To the undergrads and the old form boys and girls we'll explain that present-day wolves are what were known yesteryear as rakes, roués or predatory males. They may sound like menace, but half the time their howl is worse than their bite.

It would be silly to pretend that the wolves prowl only in Hollywood and the glades of Gotham, for they don't. There are just as many roving males with like impulses in Middletown as there are in Manhattan.

As for the impulses, no one can condemn them, for half the time the Big Bad Wolves are nothing more than little boys looking for affection, which can oftentimes be double-harnessed into a state of matrimony.

On the other hand, when a girl sees no hint of the potential husband lurking in a wolfish heart, it's time for her to bring out the kid gloves and handle with care!

If a girl turns the chill shoulder and loses a date, she very possibly misses a chance to meet The One. So, if she wants to keep up her dating average, stepping out with the best of the belles, she has to keep up stag-line interest.

"Wolves—" says Annie Sheridan with one of her big infectious laughs. "I'm not afraid of them. They're old friends. When I was trying to get a start in Hollywood, the wolf lived at my door, nuzzling the latch, sniffing the doorsill. I used to shoo him away with a shotgun before I was able to leave the house and make the rounds of the casting offices.

"Now when I meet him or his brother at parties, I greet him like an old friend . . . as a wise-cracking pal of mine would say 'fang to fang.' No, I'm not afraid of wolves."

This may be a grand attitude for Annie with her abundance of oomph, her zestful attitude, but not all of the girls have Annie's fearlessness. Consequently

Annie Sheridan's one gal who isn't afraid of that big bad wolf! She's much too well-acquainted and, besides, she's got George Brent for sock-appeal!

After years of trial-and-error experimenting, Maureen O'Hara found there's nothing that sends leers fleeing faster than her own Irish sense of humor!



KID GLOVES . . .

TAKE A LESSON FROM HOLLYWOOD'S SOPHISTICATES AND STOP BEING A FOOTBALL FOR THOSE OFF-GRIDIRON FORWARD PASSES

they must rely on diplomacy and feminine maneuvering for defense measures!

For instance, the "Have You Read Any Good Books Lately?" formula is good, and Doris Davenport says that if you can get a man who has subversive thoughts on his mind to talk about his favorite political candidate or why Willkie didn't win, you're cruising in safe waters.

Margaret Lindsay uses the "Mysterious Man in the East" technique to skate over thin situations. It runs something like this: Margaret meets a man at a friend's home, and all evening he showers her with attentions. Rather than hurt him, she manages to insert gentle, but obvious references to a "boy in the East" into her conversation.

When the new acquaintance asks if he can take her to Perino's for dinner, it's an easy exit for her to say that she's sorry but Jim, the boy from the East, will be in town for a month and her time will be taken up. This is pretty final treatment, so be sure that you really don't like the gentleman before you use it.

Another, but brutal defense measure is one told us by Eda Edson, the dramatic coach, who heard about it from one of her screen deb pupils.

"I know how to handle those too bright boys, now, Miss Edson," the young lady confessed. "One phoned me the other night, and I didn't like the way he talked. I had to be nice to him because he was a friend of a good New York friend, so I accepted his invitation to dinner, and we went to Chasen's, at my suggestion. I ate from the right-hand side of the menu to the left, ordering all the expensive dishes. He wasn't at all the kind of man that I like to know, and he will never ask me to dinner again. The check came to twenty-five dollars!"

As long as we are in the Cold Cuts department, there is the splendid Irish, red-headed rebuff offered by Maureen O'Hara to a pick-up on a train. She was sitting watching the blunt foothills of the Pacific slope slide by when she felt someone staring at her. In a moment she heard a man's voice, silky and purring:

"Ah, we have something in common, Miss O'Hara," the stranger said, sliding into the vacant seat beside Maureen.

"Yes?" parried Maureen, with a faint smile.

"I have Irish ancestors, too."

"Yes?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. My family name is Fitzmaurice," he beamed.

"Really?" said Maureen, taking her time. "And do you know what Fitzmaurice means?"

"Well, now, no, I don't, Miss O'Hara," he answered.

"Then I'll tell you . . . 'Fitz' means illegitimate in Ireland," the RKO lass said, turning to give him a straight, unsmiling look. The would-be wolf sheepishly slunk away.

"Gosh," said Maureen, telling the story later. "I hope no one ever tells him that my real name is Fitzsimons!"

This technique may do very well for the casual contact, but it's a different story when it comes to the gay bouncer one meets on the social rounds. The problem there is to keep up a spirit of camaraderie without allowing him any undue advantage. It would be a wonderful world if all men could be met and managed the way Olivia de Havilland does it.

There is a kind of metaphysical twist to the way Livvy looks upon the whole situation. She never *thinks* of them as wolves, and therefore they cease to become predatory. She never *looks* for insults, and she never (Continued on page 71)



Ida Lupino maintains that even married women aren't safe from the advances of these parlor snakes-in-the-grass.



Carole Landis is downright old-fashioned with her "Home by the Fireside with Mother and Pup" line of resistance!



**HERE'S A WIDE-EYED, QUESTION-POPPING LASSIE WHO'S
SO BUSY BEING FASCINATED THAT SHE DOESN'T REALIZE
HOW TERRIFICALLY FASCINATING SHE'S MAKING HERSELF!**

Olivia makes an Investment

BY SYLVIA KAHN

Smart women, from the age of ten on up, have one thing in common. They all burn to be "interesting." Some achieve their ambition by nibbling briefly at books, music and the arts, and then spouting high-sounding names in the abashed faces of less accomplished folk. Others use the more direct method of pasting dime-store lashes on their eyes, fluttering scarlet claws and emitting throaty laughter. Both systems work. But only temporarily. Polls taken in high schools, colleges and conscription camps reveal that a victim assaulted in either fashion grows weary of such shenanigans, turns his back on his charmer and goes home to play solitaire.

Olivia de Havilland plays neither of these games. That's why she's the pet of every masculine "best bet" in Hollywood. While her cinema sisters (and those in the outer world, too) crack their craniums to become "interesting," Olivia follows her natural bent and concentrates on being "interested." At the studio, at home, at parties or night clubs, she's a walking interrogation point.

It would be a lowdown trick to ask Olivia to classify her enthusiasms according to the old "first-second-third" formula. She couldn't do it. Her mind pokes its nose into too many things at once—enjoys with almost equal relish huge-voiced Marian Anderson or a brain-busting crossword puzzle, the brilliance of a Noel Coward play or the career problems of Burgess Meredith and Franchot Tone. Her particular thrill is the music of Jascha Heifetz, yet she's mad about shopping binges. She confesses that all Ernest Hemingway's vigorous novels leave her beating with excitement; still she likes nothing better than dining and chatting peacefully by candlelight. She finds time to paint a bit, to design her own costume jewelry and run her own home.

Her mental acquisitiveness sends her to lectures and art exhibits. Her daring (plus a prodding from Margaret Sullivan) sends her to the airfield for flying lessons. She's made her first solo flight and may buy a plane. She spends hours on the phone with Joan Fontaine and Brian Aherne, to whom she is enormously devoted. And when she's not on one of her three-times-a-week night club sprees, she's visiting Geraldine Fitzgerald and her husband.

To Olivia's social calendar, as proof of her durability, still cling Tone, Meredith and, rumors notwithstanding, Jimmy Stewart. This discriminating triumvirate was recently joined by Connoisseur Gene Markey. When a girl receives that kind of dividend on her interest—well, she must have the right idea.



Above—Still photographer, Scotty Welbourne, says it's impossible to make a poor shot of Olivia.

Below—She's terribly friendly and loves listening to her hairdresser's accounts of her big dates.



Below—Cagney always snacks in costume, but Olivia changes to one of her peasant-style jumpers.



HE EARNED HIS LETTER

By Jeanne Karr

JIMMY STEPHENSON "WARMED THE BENCH" SEASON AFTER SEASON, BUT WHEN THEY LET HIM GET IN THERE AND FIGHT—HOW HE SHOWED 'EM!

Director Willie Wyler was completely bewildered.

While casting "The Letter," which he was to direct for Warner's, Fred Brisson, the agent, had urged him to take a look at "White Banners." "See if there isn't a guy in that movie who's made to order for this lawyer chap."

For once, a director agreed with an agent. Wyler went to the front office. "Who's this fellow that played the boy's father in 'White Banners?'"

"James Stephenson. Why?"

"Well, I think he'd be good for Howard Joyce."

"Oh, no, you don't want Jimmy. Let's get a name for you."

In Wyler, opposition builds up resistance. But his arguments made no dent on the big shots. Then he got hold of Brisson. "What is this?" he bel-lowed. "I want a guy on the lot, and they won't let me have him."

This was the result of one of those perverse situations that develops at studios. For want of roles, a potentially valuable property deteriorates. It happened to Deanna Durbin at Metro. It happened to Dennis Morgan at Paramount. Stephenson had been with Warner's for three years. He'd made an impression in "White Banners," bringing to the part an atmosphere of charm and distinction. The studio had had every intention of pushing him, but the right roles didn't turn up. So they gave him bits, and as time marched on, there grew—of itself, like Topsy—a persuasion that Stephenson had been born to play bit parts. Option time was around the corner. The front office showed no enthusiasm about picking his up.

Which suited Mr. Stephenson, who had also reached the point of feeling that the most profitable exchange between him and Warner's lay in the word goodbye. It was a feeling whose luxury he hadn't till then been able to afford. And anyway, he'd nourished lingering hopes. There was the time when he'd been cast for a leading part in "Dawn Patrol." He'd been given his wardrobe and his script. They were within a day or two of shooting. He smiled at his wife and she dared to smile back. "This is the beginning," they said. "We're off at last."

It was just another false beginning. The front office broke it to him kindly. They needed a second name in addition to Flynn's, on which to sell the picture. They'd decided to repeat the Robin Hood combination—Rathbone and Flynn. Stephenson saw their point, but it made him none the happier.

Meantime, he'd been saving his money. Now he

was ready to ask for his release and try free-lancing. He and the studio would have been in accord on option day. It was Willie Wyler who threw a wrench into the works.

He put up a dogged fight for Stephenson, who had heard that he was being considered for the role and spent the better part of his days assuring himself that it wouldn't happen. In this he was nobly abetted by Lorna, his wife, on the theory that hopes which weren't allowed to soar couldn't be dashed. "You won't get it, Jimmy. Make up your mind to that. You'll never get it."

One day the casting office phoned him that he was set, and that he was to report to Wardrobe for his clothes. Lorna made a last stand. "I still don't believe it," she insisted, eyes shining.

"Neither do I," he grinned, "but maybe I'd better put in an appearance."

We were among those who couldn't understand his eclipse after "White Banners," and in new pictures looked for his face with its suggestion of quiet strength and kindness. Meeting him, that suggestion is confirmed. He's a well-poised Britisher, self-described as "an oyster and the despair of publicity men." That's an exaggeration. His Anglo-Saxon reserve is tempered by an individual warmth. On the lot they call him Jimmy, which startles you at first as unsuited to a certain austerity in his features. You soon discover, though, that there's none in his manner. Lines of humor radiate from his eyes, and his smile is something to watch for. As a woman, we offer his bosses a free tip. Let him smile now and then on the screen. If his fan mail doesn't multiply, we'll eat it.

He entered "The Letter" happy and confident. He felt he could play the part standing on his head. "By the end of the first week, I'd been convinced that I was the worst damn actor in the world. I dreaded leaving home for the studio in the morning. I envied every man I met on the road who didn't have Willie Wyler to face that day."

Wyler's a perfectionist who's never made a poor picture. He gets what he wants by using words like a knife with which to carve egos. Everyone who's known him on the set tells the same story. Every player who's worked with him will—if not gladly, then bravely—undergo crucifixion again for the sake of his direction. He found excellent carving stuff in Stephenson, whose ego is less tough than the average actor's, to begin with.

Stephenson had been (Continued on page 73)



...he calls Jim a "gorgeous, gorgeous man."



He's tops in this one—"Flight From Destiny!"



He got a huge kick out of his Philo Vance roles.



Scored a hit in "A Dispatch from Reuters."



His home's like himself—gay and original.

Constantly cast in serious parts, Stephenson hankers after a slapstick, Bill Powell-ish role. Doesn't consider himself good-looking and, unlike most Britishers, the thirty-seven-year-old James is no fashion plate off the screen!

FUGITIVE

FROM

After hours, Johnny (her dad's nickname) wears little make-up, looks 15.

By Kirtley Baskette

It looked like a dirty joke. Here was this Gene Tierney I'd heard all about, the darling of Hollywood's most eligible beaux, the bewitching new starlet of Twentieth Century-Fox, the pet of Broadway's blasé critics, the Blue Book baby graduate of the Ritz stag line.

Here she was looking like something the cat dragged in!

A grimy smear streaked her square little face. Stringy, absolutely filthy hanks of mousy hair drooped lankly around one of the dirtiest necks I've ever seen on a nice girl. She wore a dismal calico dress which looked as if it had been fried in grease, then rolled in a dustpan, and two very nice legs twined in muddy abandon beneath the table.

"Am I a mess, or not?" grinned Gene.

"You certainly are," I said.

"Good!" chuckled Gene. Her green eyes sparked and her Hepburn-high cheeks cracked with a white smile. It made me forget the dirt momentarily. Then Gene, who had been dipping daintily into her eggs Benedict, dropped her fork and clutched wildly at her dusty scalp. "Please pardon me," apologized Miss Tierney, "but it itches!"

It took a little concentration, at that point, to picture this half-witted, hare-lipped, slatternly Ellie May of "Tobacco Road" as the erstwhile lovely young débutante of Connecticut's exclusive country set.

But not too many months ago Gene Tierney was making her society début in wealthy Fairfield, Connecticut. The right boys from the Eastern families and the approved schools, Yale, Harvard and Princeton, whirled her around under Japanese lanterns while the correct society orchestra played and correct mothers and fathers beamed approvingly. In bubbling vintage champagne they toasted her bow to the tight little Four Hundred of her class.

Gene had just been properly "finished" at Miss Porter's in Farmington. Before that there had been Brillmont in Switzerland and exclusive academies, here and abroad. These between two grand tours of the Continent. And seasons in Paris and on the Riviera.

Gene was only seventeen, but already she had glamour. She was cut to the débutante stamp and was set for a Society campaign, eventually to marry some socially secure, financially eligible and, need-



less to say, properly approved young gentleman.

But there was a little omen—even at that very far-removed-from-Hollywood début party. Budding Gene wore a dress copied after the frock Bette Davis wore in "Jezebel." What was more ominous for Society, Gene had met Bette the year before and already a few ideas were buzzing around in her brain—and they weren't about the Junior League or The Bachelors' Cotillion, either!

"They mess me up like this every morning," Gene Tierney was rattling happily between bites. "First, they spray me with oil. Then they stand off and just *heave* dirt at me. If that doesn't work, they roll me on the ground! Every night I scrub in the basin, soak in my tub and polish off with a shower—and I'm still black! It gets in the pores and sticks. And my hair! John Ford says if I wash it while the picture's shooting he'll kill me. Dates? Oh sure, but they just have to take me (Continued on page 60)

THE FOUR HUNDRED

Can't resist masquerades. Below, with Bob Darrin, she's an 1890 chorine.



**MEET GENE TIERNEY, THE LOVABLE
RENEGADE WHO RAN AWAY FROM
DOTING PARENTS, GORGEOUS
CLOTHES AND PROSPEROUS
SWAINS—BECAUSE SHE'D MUCH
RATHER WORK FOR A LIVING!**



Long curls, English accent, a 17th century gown—and the very Yankee Gene becomes the thoroughly British Lady Barbara, John Sutton's fearless and beautiful fiancée in "Hudson's Bay."



The mud and calico disguise is practically perfect, but this is still Gene! The role of "Ellie May, man-menacing hussy of "Tobacco Road," is the meatiest one of her whole career.

ALIAS

The South American Way by Betty Annis



**"Hollywood is Paradise! It is like the places
you read about in books!" But let Carmen
Miranda tell it herself—and with an accent!**

"Hollywood, it has treated me so nicely, I am ready to faint!

"The first day I work on my picture, 'The Road to Rio,' I kiss Mr. Irving Cummings, my director, all day because he is so kind. He helps me with my lines. He pretend' to be Miranda so I can see how Miranda should make the faces. I kiss Mr. Don Ameche, too, even when I do not have to kiss him for the love scene, because he, too, is so kind. That is the Sous' American way!

"The extras, they all show me the little ways around. Even the porter who opens the sound stage door for me—he is Irish, his name is Mr. Sweeney—he learn to say 'Bon Dia,' which is 'Good Day' in Portuguese. He learn it to make me feel at home.

"Who is it say Hollywood is a cruel town, a hard town, cold like a jewel? It is kind, it is warm, it takes in a stranger with a heart as big as the country it is a part of.

"In Hollywood, I present myself to the world for the first time. Of course, I have been on the air and in the theatre, but then I present myself only to the few. In Hollywood, it is to all the whole world.

"It is like the places you read about in the fairy books, this Hollywood. But it is better than the fairy books, because it make the fairy things come true.

"In Hollywood, there are the beeg, strong, beautiful men!" Miranda gestured with her jewel-laden arms and hands; flashed the barbaric, dark jewels of her eyes; said, laughing, "really, ummmmm, beeg!

"Would I marry the Nors' American man, you ask, the Hollywood man? Si, yes, I might marry one of them after two, three years. When I am more sure I understand their ways. But now, I would be too afraid. I am too jealous. I have notice' the Hollywood men are very free to talk to every woman. 'Hullo, darling,' 'Hullo, sweetheart,' they say. I know, with my mind, they do not mean this more than kind and friendly. It is the Nors' American way. But it is *not* the Sous' American way. In Sous' America, if a man is trying to flirt with another girl and call her sweetheart names, he gets kicked under the table. He will have a beeg fight on his hands when he gets home!

"I was almost engaged once," laughed Miranda. "But I was so jealous I could keel heem. That was the reason we broke in two!

"In Hollywood, I have notice' how little there is of the jealousy. A man take' a girl out one evening, the next evening, another girl, and then another, and all are friends. People who have been married to each other and then are married to other people, they are all friends, too. I think this is what you call very civilize'. I think that this is showing Hollywood's heart, too, that does not hold any hate for anybody.

"When Sous' America looks at Hollywood, it should look first at how friendly Hollywood is to everybody. There is no jealousy here.

"I come here a new entertainer, a stranger, and they all come to see me work, not just one time, but again and again. They make friendly with me!

"When I am in New York, at the Club Versailles, at the Waldorf-Astoria, on the stage in 'The Streets of Paris,' Miss Alice Faye comes to see me and we become friends. Mr. Mickey Rooney comes to see me and Miss Sonja Henie. In Chicago, where I am with the Chez Paree, Miss Ilona Massey and Miss Binnie Barnes come to see me, with Miss Louella Parsons, too. When I come to Hollywood they try to help me all the time.

"I speak these words from my heart. I am to be believed. If I feel like speaking the bad words about anything, you bet I speak them, too.

"I never thought to see so many beautiful girls as I see in Hollywood. In the stores where I shop, in the places where I eat . . . everywhere such beautiful girls as men have not before dreamed of!

"A Sous' American man would open his eyes in Hollywood, and he would say, 'Dios, I have die' and gone to Paradise!' Men from anywhere would say this. When the Sous' American men read these words I say," laughed Miranda, "they will all come here.

"Since I was so high," she said, "always I buy the load of movie magazines. In Brazil, in Rio, my home, I spend the fortune on the Modern Screen alone. They cost \$1.50 the copy in Brazil, the American movie magazines. But I buy them all the time. If they cost \$1.50 the word I buy them, I read every word of them.

"As soon as I see Hollywood, I love it. It looks very much like Rio. I thought to find it a little village in the hills, and I find it a marvelous big city.

"As soon as I see Alice Faye and Don Ameche and Linda Darnell and the others, I love them, too. They, too, are more handsome and beautiful than I thought. Inside their hearts as well as outside. For all the words the papers and magazines print about the stars of Hollywood, they do not boast. They do not make the exaggerations.

"I like very much Tyrone Power, Robert Taylor, Clark Gable, Charles Boyer, Mickey Rooney . . ." and Miranda giggled, suddenly, a child's gleeful giggle. "Yes, I love that Senor Mickey Rooney, because he is so funny. I have never missed a picture of his yet. He make Sous' America happy and laughing when they see him. And then, when I see him in the real, when I look at him here in Hollywood, he is just like on the screen. He is all alive down to his finger tips!

"I like very much Donald Duck, too, oh, very much . . . quack-quack—quack-quack-quack—! I adore Alice Faye, too. And I am not saying this to be nice because I work with her. I adore her when we meet in New York before I ever think such a thing could happen to me as I would be making a picture with Miss Alice Faye and Mr. Don Ameche, who are idols in Brazil and in the Argentine.

"I adore Miss Bette Davis, (Continued on page 90)

Idol Talk

The most touching case of hero worship in the history of Hollywood is currently unfolding before the tear-filled eyes of its citizens. Errol Flynn, man of might and muscle, has developed a schoolboy crush on John Barrymore, paragon of all virtues, and the effect on both is beautiful to behold. Errol, who formerly dominated every party he joined, now sits spell-bound at the feet of his new-found idol and thirstily absorbs the drops of wisdom that drool from the Barrymore lips. He's completely entranced by John's tales of his marital and theatrical adventures and has actually whittled his conversation down to one long song of praise for the Profile. John, for his part, is similarly affected. He feels Errol's a reasonably satisfactory facsimile of the Barrymore that was and loves him like a son. The only person not warmed by this tender friendship is Lili Damita Flynn. She's heard of the four "ex"-Mrs. Barrymores—and she'd rather Errol whipped up a case on Don Ameche.

Composer Gene; Inventor Jeanette

Pin your orbs to the musical best seller lists. Gene Raymond's composition, "Let Me Always Sing," will probably pop up on dozens of 'em. Wife Jeanette MacDonald plugged the song on her recent

of "Tin Pan Alley." That's all right. So are Jack Oakie and Darryl Zanuck. That's all right, too. But why, we wonder, has no one raised a voice in praise of the man who's really responsible for the whole picture? He's Tom Little, head prop man at Twentieth Century-Fox—and here's the story of why he should be in there lapping up the gravy with the rest: Six or eight months ago, Tom took a vacation trip through the Midwest. While touring, he hit upon some bargains in 1914-1918 furniture. Unable to resist, he bought the furniture and ordered it shipped to the studio. A few days after he returned to work, the furniture arrived—and so did the bills—totaling hundreds and hundreds of dollars! In due time, these were brought to the attention of Mr. Zanuck. Zanuck nearly hit the ceiling. Unless something were done about these ridiculous purchases, he threatened, Mr. Little might find himself looking for another

marr and Joan Bennett saw in freckle-browed Gene Markey. That man actually has more talent for pleasing women than any tankload of glamour boys you can name! Who can top this act of gallantry, for example? The other evening, at the Brown Derby, Olivia de Havilland rummaged through her purse for a lipstick. None turned up. And what did Mr. Markey do? Nothing—except summon a messenger, hand him a ten spot, and dispatch him to the nearest drugstore for a new lipstick plus a bottle of Olivia's favorite perfume!

Short Shots

Dennis Morgan and Edward Norris are the new proprietors of a 2600-acre dude ranch in southeastern Oregon... 'Tis said Norma Shearer doles out \$25,000 yearly to a public relations counsel... Dolores Del Rio follows Orson Welles into the

GOOD NEWS

by Sylvia Kahn

concert tour and, with a voice like hers behind it, a tune's got to ride into high. Incidentally, Jeanette's tour proved to all doubters that she's still the undisputed queen of the concert ways. Her reception by the press and public was terrific and she reports only one bad moment in all the weeks she was out.

That was the morning a newspaper man nabbed her for an interview in her suite at a Boston hotel. Jeanette was busily convincing the scribe that clothes were absolutely unimportant in her life when a corps of porters strode through the doorway and noisily deposited 11 trunks and 7 pieces of hand luggage in her bedroom! Yessir, they sure are creative, those MacRaymonds!

Medicine Man

Eddie Albert, Warner's flesh-and-blood Peter Pan, is an old-time patron of the sciences. Though he's shy about admitting it, for years Eddie has been supporting the research of an ancient Mexican who's seeking an herb cure for mumps! Eddie gives his protégé 50 cents a week to continue this great work "... because it keeps him busy—and looks funny on my tax returns."

"Alley" Finale

Alice Faye and Betty Grable are taking bows all over the place for the success

Paulette Goddard



Jeanette MacDonald



Jackie Cooper

job. Little was frightened. He couldn't return the furniture so, in desperation, he turned to his friends the studio writers—and begged their help. He had to have a story for his furniture! The writers were powerless. They didn't dare intervene for him, but they did the next best thing. Every time they had a story conference, they gathered around Mr. Zanuck and, with elaborate casualness, whistled melodies of the 1914-1918 period! Gradually Zanuck caught on, began whistling them himself, and finally demanded a story that would fit the music and the times! "Tin Pan Alley," a solid smash, was the outcome but Mr. Little, sitting at home, brooding about his narrow escape, thinks maybe he'll take his next vacation in his own back yard!

Ah!

Let no woman wonder what Hedy La-

Hollywood hills every Sunday afternoon. Orson paints the scenery, Dolores holds the brushes... Hot from the Adrian grid-dle comes word that next season's skirts will be shorter and tighter—the effect of the war abroad... Gin-rummy continues to fascinate the movie populace. Three studio bigwigs lost \$10,000 apiece in a single sitting the other evening... Paulette Goddard ain't sayin' where she got it, but she's exhibiting a new clip in the shape of a golden monkey with a large diamond at the end of his tail... Due to bad flying weather, Dean Jagger was three days late for his own wedding... Dean and his wife are still making up for that lost time. There's a clause in the Jagger contract which states his wife may accompany him on all location trips—at the studio's expense... Judy Garland is superstitious about a pair of wool-lined zipper-fronted mules given her by Lana Turner. She believes

if she doesn't wear them at radio broadcasts and on the lot, she'll turn in bad performances . . . Betty Brooks, Ingrid Bergman's stand-in and Oliver Hardy's sister-in-law, swears her real name is Betty Jean Jan June Jones!

Cagney Forgets a Line

Women with absent-minded husbands will shed a sympathetic tear for poor Mrs. Billie Cagney. You know—Jimmy's wife. Mrs. Cagney was busy with some late shopping the other evening and sent her husband over to his mother's for dinner. About soup-course time, she phoned him to confirm the color of a gift she was ordering. Unable to give her the information she wanted, Jimmy asked her to hang on while he queried the senior Mrs. C. "I hung on," Mrs. Cagney reports, "for a full half hour! Then I realized Jimmy had gone back to his precious

tomed to the beety little lady who will stick to his arm until eternity. He'd like to have her removed but can't because he'd risk serious infection if she were tampered with. As a result, he seldom exposes his torso to the camera, refuses to appear on a public bathing beach and won't even bare his biceps in his own garden for fear an enterprising candid camera bug will catch his lady in the middle of a wiggle! Poor Ray. You can take it from us—he's the one person in Hollywood who doesn't have to be told to keep his shirt on!

Fate Writes the Script

"Topper Returns," the new Joan Blondell starrer, is broad comedy but the other morning one of its sets was the scene of a great unspoken drama. Veteran actor H. B. Warner was called upon by the script to crash his car into a tree, die, and

movie star's home, buy yourself a ticket to "No, No, Nanette." When Richard Carlson finished his role in the picture, he had two of the rooms in his new house designed exactly like two in the picture . . . The 12-foot rubber tree under which Bette Davis met her death in "The Letter" is now flourishing in Bette's back yard.

President's Precedence

Ronald Colman is still telling this one. Several years ago, a magazine editor approached him and asked permission to have one of his staff writers do a story on "The Life of Ronald Colman." Ronnie, then at the peak of his career, replied that he would enjoy cooperating with the magazine, but added: "If my life story is to be written, I want it written by someone more prominent than a member of your staff. I'll be happy to give you what you want—provided you get me Rupert Hughes." The editor was horrified. Rupert Hughes, one of America's foremost novelists, was paid at the rate of \$1 a word. A story on Colman would necessarily run to 10,000 words. The magazine had never done anything so extravagant. But Ronald Colman was a great star, so off to Mr. Hughes trudged the unhappy editor. To his surprise, the noted writer did not leap at his offer. Instead, he sat back in his chair, enveloped in the deepest thought. At long last came his answer: "I should like to do a story on Mr. Colman but I must turn you down. I am now at work on 'The Life of George Washington.' That's a little more important, don't you think?" Mr. Colman's been a Hughes fan ever since!

Some Like It Hot

Whenever Dotty Lamour gets herself into really hot water, Harry Long's the one man she can thank. Harry, head plumber at Paramount, is in charge of the huge tank on the lot that serves the studio as ocean, river or stream, as the occasion demands. It's his job to see that the "icy seas" into which Dotty's sarong-studded career plunges her are kept at a constant, blistering temperature, because Dotty, unlike most stars who prefer a 75 degree dunking, won't put a toe in the tank unless the thermometer registers up in the 80's. Which reminds us—studio plumbers have more important jobs than anyone realizes. As one of them opined: "We even keep down production costs. For example, extras must be paid time-and-a-half if they know they're stepping into water—that's under the required 75 degrees. We've got a way to fool 'em. If we haven't time to heat the tank, we blow artificial steam over the water, put the thermometer through that, and then show it to the kids. Psychology's a funny thing. When they get in, they think it's warm, so it feels warm! But do you know who our favorite 'patients' are? Crocodiles. They're never finicky!"

Didja Know

That Greta Garbo has submitted to a permanent wave machine . . . That "Weedy," Linda Darnell's pet rooster, died while Linda was vacationing in Mexico City . . . That Michele Morgan, RKO's delightful French import, is discovering Hollywood with Anatole Litvak . . . That Cesar Romero's new contract lifts his weekly earnings from \$1250 to \$2000 . . . That Louis Hayward has a new

Charles Chaplin



Brenda Joyce



Ray Milland

soup and forgotten all about me! When I got to the house an hour later, Jimmy was reading a book, the receiver was still off its hook, and my mother-in-law didn't even know I had called!"

Mr. Milland's Mystery

The oo-ers and ah-ers who gasp with delight at the sight of Ray Milland will be amazed to learn that Ray growls with disgust at the sight of himself. That is, if he happens to glance in a mirror when he's nude from the waist up. Though few people know it, Ray's shirt conceals the real sorrow of his life—the tattooed figure of an Oriental snake charmer! Ray acquired her one fantastic evening when, as a kid in London, he went out with the boys, had a bit too much, and wound up paying an ill-advised visit to a tattoo artist. Being an orderly, conservative individual, he's never quite grown accus-

then, as a visible ghost, stagger to a log and sit there in a daze. Warner went through his scene without a slip-up. When it was all over, he approached Director Roy Del Ruth, complained of a headache, and asked to be excused for the day. A few inquiries revealed the cause of his distress. Twenty-six years earlier Warner had experienced a similar crash. Death had claimed one victim . . . his newly-wedded wife.

Homey Homily

Myrna Loy, a refugee from the memories in the Coldwater Canyon home she shared with Arthur Hornblow Jr., has moved into a small bungalow in the Hollywood Hills . . . Ball-shaped Alfred Hitchcock lives in the little white-shingled cottage that Carole Lombard called home before wedding that Gable fellow . . . If you want to see the inside of a real

mustache . . . That Laird Cregar, down to 285 pounds, swears he'll cut his calories till he melts away to 245 . . . That Deanna Durbin's next film will co-star her with Charles Boyer . . . That Glenn Miller, latest band and baton man to answer the lure of Hollywood gold, will debut in Sonja Henie's next . . . That M-G-M shelled out 10,000 smackeroos for the exclusive screen rights to "The Last Time I Saw Paris," to be yodeled by Tony Martin . . . That Fred Allen swears Jack Benny is so low, he's the only guy he knows who can read by the light of a hotfoot?

The Duchess of Windsor

Bing Crosby has invited the Duke of Windsor to visit him in Hollywood, but we think the Duke ought to stay home. If he comes he'll have to bring the Duchess—and if he brings the Duchess there's going to be trouble! Wally has a crush on Bing's voice and admits that if she ever buttonholes him, she'll make him warble to her from morning till night! This little note on "the woman I love" was brought to light when Wally and her mate traveled from England to the Bahamas, carrying with them a tremendous collection of Crosby records. According to a Windsor servant, the Duchess is an ardent platterbug and, shortly after her marriage, wrote to Bing with her own royal hands, begging him to send her all new recordings the minute they came from the presses. "Shucks. It doesn't mean a thing," says modest Bing. But if Wally and the Duke ever do trek Hollywood way—look out Dixie!

Bing Hits the Jackpot

To go from royalty to royalties—Crosby fans (and the Internal Revenue Department) will undoubtedly be cheered to hear that Bing just inked a fresh contract with Decca Records which promises him \$60,000 per year for the next five years. This, of course, is in addition to his new Paramount contract which calls for nine pictures in three years—and which pays off at the rate of \$175,000 per picture.

Conductor's Guest

Gaylord Hauser—sit up and take note! While you were on a lecture tour just a few weeks ago, one Leopold Stokowski turned up in town. He rented a little house, hired a little secretary and set about doing some serious work. But do you know who his daily guest was? Greta Garbo! Your Greta Garbo! She popped in early each morning, pattered about the house while her host was busy, and sometimes didn't leave for twelve or fourteen hours! And there you have it, Mr. Hauser. From fruit juice to fugues in one easy lesson, and may the best man win!

International Incident

When the British were forced to rain hell and fire on the French fleet at Oran, they also blasted to bits the marriage of John Loder and Micheline Cheirel. As Hollywood's first war casualties, Englishman John and his French-born wife walked into court shortly after the Franco-British clash and told an American judge that their political sympathies had ripped them apart. They confessed that since their countries had split, they'd developed

"war jitters" which resulted in frequent quarrels over the situation. Friends still hope the marriage may be repaired and point to happily wed Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson, and about-to-be-wed Madeleine Carroll and Count Richard de la Rosier, as examples of Franco-British accord. At present, however, a Loder reconciliation appears impossible.

Oriental Fan-tasy

Del Goodman, 20th Century-Fox's Far Eastern representative who spent the last 18 years feeding American movies to Oriental appetites, discloses the following: Alice Faye can sardine-pack any film house in China because her feet are so small . . . Deanna Durbin is the idol of the Orient because her voice is clear as a bell . . . Robert Taylor and Tyrone Power are out of favor because they raised mustaches which all Orientals

to all the dictates of her conscience and Emily Post. Her wedding on June 7th will doubtlessly be carried off in the same manner and all of her children are certain to be valedictorians. Brod, on the other hand, entered the sacred portals of husbandhood with a little less solemnity. He had as his best man sad-eyed Mischa Auer, fresh from a tussle in the divorce courts, then he tore off to a thrilling Honolulu honeymoon and returned to find that his parents had notified his friends of his wedding by wiring them as follows: "Mr. and Mrs. Lester Crawford wish to announce, with a sigh of relief, the marriage of their son, Broderick, to Miss Kay Griffith!"

Glamour—1857 Variety

Last year it was Hedy Lamarr who headed M-G-M's glamour parade. This year, Mrs. Adeline de Walt Reynolds cops

Alice Faye



Gene Markey



Betty Grable

detest . . . Henry Fonda is worshipped by Nepalese warriors who gobbled up the knife-sliding sequences in a few of his pictures . . . The Cantonese think Sonja Henie's crazy. They've never heard of skating and can't understand her ice antics . . . Rosalind Russell is box office poison in China and Japan because her sophisticated comedy slides over all heads . . . And Jane Withers, because she portrays an independent, assertive, unafraid child, is absolute tops with the Igorotes, famed head-hunters of the Philippines!

As They Like It

Two Universal stars, Deanna Durbin and Broderick Crawford, trod this season's road to matrimony. But with what different steps! Deanna pecked along properly and with dignity. Her engagement to Vaughn Paul was announced according

the honor. Though slightly older than Hedy (83 to be exact), Mrs. Reynolds is every bit as peppy, zippy and exciting as her gorgeous predecessor. She's the amazing little creature who, widowed at the turn of the century, raised four children single-handed and, at 66, decided to go to college. At 70 she was graduated from the University of California and, at 82, was discovered by a Metro director who saw her acting with a little theatre group. Mrs. Reynolds thinks being the oldest starlet in Hollywood's history is swell fun. She loves interviews and her sharp wit and unbelievable memory delight every interviewer who asks her for a story. Only one thing troubles her. She gets mixed up on dates. "Please don't ask me about them," she begged us. "The last time I discussed dates, I made a dreadful mistake. According to the years I gave, every one of my four children was born out of wedlock!"

Mystery's End

Now that Charlie Chaplin has acknowledged Paulette Goddard as his lawful wedded wife, the mystery that's been popping about them seems pretty well cleared up. That is, except for one thing—why there should have been a need for any mystery in the first place! Well, from a source close to Paulette, we hear that the whole idea originated with Charlie. Seems he loved Paulette and wanted her for his wife, but was afraid scandal-mongers would have a field day if they knew he had married again. His two earlier marriages had been dragged through the divorce courts and newspapers, and he was too sensitive to risk the buzzing and speculation that would naturally follow "Chaplin's third fling." Paulette, aware of the burden the arrangement would put on her, acceded to his wish and for 6 years bore the brunt

Warner Bros.! By studying them, Beauty Expert Perc helps their owners to correct figure faults. "But you'd be surprised," he confides, "how many studio people have an attitude toward my collection that is distinctly unprofessional!"

Escape

Jackie Cooper doesn't know it, but he's due to play a big part in the future of little Janie Withers. Jackie and Jane are going to co-star in "Her First Beau," and Jane has resolved to make an intimate friend of her dashing leading man. Bonita Granville hasn't anything to fear, however. Janie doesn't want Jackie's heart. What she wants is entrée to the "sophisticated" Ciro's set. If Jackie dates her, that'll be okay, too, but what she's really praying is that he'll take her under his wing and introduce her to some "older man" like himself. "Ice cream parties

and knew the city from top to toe. Madeleine was thereupon added to the payroll as technical director and now, besides having the obvious pleasure of collecting two salaries, has the added fun of rushing home each day and relating her studio experiences to the Count whose rescue she finally effected.

Shine and Rain

When it comes to regal authority, the gal who can tuck the queens of Hollywood in the back seat is none other than our own Marlene Dietrich. Not only does the glamorous Marlene get anything she wants from her friends and studio, but she commands the elements as well! Here's how she does it. A short while back, her friend, Josef Von Sternberg, migrated to the San Fernando Valley and built himself a snappy, little ultra-modern home. Deciding he worked best when it rained, he installed a special contraption that sends gallons of water down his roof at the touch of a button. Now when Marlene gets tired of the eternal California sunshine, she jumps in her car, tears out to Von Sternberg's house and enjoys anything from a slow drizzle to a galloping northeaster!

Early to Rise

Virginia Field recently won newspaper mention by entering a hospital, eating 45 calories a day and dropping 11 pounds in three days. Shortly thereafter, Judy Garland broke into print with the news that careful dieting combined with religious exercising had rid her of 13 pounds in a few weeks. Now comes Mary Beth Hughes with the most impressive diet story of all. Mary Beth, by her own admission, was once a little bundle of cuteness weighing 173 pounds. When she decided to become an actress, she dropped 60 pounds in three months! Even today she must keep a hawk-watch on her figure. If she stays in bed beyond 8 A.M. for a single week, 10 new pounds promptly fasten themselves to her. These are so undesirable that regardless of the time she retires, Mary Beth dutifully leaves her pillow at 6:30 A.M. . . . seven A.M.s a week!

To My Valentine

When Brenda Marshall opens her eyes on St. Valentine's morn, she'll find three full-blooming rose trees in the garden of her home—a "little something" from boy friend Bill Holden . . . George Brent will add a tiny ruby heart to Ann Sheridan's charm bracelet—a bracelet which is already hung with little gold dancing shoes presented to Annie by Cesar Romero . . . Marie Wilson will brighten Nick Grinde's Valentine's Day with firecrackers! . . . Eddie Albert's message of love will be addressed to Maria Ouspenskaya . . . Mrs. Fred MacMurray will find a blood-red garnet set in a clip beside her morning coffee . . . And Carole Lombard is threatening her man with a pair of heart-shaped cuff-links. Clark doesn't know what he'll do with them, but he's grateful Carole isn't planning to duplicate a Valentine's gift she gave him before their marriage. At that time, she bought an ancient Model T Ford, painted it a virginal white, added a half dozen huge red hearts and left it on his doorstep!

(Continued on page 70)

Greta Garbo



Jane Withers



James Cagney

of the whispers in silence and alone. Now that the story is out, there doesn't seem to have been much point to their secrecy. At this writing Paulette is said to be winking at Reno—and "Chaplin's third fling" appears slated for the same fate as his first and second.

Bluebeard Westmore

Off to the side of the Warner Bros. Make-up Department stands a little room which no star may enter. Its door is always locked, and its key is buried deep in the pocket of Percy Westmore. It is the mystery room of the studio—the room George Brent, John Garfield and Dennis Morgan have begged to enter, yet which no man but Perc has ever seen. And no wonder! The walls of the little room are festooned with rubber busts, hips and legs made from the actual bodies of every feminine star who has worked for

are all well and good," says Jane, "but a girl's got to make the break sometime!"

Home Talent

When Paramount officials planted "A Night in Lisbon" on their production list, they shot out a call for a technical director who could tip them off on the customs of the Portuguese city. None turned up. Authorities on Paris, London and the Argentine were under every tree—but Portugal!—who'd ever heard of that? The officials went into a huddle. They thought of transferring the story action to St. Louis or Salt Lake City. They even thought of Hollywood. And then one of them woke up. The most expert of experts was right under their noses! Madeleine Carroll, the star of the picture, had spent six weeks in Lisbon attempting to get her fiancé, Count Richard de la Rosier, on the Atlantic Clipper to America

Escape from Matrimony...

They're all here—the streamlined twenty-four-hour marriages and the thirteen-year marathons, with an up-to-the-second report on the unshackled ones' eligibility!

NAME	↓ FORMERLY MARRIED TO	↓ LENGTH OF MARRIAGE	↓ CHILDREN	↓ HOW MARRIAGE ENDED	↓ PRESENT STATUS
AUER, Mischa	Norma Tillman	• 9 years	• Anthony, 7; Zoe, 14 mos., adopted	• Divorce, 1940	• Parted friendly
AYRES, Lew	Lola Lane Ginger Rogers	• 2 years 6 years	• None None	• Divorce, 1934 Divorce, 1940	• Seeing the town with girl-about-town, Pat Dane
BARRYMORE, John	Katherine Harris Michael Strange Dolores Costello Elaine Barrie	• 7 years 9 years 12 years 4 years	• None Diana, 18 Dolores, 10; John, Jr., 8 None	• Divorce, 1917 Divorce Divorce, 1935 Divorce, 1940	• Anything can happen—and will
BARRYMORE, Lionel	Irene Fenwick	• 13 years	• None	• Died, 1936	• Books and music fill the void
BEERY, Wallace	Gloria Swanson Rita Gilman	• 2 years 15 years	• None Carole Ann, 9; Phyllis, 1; both adopted	• Divorce, 1918 Divorce, 1939	• Angling for Swanson reconciliation
BENNETT, Constance	Chester Moorehead Phil Plant Marquis Henri de la Falaise	• 2 years 5 years 9 years	• None Peter, 11, adopted None	• Divorce, 1923 Divorce, 1929 Divorce, 1940	• Black-eyed Gilbert Roland is back in the picture
BRENT, George	Girl in Ireland Ruth Chatterton Constance Worth	• 1 month 2 years Few months	• None None None	• Annulled, 1922 Divorce, 1934 Annulled, 1937	• An Ann Sheridan monopoly
BROWN, Tom	Natalie Draper	• 2 years	• None	• Divorce, 1939	• Playing the field
BYINGTON, Spring	Roy Chandler	• No record	• Phyllis, 24; Lois, 22	• Divorce	• Wants to play "wife" roles in pictures only
BURKE, Billie	Florenz Ziegfeld	• 18 years	• Patricia, 24	• Died, 1932	• Living quietly
CABOT, Bruce	Adrienne Ames	• 4 years	• None	• Divorce, 1937	• Hot on the Liz Whitney trail
CARROLL, John	Steffi Duna	• 3 years	• Juliana, 3	• Divorce, 1939	• Playing "hard to get"
CARROLL, Madeleine	Capt. Philip Astley	• 8 years	• None	• Divorce, 1940	• Promised to a French Count
CRAWFORD, Joan	Doug Fairbanks, Jr. Franchot Tone	• 3 years 2 years	• None Christina, 11½, adopted	• Divorce, 1932 Divorce, 1940	• Eastern socialite is making her heart throb
CURTIS, Alan	Priscilla Lawson	• 3 years	• None	• Divorce, 1940	• Ilona Massey-minded
DICKSON, Gloria	Perc Westmore	• 2 years	• None	• Divorce, June, 1940	• Still pining
DREW, Ellen	Fred Wallace	• 5 years	• David, 4	• Divorce, Oct., 1940	• Strictly a career gal
FARMER, Frances	Leif Erikson	• 4 years	• None	• Divorce, 1940	• Her heart belongs to Broadway
FAYE, Alice	Tony Martin	• 2½ years	• None	• Divorce, Mar., 1940	• Cynical
FRANCIS, Kay	Dwight Francis Wm. A. Gaston Kenneth McKenna	• 2 years 1 year 4 years	• None None None	• Divorce Divorce Divorce	• Intermission
GARSON, Greer	Edw. Abbott Snelson	• 7 years	• None	• Divorce, 1940	• Benny Thau's her steadiest beau
GILBERT, Helen	Mischa Bakeleinokoff	• 4 years	• None	• Divorce, 1940	• Football star Bill Marshall knows the score
GRABLE, Betty	Jackie Coogan	• 2 years	• None	• Divorce, 1939	• "What-a-man" Vic Mature keeps her happy
GRANT, Cary	Virginia Cherrill	• 1 year	• None	• Divorce, 1935	• Exclusively Barbara Hutton's
HARRIS, Phil	Marcia Ralston	• 12 yrs., 9 mos.	• One, adopted	• Divorce, 1940	• Very much the man-about-town
HEPBURN, Katharine	Ludlow Smith	• 4 years	• None	• Divorce, 1934	• Garson Kanin knows what he wants

(Continued on page 88)

Now, before going a word further, sit down in front of your mirror and take a good look.

If what you see in the mirror is a facial carbon of Hedy Lamarr or Marlene Dietrich or Linda Darnell, then, sorry, we've got the wrong number. But if what you see in the mirror is a face that could, well, stand a little improvement, a little extra glamour, a little more ummm instead of ugh—in fact, if the face in the mirror makes you wince, oh ever so slightly—then come along with us, because this is going to be one of the happiest days of your life.

We have talked with Hollywood's high moguls of beauty and they all issue one unanimous edict, one verbal exclamation mark—that if you have an average face, medium face, fair-to-middlin' face or downright homely face—don't despair!

"Because," as the experts put it, "there isn't a normal woman on this earth who can't make herself attractive!"

And you don't need any of the highly-paid, highly-touted Hollywood experts to accomplish the change for you. They admit you don't need them. You can do this yourself—with your own competent two hands, a mirror, some good beauty products and good advice. You supply the first three items and Modern Screen will give you the last. Every month we'll cover some phase of beauty (this month it's hair) and give you the authoritative lowdown, handed down by the High Court of Glamour, on the case of the Average Girl.

But to get back to what those Platos of Prettiness have to say. "I've never seen what I'd consider a permanently homely face. If a girl isn't a natural ravishing beauty, she can make herself chic and smart and be just as attractive. Consider, for example, the French women. Their beauty is legendary, yet, as a race, French women have big noses. But, they have been clever. Instinctively, they've played up their hair to take attention from their noses. And there's a point. Really beautiful hair is a plain girl's best chance at good looks. A shining cap of ringlets or a sleek, glossy shoulder-length coiffure will make the world forget she's a bit on the chubby side or that her complexion isn't strictly peaches and cream. And, of course, if her features and skin are lovely, she'll want to do them justice with an extra-special halo of beautiful hair. Yessir, when you think of famous beauties—say Lillian Russell, Jean Harlow, any one of them—you think first of their hair. I can't stress its importance enough, especially to girls who wear glasses or have imperfect teeth or facial structure."

"Nowadays," Warner's make-up man, Perc Westmore, told us, "people judge everything quickly, harshly, by what they see at a glance. Put bars on my window, and passers-by would think it a jail. They wouldn't stop to read the sign, 'Beauty Department' on the door. This is true of wearing flashy hair-dos and of using excessive make-up. You may be a nice girl, a swell kid, intelligent, decent, refined—but people will consider you cheap and common.

"Snap judgments have, to build my point, vetoed such a thing as the spit-curl. You may look cute in a spit-curl but don't wear one. I wouldn't have an actress wear one. Because, subconsciously, people resent spit-curls since the word 'spit' is related to saliva, a distasteful association. In the same way, you'll notice we've never had an actress, in all movie history, with tight black curly hair, who became famous. That's because kinky hair is identified with negroes, and, unfortunately, the masses have their foolish prejudices.

"So the most elementary steps a girl can take in improving her appearance are to simplify every- (Continued on page 83)

no

GIRL IS HOMELY

Hollywood's High Court of

Glamour proves that you, too,

can be a thing of beauty!



Jane Wyman

Hair is a Hollywood problem. Katharine Hepburn washes hers in eggs and does it up on cleansing tissues. Priscilla Lane uses a castor oil shampoo. Constance Moore rebels when the studio orders "permanent." Joan Bennett must have a new coiffure with each new role or she won't play.

Jeanette MacDonald keeps her scalp in condition by pouring salt into her hair and brushing it out vigorously. Carole Lombard mixes her own shampoo of castile soap flakes and coconut oil. Bette Davis rubs warm olive oil into her hair at night, wraps a towel around it and steams it as she bathes. Ann Sheridan uses three brushes of varying degrees of stiffness for stimulation. Joan Leslie has a talcum powder shampoo once a week. Rosalind Russell sprays the ends of her hair with brilliantine while it is still wet, before she has it waved. Her theory is that oil applied to set hair makes it dull and sticky in a day or two. Ida Lupino changes her part every time she has her hair washed. Betty Grable refuses a vinegar rinse as darkening to her blonde locks. And she won't have lemon for fear it might be drying.

Frances Langford said nothing more than "shampoo and wave" until she married Jon Hall. Now she has as much daring about hair styles as any actress in Hollywood. Her latest is a crown effect of braids, with her hair brushed up like angel wings from either side of her forehead.

Irene Dunne is a natural redhead. She's felt thwarted for years because she couldn't wear her favorite color—red. This year she took advantage of the craze for turbans and found the solution for keeping her hair out of sight. So now she has a bright red coat and dress!

Marlene Dietrich has expensive hair. It's soft and fine as a baby's, and it's cost the studio a pretty penny. Every time Marlene makes a picture, a special hairdress has to be designed costing as much as twelve hundred dollars. Her natural hairline is left intact, but the rest of her coiffure has to be built up with false pieces and extra curls.

Actresses with narrow foreheads often wear bangs to conceal the hairline. Joan Bennett has her hairline shaved to broaden her forehead. Claudette Colbert uses a fringe of curls. Garbo, who has a wide, prominent forehead, accentuates forehead and eyes by brushing the hair back from her temples. You will usually see Ida Lupino with a wave dipping down towards one eye. Although this is not a particularly up-to-date way of wearing the hair, it is, in her case, the most logical. Lupino's hair is very soft and unmanageable, and a severe hairline would be difficult to manage.

Annabella is stubborn about short hair. Husband Ty Power prefers it that way, she affirms. And she won't wear hats either, because she doesn't like them. A far cry from Binnie Barnes, who buys a new hat when she wants inspiration for a new hairdress.

When Dorothy Lamour had her much-publicized haircut her mother, Mrs. Castleberry, saved Dottie's discarded hair and had it made into a switch. Madeleine Carroll owns a switch, too. She braids it and wraps it around her head, halo-fashion, for a formal hairdress.

This spring and summer a lot of girls are going to turn strawberry blonde, that luscious shade of pinkish copper seen on Rita Hayworth, star of "Strawberry Blonde."

Current Hollywood hair styles are okay with the men. When Pat Morison goes to Ciro's, she wears her long hair coiled at the nape of her neck, a fashion much admired by escort Tim Durant. Gene Markey had eyes for no one but Olivia de Havilland the evening she first experimented with a pompadour. Dave Rose likes a bow in Judy Garland's hair.

Last year's casual swinging bob is no longer tops. Virginia Dale and Geraldine Fitzgerald are die-hards for the old régime, but they will weaken, too. The days of easy hairdresses are over in Hollywood. Hair may be a headache, but after all—whoever has found a short cut to glamour?

CROWNED HEADS

**Hair is a plain girl's ticket to
glamour, and even in Holly-
wood where they trade in
beauty, more than one career
rests upon a glamorous head!**



Most Perfect Hairline is credited to Connie Bennett with her striking blonde widow's peak. To draw attention to her hair, she sports a diamond rose in the center of her part, even with her most informal daytime suits!

OF HOLLYWOOD...



Longest Hair in Hollywood belongs to Patricia Morison, whose auburn tresses fall way down her back, measuring thirty-nine inches in length. She's one of her studio's most valuable actresses because hers is the only scalp on the lot with completely unshorn locks!



Most Beautiful Blonde goes to Madeleine Carroll.

Shirley Temple was giving her keen competition until she restored her hair to its natural light brown color. It seems the gold in her curls was a case of pure and simple bleaching!



Most Beautiful Brunette in Hollywood is Hedy Lamarr, whose dark brown tresses were the first to make the blonde-dominated film colony brunette-conscious!

Her prototype, Joan Bennett, followed a close second but failed to cop the prize chiefly because she wasn't a "natural."



Curliest Hair is Martha Scott's. It gets so kinky on rainy days that production has to be held up while the make-up department rushes around with brillian-tine and lacquer to "straighten" it. Dolores Del Rio takes the honors on the opposite side of the fence with the straightest locks in all Hollywood.

COIFFURES • that compliment your type . . .

ROUND • LYNN BARI



Her next is "Sleepers West"



CASUAL



CAREER

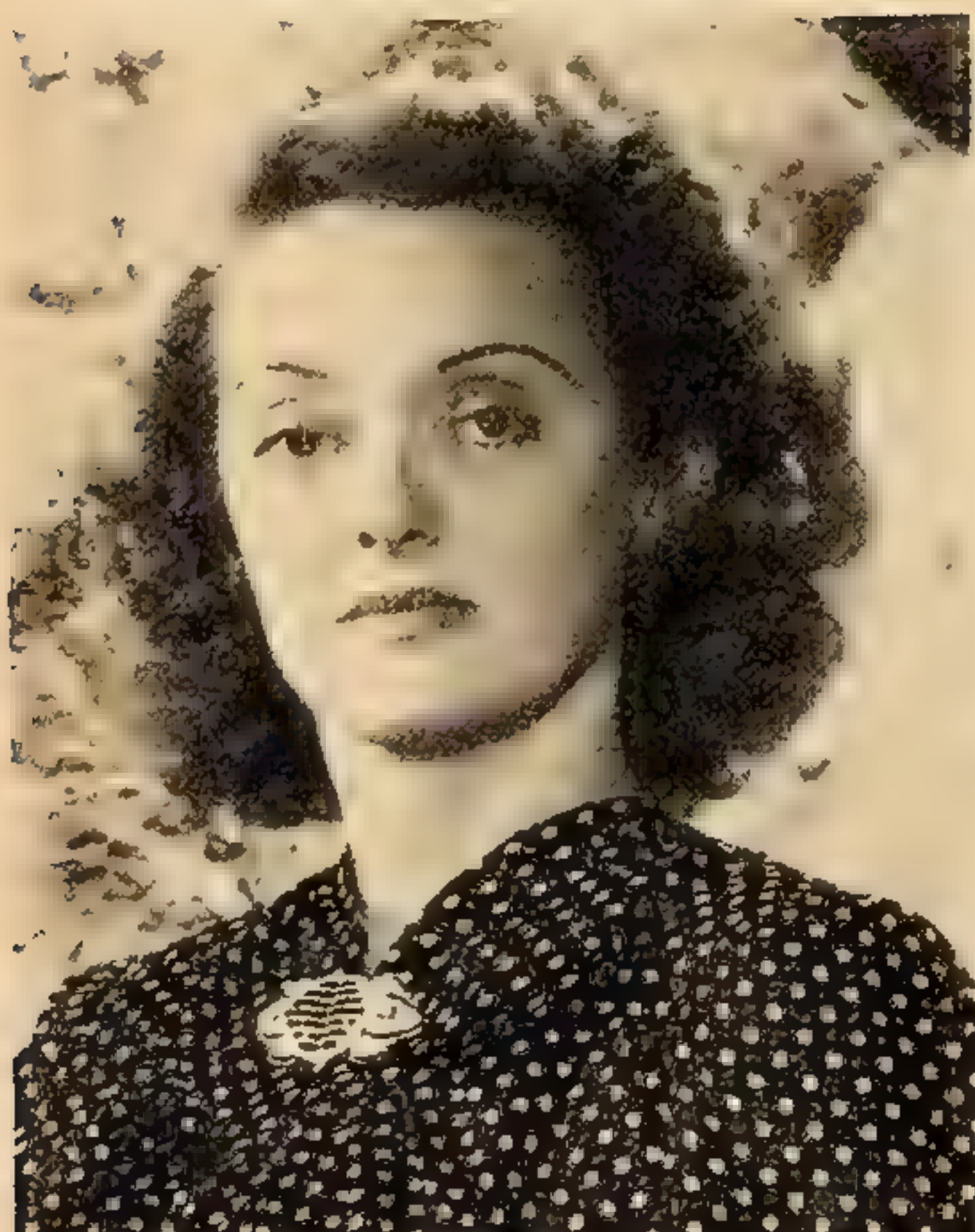


HIGH DRESS

ROUND FACE. Even if you're the round-faced type with full cheeks and chubby chin, you can achieve that perfect oval effect! Here's a trio of hair-dos guaranteed to lengthen and narrow your face. **CASUAL:** Informal glamour. Part hair on side, since center part tends to broaden. Dress front hair into pin curls, then sweep side sections up off face into larger curls. Large, loose curls at nape of neck have a magically lengthening effect. **CAREER:** Neat and femininely efficient. To take away fullness at cheekbones, sweep sides up cleanly into rolls toward center. To disguise low forehead and to narrow the face, part in V-shape and bring entire top section forward into large V-shape roll over brow. **HIGH DRESS:** Sleek and smooth. Wave top hair and side sections back from the face into rolls to add height. Back section is dropped on neckline in soft curls and tied with a ribbon.

By Patricia Pearce, 20th Cent.-Fox

OVAL • BETTE DAVIS



Star of "Far Horizon"



CASUAL



CAREER



HIGH DRESS

OVAL FACE. The oval face is egg-shaped—wide at the cheek-line, and with the forehead slightly broader than the chin. If this is you, you have nothing to alter or hide. Your principal job is to play up that oval outline, for you have the perfect face type! **CASUAL:** Just for fun. Comb hair loosely behind the ears and brush curls out at nape of neck. Comb front roll over brow into a suggestion of bangs. **CAREER:** For a chic careerist. Frame head with reverse roll to accent oval contour. The front may be varied, but is here shown with a dashing pompadour. **HIGH DRESS:** Striking. Here's an elegant one that spotlights your oval face. Brush the front hair up into a half-dozen fat curls. Side sections aren't waved, but are turned under at the ends, while the back hair falls into a sleek page boy. For variation, the front and side curls may be combed into a soft halo effect.

By Joan St. Oegger, Warner's

SQUARE • PRISCILLA LANE



Featured in "Four Mothers"



CASUAL



CAREER



HIGH DRESS

SQUARE FACE. If, like cute Priscilla Lane, you have a straight hair line and a square jaw, your problem is to soften your angles into the perfect oval. Here's how. **CASUAL:** Easy-going smartness. Break squareness by side part and concentrate fullness on upper side of head. This is done by sweeping hair up behind ears into soft curls to minimize breadth of face. Back is combed out loosely to flatter jawline. **CAREER:** Tailored simplicity. Side part is usually best, but if the forehead is unusually high and broad, a center part seems to "break it in half." Brush hair up back of ears and push forward into fullness with combs. Let back hair fall in soft rolls. **HIGH DRESS:** Gaily sophisticated. Make two reverse curls at top of head—this offsets square chin by widening forehead. Then bring hair upward back of ears into reverse rolls and catch the back section in wide baretté.

By Joan St. Oegger, Warner's

Whether yours is a chubby face or one with a few too many angles, there's a gay new hair-do—created by one of Hollywood's most talented hair-stylists—that's guaranteed to make it just right!

HEART • IDA LUPINO



You'll see her in "High Sierra"



CASUAL



CAREER



HIGH DRESS

HEART SHAPE. The heart-shaped face with its wide forehead and narrow jaw has a lovely pixie quality. Play it up, at the same time building out that slightly weak jawline. **CASUAL:** Carefree and gay. Height is achieved by waving front hair back from brow into a semi-reverse curl. Brush hair smoothly behind ears where it falls in with back section and creates fullness at nape of neck. **CAREER:** Simple and trim. Keeping sides perfectly flat, sweep hair upward into three reverse rolls on top of head. Back hair is combed into a neat upward roll that fills out jawline. **HIGH DRESS:** Sweet 'n' smooth. Heighten by two reverse rolls on top of head. One of these forms a partial bang on right side, which narrows a too-broad forehead and is a perfect camouflage for an irregular hairline. Necessary width at chinline is formed by loose curls at the nape of the neck.

By Joan St. Oegger, Warner's

LONG • DOROTHY LAMOUR



She's in "Road to Zanzibar"



CASUAL



CAREER



HIGH DRESS

LONG FACE. The long face is a mere step from the perfect oval. It just needs a bit of shortening and widening and here are three easy ways to do it. **CASUAL:** Excellent for active sports. Broaden brow by brushing hair straight back from face into clusters of curls that are held in place by bows above the ears. Concentrate width at jawline by letting back hair fall into a loose page boy. **CAREER:** For office-to-date wear. To achieve width, part hair in middle. Brief bangs are shortening to forehead and entire face, and side curls add width. Let back hair fluff out to expand jawline. **HIGH DRESS:** Suave and chic. Draw hair off at sides in a horizontal line that broadens the face, and make a roll of curls across top of head extending from ear to ear. Back hair should be turned up in a loose roll or, for variety—you can page boy it or just comb it out into soft fluff.

By Loretta Francel, RKO

DIAMOND • CAROLE LOMBARD



Now in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith"



CASUAL



CAREER



HIGH DRESS

DIAMOND SHAPE. The diamond-shaped face (narrow forehead, broad jawline and narrow chin) is tailor-made for a woman of whims, for it can be piquant or exotic according to the way it's treated. **CASUAL:** A cinch to handle. Draw attention to forehead, yet conceal its narrowness with a soft bang over right eye. Side hair falling in deep waves around the face cuts the breadth of cheek and balances a narrow chin. **CAREER:** Flattering simplicity. A middle part and two soft waves falling over temples, give forehead appearance of width. In order to make temple line as flat as possible, side hair is drawn back of ears. To fill out chinline, back hair should fluff at the neck. **HIGH DRESS:** Sophistication! A wave at brow falls into little-girl ringlets, but there's drama in that smooth roll that encircles the head—and carries the eye up and down, instead of across the broad jawline.

By Lenore Sabine, Paramount

LOOK TO



YOUR LOCKS

If Your Hair Is...

STUBBORN... Don't let it have its way. Compromise! Part it where it seems to fall naturally, humor it by conforming to any natural wave it may have—but after that, take the whip hand. After shampooing it as per Dry Hair, rub every speck of moisture out of it with a warm towel. Then take an immaculate sturdy-bristled brush, and give it some good, firm strokes till your scalp feels pink and glowy and your arm is practically yelling uncle. Set it nightly with a heavy lotion, using just enough to dampen it, and always wear a net to bed. Now, here's a must! Let Pierre or Mike give it a monthly thinning and shaping—but *never* let him wheedle you into a singeing, for there's nothing more ruinous.

FALLING... Anchor it by strengthening the wee muscles at each hair base. Exercise 'em with daily massage and brush frequently but gently. Don't uproot hair that just needs a treatment or two to make it a pretty permanent fixure. Shampoo it only once a week for the first month, after which the muscles will be but Herculean; then you can douse your locks daily if you feel like it. Remember, a few hairs should fall every day, as the life span of a hair is approximately from one to four years. So if you're losing some long ones that look as if they've been around awhile, don't give 'em a second thought.

DANDRUFFY... You're just a hairsbreadth from real trouble, but here are some stitches in time. Dandruff forms in the first two days after washing, when the scalp is temporarily de-oiled. So right after washing it with an oil or a special dandruff-remover shampoo, massage it very gently with an oily pomade. If you've been indulging in orgies of perfume-spraying directly on your hair, you have one clue to your trouble right there. Perfume's an aider and abettor of flaking! Substitute one of those elegantly-perfumed prepared oils or tonics. They'll scent your curls delicately, simultaneously lubricating your scalp. Cleanliness and lubrication will positively cure the average case of dandruff, but if it persists hot foot it to your doctor, for you may have a scalp infection. Wash your comb daily so you don't keep re-infecting yourself, and don't you lend it to a living soul—nope, not even to that Willkie-haired beau of yours!

BLEACHED... It's probably Roman-striped, and you're pretty well chained to the peroxide bottle in a vain effort to color it evenly. Begin right now resisting the temptation, unless you want your hair eventually to break off. Give it an oil shampoo (see Dry Hair), then tub it in cool brine—three tablespoons salt in a quart of water. This tones up the scalp and speeds up new growth. After washing the salt out thoroughly, give yourself a darkish vegetable rinse to help equalize the color. Brilliantine the split ends faithfully, and remember that nightly massage eggs on growth practically like magic. We've known real massage addicts to add from three-quarters of an inch to an inch to theirs per month!

OILY... Shampoo it twice a week. Sounds like heresy after what you've always heard, we know, but it's a sure cure if you use a pure shampoo. The day of the once-every-two-weeks shampoo went out with the Saturday night bath era, but here's a vital point! Rinse your hair absolutely like mad, 'cause particles of soap left in the hair stir up the oil glands like nothing else in the world. No gooey desserts for you for a while, and try going hatless on your shorter open air excursions.

DRY... It needs a workout, for it's just plain lazy! Preface that every-week—without-fail shampoo with a luxurious oil treatment. Massage one of the soothing, prepared lubricants or a little olive oil into every square inch of the scalp, just as you'd rub cold cream into your face. (Both serve the same purpose, by the way—that of lubrication and deep pore cleansing.) Knead the scalp until it tingles; then wrap your hair in a gay Turkish towel and let the oil be absorbed for an hour or two. Shampoo thoroughly and rinse till your hair squeaks with cleanliness. Each morning, spray the ends with brilliantine. It's lots of milk for you, lady, and brisk, long walks and brushings to whip up that lazy circulation!

BLONDE... Gentlemen prefer you and all that, but you've got other problems! How to keep your hair from darkening? Cleanliness is one all-important step, but don't forget those wonderful vegetable rinses. Try one just once, and see the bonfire it lights in your locks and in your best beau's eyes! If your hair is dry, use that non-darkening brilliantine, specially for blondes. Just one word of warning! Home talent bleaching jobs are frequently messy, as your hair invariably turns that hideous brassy color. Splurge on an expert if you're dead set on bleaching, but for our money—we'll take a golden rinse or, for utter devastation, a platinum one!

BRUNETTE... You've been getting away with murder, for dark hair—whether it's Mouse or Midnight Black—covers a multitude of sins. We can't stress the bi-weekly shampoo enough, nor the fact that rinses—either one of the easy-to-use products on the market or a vinegar solution (half a cupful to a quart of water)—never fail to put stardust in your hair and new swains on your string. And here's a trick. If your hair's brown and you want it to look jet black for a special occasion, rub a drop of odorless castor oil into the scalp and brush hard to distribute it. Mascara your widow's peak ever so lightly, brilliantine the ends—and Hi, Hedy!

RED... You're in good company! Cleopatra and George Washington had it, and so has Lana Turner. You're a woman of destiny, so treasure that carrot-top. Burnish it with a weekly henna rinse and brush it till it fairly spits sparks. If it's thin, as most red hair is, (red heads have only 95,000 hairs in their heads, while blondes have 140,000) stimulate its growth with daily massage (use a good pomade or a little olive oil) and give it lots of sunshine. Gorge yourself on napoleons and éclairs; your hair needs fatty substances taken internally, too!

WHITE... Flaunt it! Did you know snowy hair's the most becoming in the world? Don't be afraid of shampooing it four or five times a week if you live in a sooty metropolis and at least twice a week if you're a country gal. A little blueing in the final rinsing water will make short work of that faintly yellow cast, and an occasional oil shampoo (see dry hair) will keep it healthy, shiny and scandalously glamorous! If for any reason you feel you'd be happier with it tinted—choose a non-toxic product and follow instructions to a T.

PREMATURELY GREY... You have your choice. Play it up dramatically via striking coiffures or dye it a brand new shade. If it's only beginning to turn, leading the good life for a while (no cocktails and early to bed) frequently brings back the natural color. If your hair is an uninteresting pepper-and-salt, and you'd love it to be that wonderfully distinguished shade, here's a stunt. Give it first a black rinse, and then a platinum, being sure to use one of the rinses that has a vegetable base and washes out. You'll love yourself. And this spring, promise yourself a giddy new hat. It'll give you a lift worth a month's vacation!

DULL... It needs a bath! We don't care if it just had one fifteen minutes ago, it's not band-box clean. Give it a good tubbing (never under a shower, as the impact of the spray bends the hair follicles) and several rinsings, including one vegetable rinse to make it look rich and glinty. The beaten whites of an egg poured over the hair and washed out very thoroughly is another good brightener. Between shampoos, polish it with a silk cloth. (This, incidentally, is elegant for removing smoke and cooking odors.) Eat two eggs daily, steer clear of alcohol—then, pretty soon, look in the mirror. Mmm—dazzles you, doesn't it!

LONG BOB... It's glamorous as the very devil, but only if it's all clean and shiny. Remember, all hair, but especially long hair, is really an accessory like your shoes and stockings, and should be washed and brushed just as faithfully. Furthermore, it should be set with a quick-drying waveset and put up every night of your life on bobbies or curlers. Tiny cotton pads not only make this wonderfully comfortable, but absorb any excess lotion, too, and a cute net does away with the skinned rabbit look. You haven't the ghost of an excuse for Shetland pony-ing it one more day!

(Continued on page 86)

Looks like the Jack Oakies are back together for keeps this time. 'Twas a good sign when Venita hopped up from a sick bed to be with him at his premiere. Since their marriage they've split and made up three times!



Jane Withers out-handies comedian Hugh Herbert at the Los Angeles Community Fund Banquet. Later in the evening she went quite serious orating on behalf of the Hollywood younger fry.

If you're plumb sick and tired of flicker romances, take a look at the genuine articles snapped up by our new Hollywood cameraman, Nat Dallinger!



Columnists have their Bert Wheeler all wrong if they expect any sudden elopement with Phyllis Ruth. It took him four years to propose to his ex-wife, and Phyllis is that lady's spitting image!



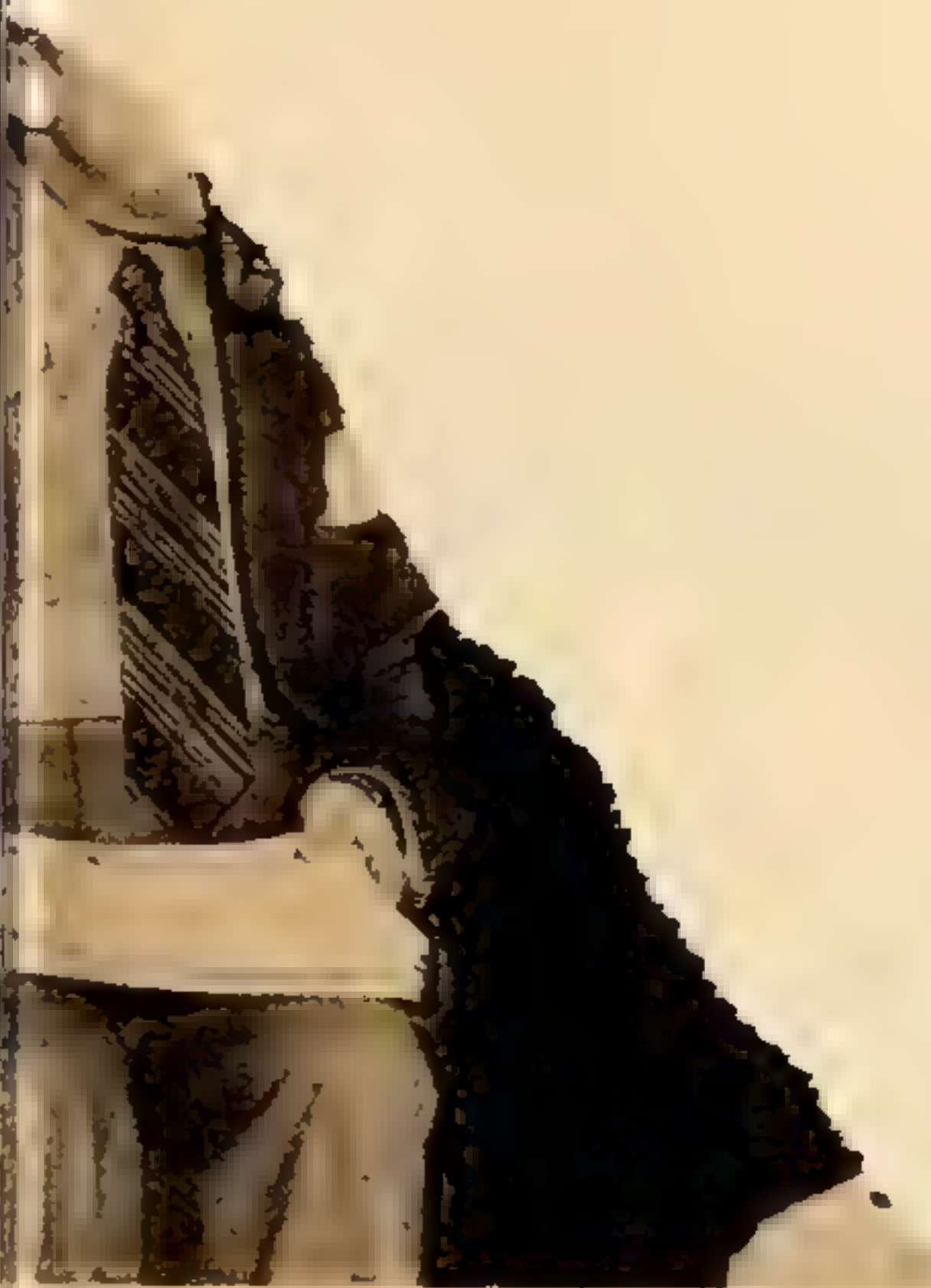
What price devotion! When Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s shirt was put up for raffle at a recent British War Relief benefit in New York, his wife Mary Lee Epling bid way over \$75 to retrieve it for him.



Allan Jones and wife "Baby" shoot off the fireworks at Ciro's. They're celebrating his first night out since a recent illness during which he lost a goodly share of his former 235-pound self!



Mrs. James Cagney gets a lecture on Venezuela right in the midst of the Chester Morris wedding festivities. Ralph Bellamy and wife returned from a trip there just in time for the wedding.



Jean Hersholt, who'd rather ha
anyway, quizzes Loretta Young
about those stork rumors going
both just laugh and wholeheartedly



When Judy Garland steps out at Ciro's with
Dave Rose, she waxes plenty sophisticated.
With Rooney she acts like a kid, wears bows
in her hair and even eats candy at the movies!



If there's anything Jackie Cooper hates, it's
to have someone fuss over his ties! Bonita
Granville's the only exception, and he fairly
beams as she yanks at it for our cameraman.



Ray Milland's do
graph hound and sm.
him is his striking
who's one of the tallest



Reggie Gardiner, British com-
edian, who can imitate trains
to the last chug, goes amateur
with a phony trick for Nat Draper



Orson Welles and Dolores Del Rio go night-
clubbing to celebrate the completion of Or-
son's new film production, "Citizen Kane."

2



3



3. You would smile, too, in a print as gay as the one shown here on
Phyllis. The black-eyed Susans are a true rich yellow.
Narrow patent bows and daisy pockets trim this rayon
jersey. Under thirteen dollars at Lord & Taylor.

From Now On

By Elizabeth Willguss

4



4. *Phyllis Brooks*, vivacious RKO star, sits by the fire for MODERN

SCREEN wearing a lovely new redingote; pink and blue pastel plaid dress with sailor collar and a slim princess coat of matching blue flannel. Ensemble, under thirteen dollars at James McCreery.

5. Phyllis plays a tune on her little piano. It should be bright to go with the gray and yellow dress. On the jacket there are two corded pockets tied with a bow. Ensemble, under eight dollars at McCreery.

6. Yes, Phyllis, you can relax now, in a pale pink and black print that looks like a suit. Of rayon jersey, the jacket is edged in black velvet, draped at the hip to form soft pockets. Under thirteen dollars at McCreery.

Below; sketches of new Paris Fashion shoes, including those shown on Phyllis Brooks.



left; a perfect walking shoe of elasticized maracain with tiny perforations, a low comfortable heel and platform sole.

Comes in black, blue or beige. Also see 4.

right; a feminine afternoon pump of black

elasticized gabardine with patent leather

bow and "fringing" on the cut-out vamp.



Also shown above on Phyllis Brooks (6).



left; a new version of the sports oxford you will surely want in your spring shoe wardrobe.

Dark brown calf piping, eyelets and low wedge

heel contrast with the lighter play-tan calf of the shoe.

right; a flattering street pump of antique tan elasticized calf

with "fringe" emphasizing moccasin line of walled toe. See 2.

With these four Paris Fashion shoes you are ready to walk anywhere!





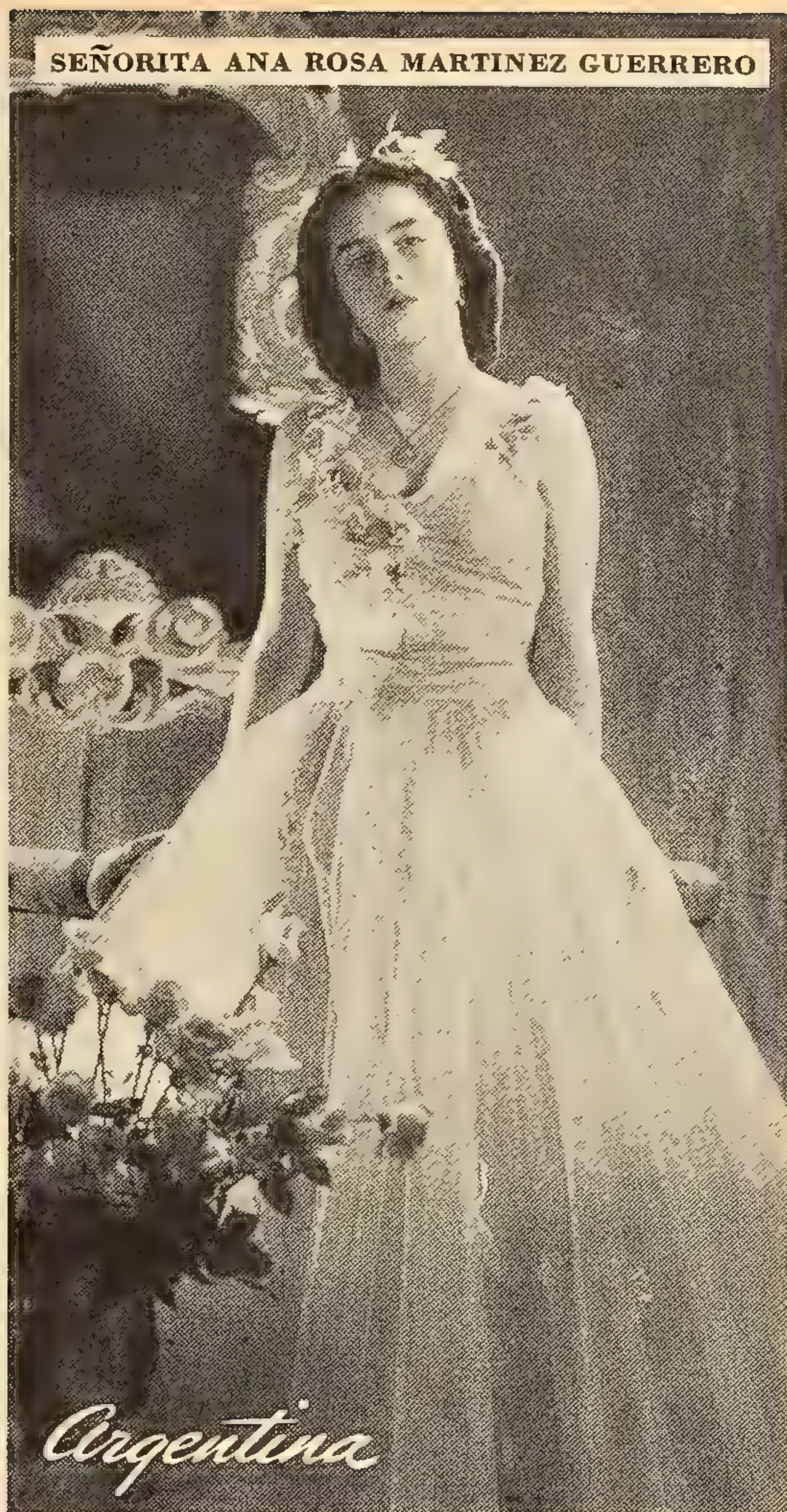
MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR



MRS. ROBERT W. ARMSTRONG



SEÑORA PILA SUBERCASEAUX



SEÑORITA ANA ROSA MARTINEZ GUERRERO



SENHORA AIMÉE LOPES DE SOTTO MAIOR

BEAUTY OVER THE AMERICAS

FROM Alaska to Cape Horn, from the Aleutian Islands to Parahiba, easternmost tip of Brazil—throughout these wide Americas lovely women have learned the same romantic beauty lesson.

The ritual of skin care prized in all these American countries is the same we in the United States likewise treasure—the simple, effective principles long laid down by Pond's:—

CLOAK your face and neck lavishly with the sleek, fragrant smoothness of Pond's Cold Cream. Smack your skin briskly with cream-wrapped fingertips for three full minutes—even five. Pond's has two distinct missions to perform for you. One cleansing. The other softening. It mixes with the dust, make-up and foreign accumulations on your skin—softens them and sets them free.

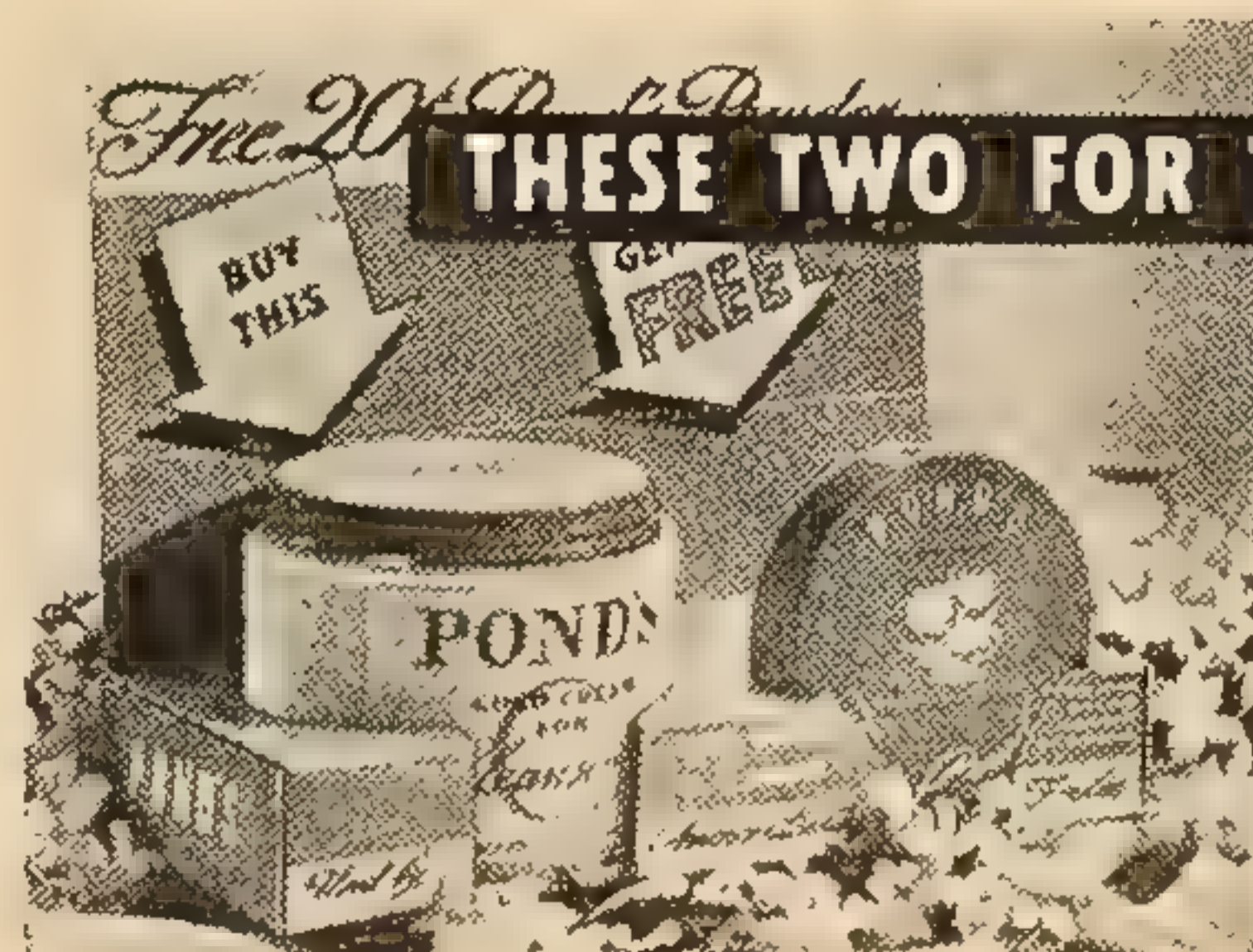
WIPE AWAY all this freed and softened debris with the gentle competence of Pond's Tissues—created tenderly soft and absorbent for this express purpose.

SMACK ON briskly a second coating of Pond's Cold Cream. Again wipe off with gentle Pond's Tissues. This second creamy spanking enhances both the cleansing and softening actions of Pond's. Note how the pores seem finer, lines less apparent in your glowing, softened skin.

SPLASH ON now the cool, wet fragrance of Pond's Skin Freshener.

Then MASK this spic-and-span face of yours with a smooth layer of a very different type of cream—Pond's Vanishing Cream—light as a cloud, innocent of greasiness. This cream's specific duty is to help disperse remaining particles, little chappings caused by exposure. Wait one full minute before you wipe it off. Then see how it leaves a perceptible mat finish on your skin—a petal-softness that receives and holds your powder smooth and captive for hours.

Perform this brief Pond's ritual in full always before retiring or during the day. A shorter ritual whenever your skin or make-up need freshening.

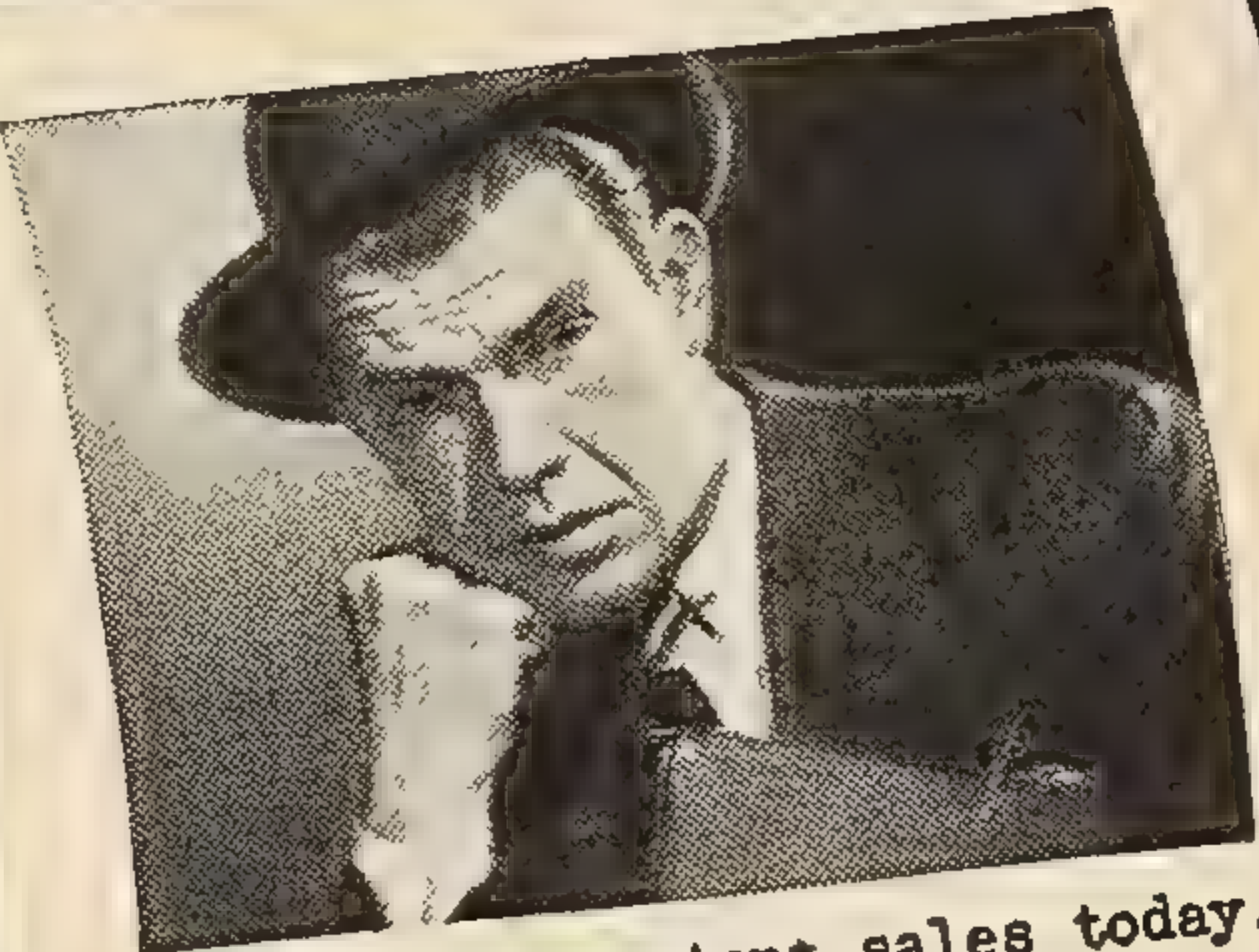


THESE TWO FOR THE PRICE OF CREAM

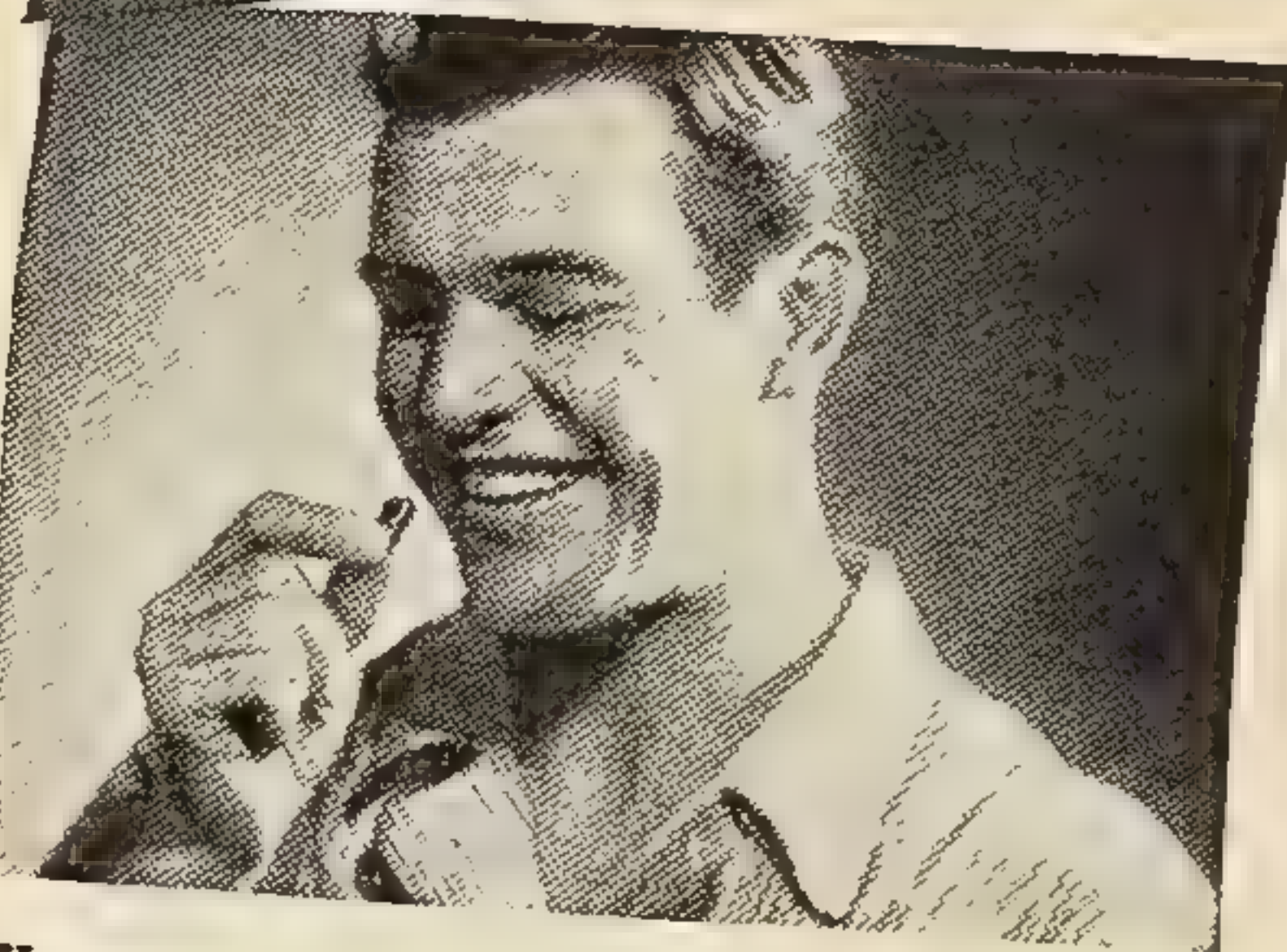
ANOTHER THRIFTY GIVE-AWAY—For a limited period you can buy Pond's Cold Cream in the medium-large (6.1 oz.) size that gives you so much more for your money, and get absolutely free a 20¢ box of Pond's Face Powder. At your favorite beauty counter.

MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR . . . MRS. ROBERT W. ARMSTRONG . . . SEÑORITA ANA ROSA MARTINEZ GUERRERO
SEÑORA PILA SUBERCASEAUX . . . SENHORA AIMÉE LOPES DE SOTTO MAIOR . . . names that hold the magic and dual
connotation of great wealth and great beauty in five great American countries. Each one observes the Pond's Ritual

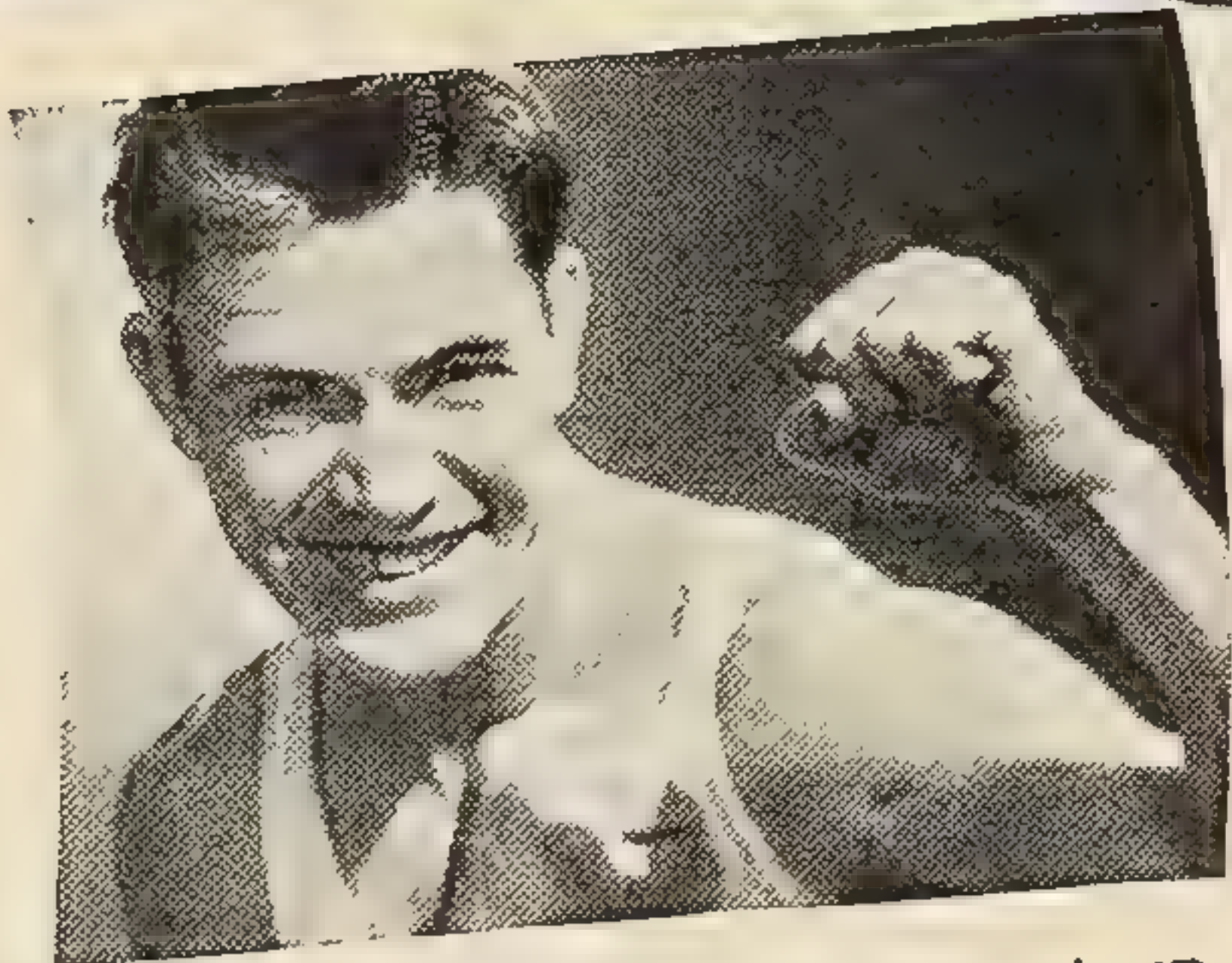
From the Confidential Notebook of Mr. F---



Muffed two important sales today. Had no pep — just couldn't get going! Wonder if I hadn't better take a laxative — been putting it off too long.



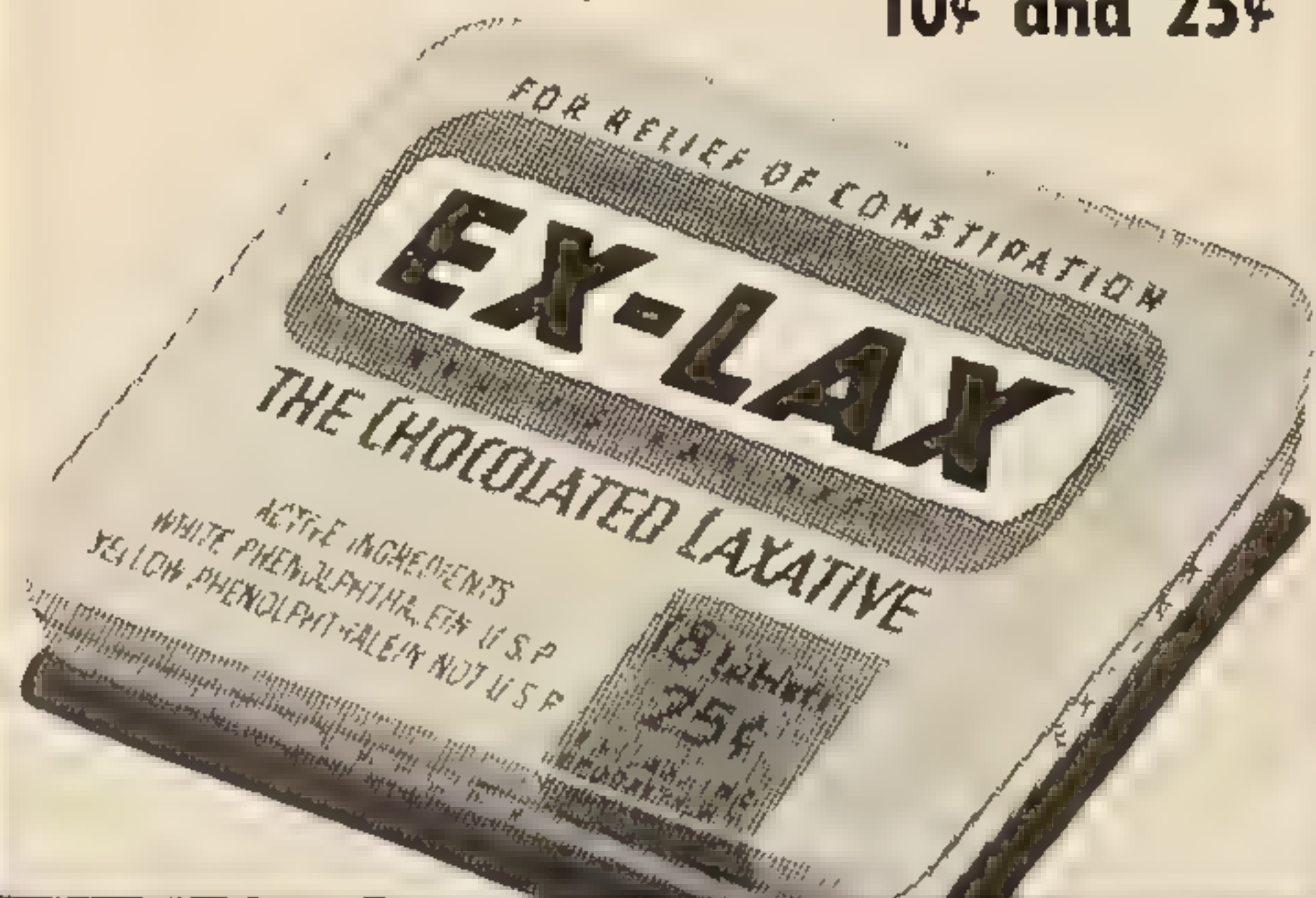
Harry said I ought to try Ex-Lax. Took some before I went to bed. Say, this Ex-Lax taste is a new one on me — just like chocolate!



Felt like a million when I got up this morning. Ex-Lax worked fine — didn't upset me a bit. Just watch me go after those birds today!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle*! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



FUGITIVE FROM THE FOUR HUNDRED

(Continued from page 38)

as "Dirty Gertie" and like it. But I *love* it! I've got a good, gutty part, haven't I? I was a little scared last night, though. I went to a dinner party and just before we arrived I learned Hedy Lamarr was going to be there. My heart dived! Imagine me like this stacked up against Hedy Lamarr! Thank goodness, she couldn't come."

When Gene first sprang the Great Idea on her family there just wasn't anything doing. Papa Tierney, a respectable Manhattan insurance broker, had his own ideas about actresses, and they weren't very flattering. One branch of the family tree had quivered dangerously when Gene's grandmother, who looked like Lillian Russell, had almost succumbed to stage temptations dangled by the late Daniel Frohman. It was still one of those things you never mentioned outside the family.

But after deb-hopping for a few weeks Gene knew that fluffy life wasn't solid enough for her. Caviar was just fish eggs after all, champagne nice but dangerous, and the same young twerps said the same old things. She'd done her debbie damndest, too.

Gene had dutifully let the Ivy League boys push her around at proms. She'd toured the Manhattan glamour spots and café society cubicles at all exhausting hours. She'd grinned a fixed smile into candid cameras. She'd listened, bored silly, to the gossip about who's going with whom in Manhattan's Mayfair and what about it. She'd smoked too much and swilled too many cocktails and indulged in entirely too much senseless small talk. She'd spent too much money, charged too many expensive clothes and earned too many dark circles under her young eyes. And the only Big Idea, as near as Gene could figure, was to see and be seen, talk and be talked about—until some rich and right man looked you over in the social display window, had you wrapped up and sent to the altar.

Okay, perhaps for Brenda Frazier. For Gene it added up to a case of Ho-Hum.

But what to do? She thought for a while about settlement work, but that wasn't too original. She mulled over nursing, but she was too young. Besides, that chat with Bette Davis was brewing ideas. Gene struck a deal with her dad.

"Give me a month," pleaded Gene. "If something important doesn't happen by then, I'll give up the idea and be so social you won't have me around."

Tierney, *père*, shook on it. What's more, he said he'd take her around town and help out on the dramatic job hunt.

THERE were a couple of things, Gene admits, that softened her family a bit on her backsliding. First, her dad had suffered some business reverses which made it look as if he wouldn't be financing too lavish a social campaign. Then, too (she confesses under pressure), she had gone and gotten herself engaged and the family didn't approve one bit. At seventeen you couldn't blame them much. Anyway, they thought Gene might forget her puppy passion if she was busy dreaming about a career. As for her really landing one, they thought they were as safe as Joe DiMaggio at home plate. They'd forgotten, obviously, that their child was christened Gene Eliza Tierney—and that her initials spelled GET.

"We did a 'horsing' scene today," Gene was announcing, yanking a dried twig and a couple of acorns out of her hair, and downing her buttermilk. "Horsing? Well, the boys on the set call it 'niggling.' It's pretty low-down. I guess you'd say I was actively on the make for Ward Bond, who plays the part of Lov Bensey one of us po' white trash in 'Tobacco Road.' Gosh! I just thought. One of my ancestors was General Lee. Me—I'm a Lee of Virginia—playing po' white trash! Anyway—this horsing is pretty torrid

(Continued on page 62)



Marie Wilson's not only one of Hollywood's busiest stars, but unquestionably its busiest fan. Belongs to three fan clubs and collects autographs like mad.

HERE SHE IS! Lovely BARBARA STANWYCK with a charm hint for YOU



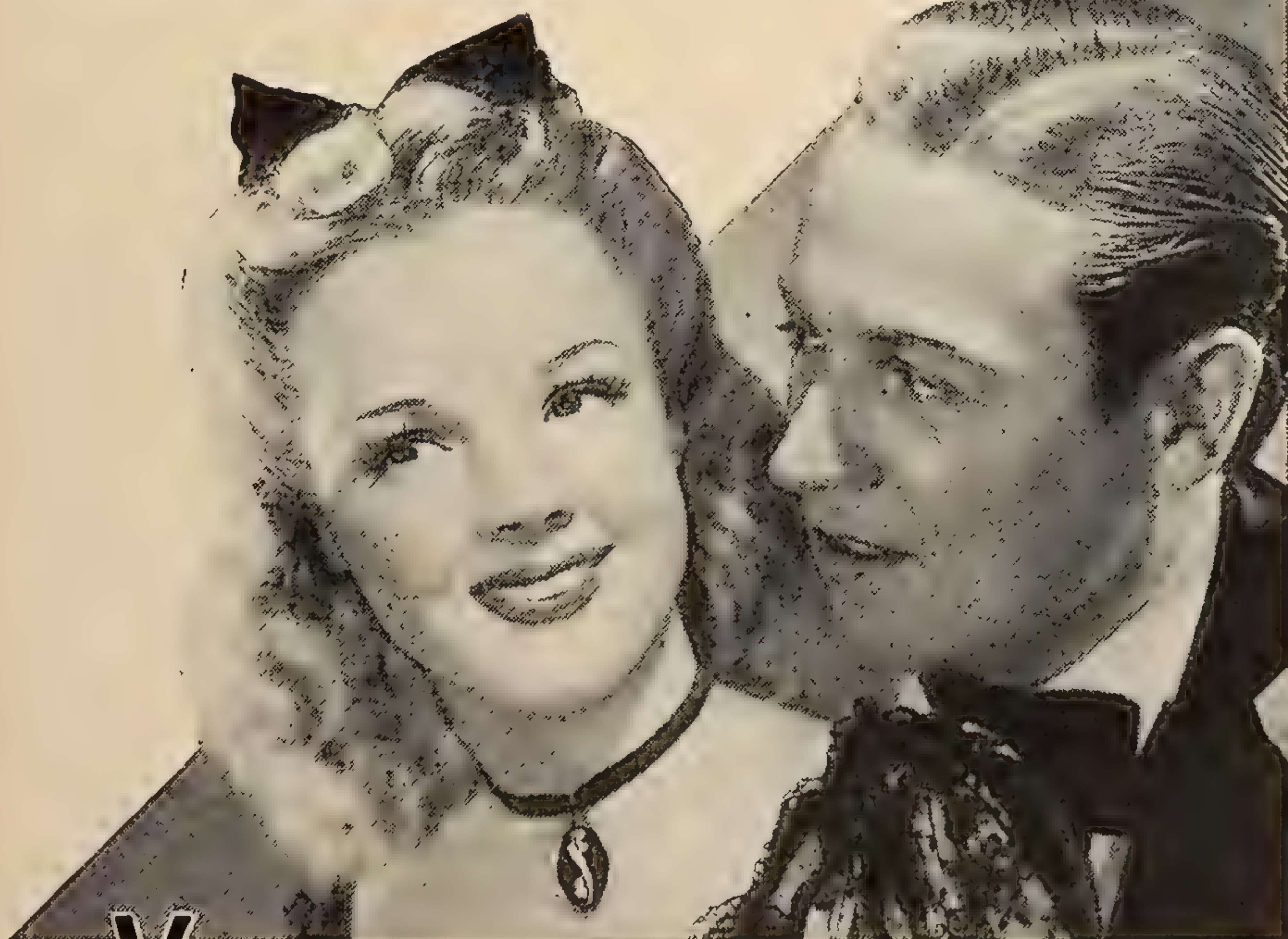
STAR OF
PARAMOUNT'S
"THE LADY EVE"

**LUX SOAP MAKES A
WONDERFUL BEAUTY
BATH! ITS ACTIVE
LATHER MAKES YOU
SURE OF DAINTINESS**

**THIS GENTLE, WHITE
SOAP HAS SUCH
A DELIGHTFUL
FRAGRANCE — LEAVES
SKIN SWEET!**

**Clever girls take
Hollywood's tip—win
out with skin that's sweet!**

"Men love to be near the girl who's sweet," this famous beauty says. And tells you how screen stars protect the daintiness important to charm. Lux Soap's ACTIVE lather carries away perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt —leaves skin *really* fresh.



**9 out of 10
Screen Stars use it—**

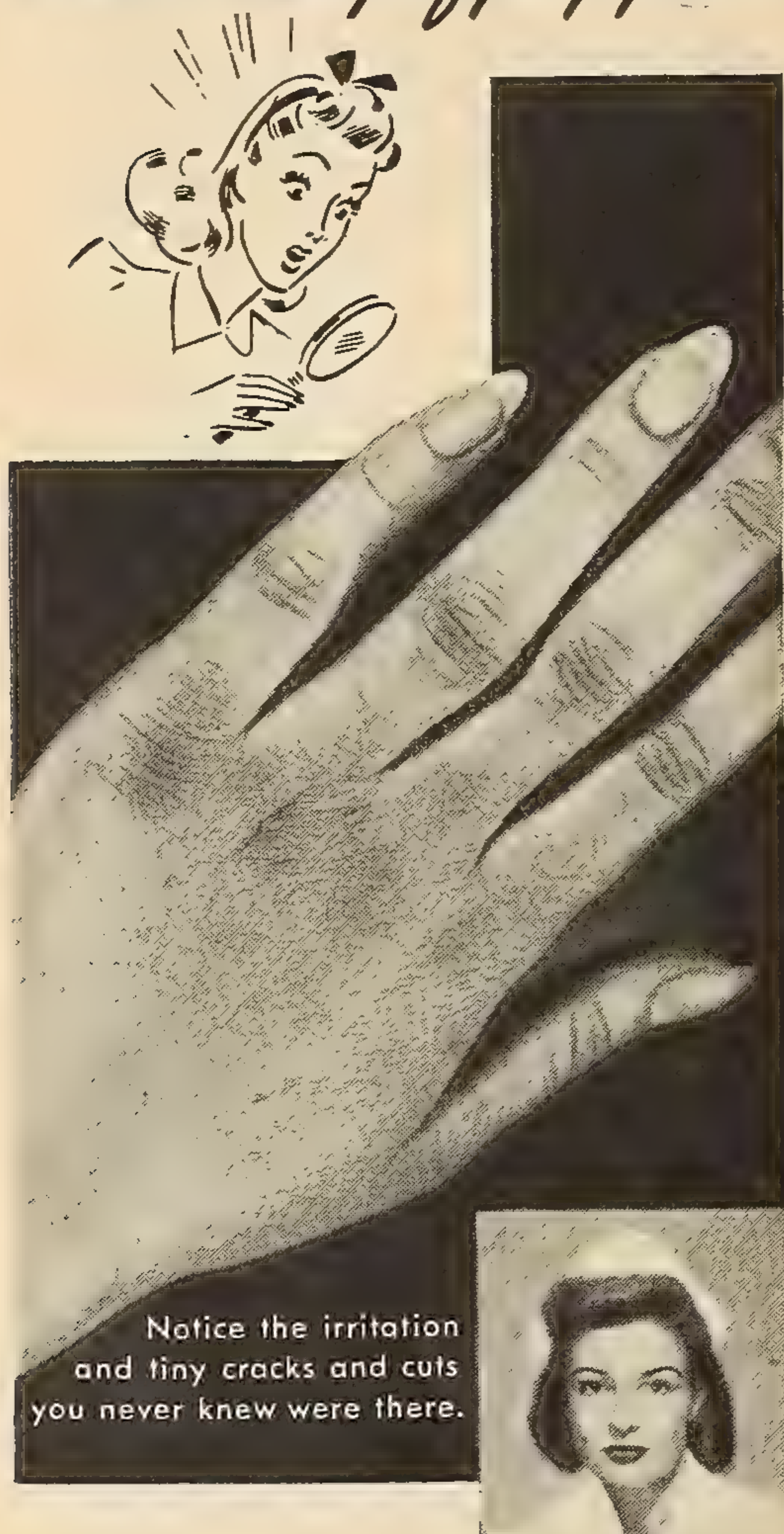


YOU

will find screen stars are right! A daily luxurious Lux Toilet Soap bath makes you sure of daintiness, of skin that's sweet, appealing.

GIRLS ! LOOK AT YOUR CHAPPED HANDS

under a magnifying glass



Notice the irritation
and tiny cracks and cuts
you never knew were there.

SEE WHY MEDICATED NOXZEMA IS SO WONDERFUL FOR CHAPPED HANDS

• Chapped hands are really CUT hands—a combination of skin irritation, like chafing, coupled with tiny cracks, particularly in the knuckles. That's why thousands of people today are switching to Noxzema Cream for real relief. Because Noxzema contains *medication* to soothe and help promote quicker healing of red, irritated, chapped hands—help restore them to their normal soft, white, smooth loveliness.

Nurses in hospitals were the first to discover how wonderful Noxzema is for chapped hands. Surveys indicate that scores of physicians and dentists who must wash hands frequently yet must keep them in good condition, use this medicated cream regularly.

Make this simple test

Try it yourself, this way! Put Noxzema on one hand before retiring. *Feel* how the smarting and soreness are soothed away. In the morning, compare your two hands. See how Noxzema has helped heal the tiny cuts and cracks. If you don't say your "Noxzema hand" looks softer, smoother, whiter—your money will be refunded! Get Noxzema at your drug-gist's today while the special trial offer is on!

FOR A LIMITED TIME
ONLY you can get the
generous 25¢ jar of Nox-
zema for only 19¢! Try it
today!



(Continued from page 60)
stuff. I was embarrassed to tears before I did it. I had them clear all the men off the set first. After the scene I turned as red as a tomato and ran off and hid! But while we were making the scene I never thought anything about it."

Each Wednesday for four weeks, Gene drove in from Connecticut to New York, and her Dad took her by the hand and trudged around with her to agents, producers and Broadway big shots. If a little pleased "I-told-you-so" smile played around his mouth, it seemed justified. Gene had never taken a dramatic lesson or even hammed through an amateur play. As far as she was concerned, upstage was the way Princeton boys tried to act, and off-stage was what referees penalized you five yards for. She got what is known in professional circles as "the quick brush." Home at night she can remember her father winking at her mother while Gene did a slow burn.

IT wasn't till the fourth week of the Society versus Stage episode that Gene found anyone who'd look at her twice without frowning. Then George Abbott picked her out of sixty other yearning sub-Duses for the ingénue in a play called "Mrs. O'Brien Entertains."

Mrs. O'Brien didn't entertain over four weeks, but that was long enough for Gene to attract some Hollywood talent scouts. So when Papa Tierney asked Gene as nicely as possible if she was ready to holler "'Nuff!," she replied by signing up for a crack at the movies. She was already a fugitive from the Social Register, and she intended to stay on the fuge!

"Excuse my bare feet," requested Gene, kicking off her slippers. "That's better. You know, I don't see how I'll ever get pumps on again. I haven't worn shoes for weeks. My feet are immense—but I don't care. I love going barefoot anyway. The other day I was sitting in Mr. Zanuck's office. Before I knew it, I had my shoes off and was walking around barefoot on the carpet! Isn't that awful?"

Now Gene would just as soon skip lightly over this first Hollywood episode, if it's all the same with the customers.

In the first place, there was much mental anguish on the part of her family and friends, and she hates to recall the sad details. They were convinced Gene was sliding down the Primrose Path from bad to a lot worse. All sorts of lurid tales about Horrible Hollywood popped up in their memories. Gene might just as well have announced she was signing up with a Sultan's harem for six months. But movie talent scouts have a way about them, and pretty soon Gene, accompanied by her attractive mama, fully equipped with shotgun and horsewhip, was hanging around Columbia Studios wondering what next.

Well, Gene wondered all summer at \$350 a week. Having an olive complexion, she got a nice tan at the beach, but that was about all. Came fall and she hadn't even been atmosphere in a Class B thriller. Her contract was up and she packed for New York. Columbia said *au revoir* but not good-bye. "You can come back next spring at the same money," they told her. Gene hadn't the slightest idea she'd be making a hit on Broadway, but she said "No, thanks," just the same. "That would make me chasing after the movies," observed Gene, quite shrewdly, "and that's no good. When I come back, I'll make the rules."

When Gene did come back, practically kidnapped by Darryl Zanuck from a solid hit on Broadway—Mr. James Thurber's "The Male Animal"—she dictated her own terms, and for a nineteen-year-old girl, who had never looked into a lens before, they are honeys. Gene has the darndest contract at Twentieth Century-Fox you've ever read!

She's getting \$800 a week from the start, unheard-of sugar for an untried starlet, still as movie-green as a Pullman seat. Gene set that figure herself, as well as how frequently it should be upped. It's in black-and-white, too, that she gets her pick of parts. She can duck out of Hollywood quite legally every six months and do a play on Broadway. They can't make her dye her hair or fool around dolling up her pleasantly uneven teeth. They can't change in any way her

(Continued on page 64)



Production of "Back Street," starring Charles Boyer and Peg Sullavan, had to be rushed—for Maggie's expecting her third visit from the stork!

Ann Sothern

in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's

"MAISIE WAS A LADY"



Do your lips DRY? ...keep them smooth and lovely with HOLLYWOOD'S LIPSTICK



Do you want your lips to look a beautiful alluring red? Do you want to keep them soft and smooth? Then try Tru-Color Lipstick, created by *Max Factor Hollywood*. You'll be delighted with these 4 amazing features:

1. lifelike red of your lips
2. non-drying, but indelible
3. safe for sensitive lips
4. eliminates lipstick line

Imagine finding all the good points you've always wanted in one lipstick. You'll be thrilled the very first time you use *Max Factor Hollywood Tru-Color Lipstick*. Try it today...there's a color harmony shade to accent the beauty of your type...\$1.00

Max Factor Hollywood



Powder...If your skin looks dull and lifeless, then try this face powder created by *Max Factor Hollywood*. See if your skin doesn't look lovelier. Satin-smooth, clinging...it stays on perfectly. Color harmony shades...\$1.00



Rouge..You'll like the lifelike color harmony shades of *Max Factor Hollywood Rouge*...they give your make-up such a natural-looking touch of color..50¢

PURSE MAKE-UP KIT



Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Make-Up".....FREE. 24-63-3

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color) <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE _____	
Oily <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>		

WESTMORE SAYS:

Here's how to be

**"Star
Lovely"**

**with WESTMORE
Foundation Cream
and Face Powder**

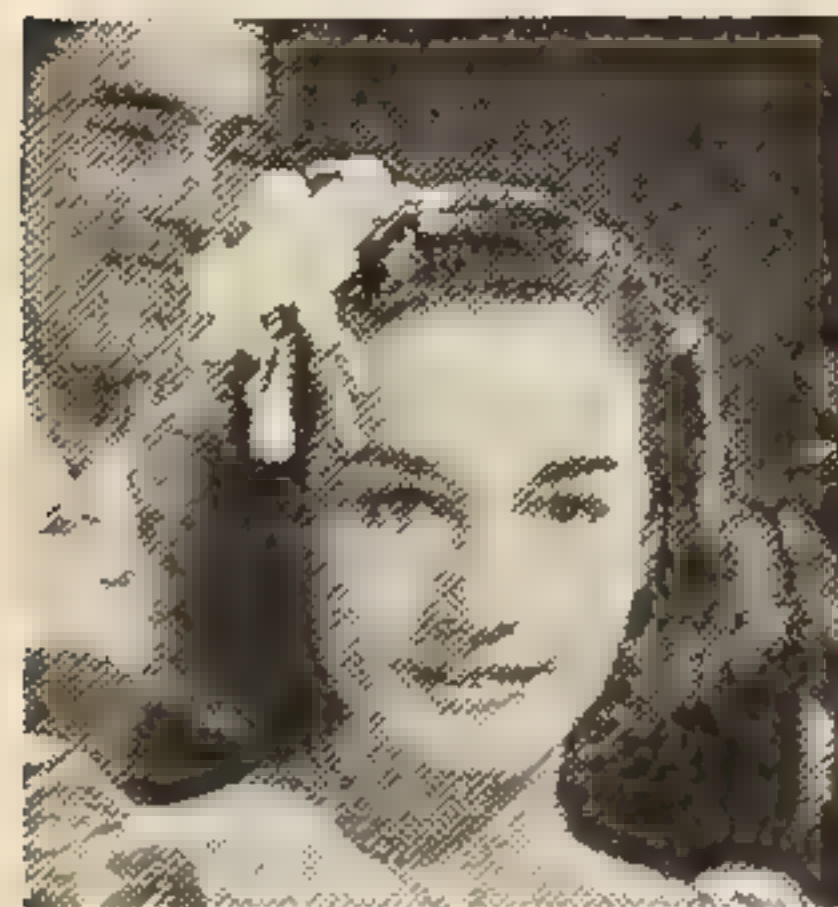


★ Created by Hollywood's Make-up Masters, the Westmores

★ Used by Many Leading Stars for Real Life as well as "Reel Life"



GENE TIERNEY, featured in the Twentieth Century-Fox picture, **"TOBACCO ROAD"**, is shown finishing her Westmore make-up. You begin with Westmore Foundation Cream. Choose the shade that matches your skin tone. Then apply sparingly over the entire surface of the face. With Westmore powder to blend, it's a make-up that covers tired shadows, blemishes, creates a smooth, even glowing tone!



You'll look Star Lovely to *him* when you use Westmore's wonderful make-up. Men love its soft, fresh, glowing look. Westmore Foundation Cream and Powder, with the complete line of Westmore cosmetics, will

be found in generous 50¢ sizes at your drug store. Smaller sizes at variety stores.

House of **WESTMORE**
HOLLYWOOD



New York Office 730 Fifth Avenue

★Get Westmore's amazing book on make-up, 25¢

K-3

(Continued from page 62)

height, weight or posture—and that means no diets. Nobody can summon her mother on the set for any reason. No studio camera can command Gene for leg art or for stunt photos. And it's strictly against the written rules for the publicity boys to build up any fake romances! Not that that's necessary.

"Oh, hello!" Gene was shouting genially, looking up from a strange mess of French toast and ice cream she had fancied for dessert, and across the Café de Paris to a handsome but puzzled looking man. "Hey—don't you *know me*?" The man returned to his soup. "You see?" giggled Gene, "I'm such a fright nobody recognizes me. That's John Sutton. He's the first man who ever kissed me—professionally, that is. In 'Hudson's Bay.' Just a few weeks ago I caught him making a pencil check on a little pad, and asked him why. He said it was for the three hundred and ninety-fifth time he'd kissed me! Now I get a blank stare! Hi, Butch!" Another tall, handsome man stared at Gene blankly. "I've got a brother named Butch, and my police dog's named Butch, too. That's Butch Romero. U-m-m-m! Tall, dark and handsome is right! But he won't give me a tumble. Nobody dreams of Genie with the dirty brown hair!" She pretended to sigh.

The fact is, despite her crummy condition, Genie has more men dreaming about her than is good for a twenty-year-old girl. In New York, after "The Male Animal," she became almost the official sweetheart of the customarily sour-pussed dramatic critics. One, Dick Watts, went quite seriously overboard for Gene and is still supposed to be mooning around. Even bilious-tempered George Jean Nathan, the donor of Butch the dog, incidentally, gave Gene a farewell party when she set out for Zanuckland. Nathan groused moodily then that it was good-bye forever; the same old thing was happening again. Broadway discovers a promising young actress and Hollywood immediately seduces her with gold and keeps her in bondage. "You'll never see the stage again, Gene," he

predicted gloomily. Gene made a bet on that. She says she's going back to Broadway next fall and collect it.

Meanwhile, Gene Tierney isn't doing a bit badly in Hollywood. She went right into "The Return of Frank James" the day after she pulled into Hollywood. But the very night she arrived she went to Ciro's. Since then the most attractive and ardent male animals in Hollywood have kept romantically on her trail. John Swope, Tim Durant, Burgess Meredith, Bentley Ryan and Baron Polan are a few of the more dashing beaux currently cluttering up her date book. And there's still a boy back East, Gene admits.

BY now, you see, Gene Tierney doesn't feel quite so strongly about high life and the villainous upper classes. The fiery opinions of a girl's teens burn pretty bright, and while Gene has indeed given Society's frivolities the shake—and for keeps—she's candid enough with herself to admit she still likes a good time and attractive men, some dancing with her drudgery. So she's ordering a little of each now, and it works out very well.

In fact, Gene would be the last person in the world to regret her Society background. She knows that's why she can ride and ski, swim and play tennis with the best of them. Why she's clever around men, well-read and bright in her conversation. Why she can speak French without a copybook accent. Why she can design her own clothes and look like a little number out of Hattie Carnegie's, or wear a tweed skirt and an old Brooks sweater with style. Why sophisticates and show people alike find her charming.

On the strictly business side, too, Gene's not selling short her sub-deb days. A girl who has been used to money isn't likely to let even \$800 each Saturday turn her head. The greatest single asset Gene Tierney brought to Hollywood, besides her unquestioned talent and personality, is poise and a level head. Hollywood's glamour might possibly throw a talented beauty from the corn belt. But a young lady such as Gene, who has wintered on the Riviera, stopped in London and Paris

(Continued on page 66)



Now we know why production crews fight to work with Merle Oberon! Not only is she a swell gal, but she also serves tea every day at four!



Table for one

Neglected wives are often guilty of
"ONE NEGLECT"
 that may destroy romance . . .
"LYSOL" helps prevent this risk!

IT WAS to have been a very special occasion. She wore her prettiest frock—chose his favorite dishes—and then came his familiar phone call, "detained at the office". And so she dined *alone*—and unhappy—as she does so often these days.

Once he was the most gallant and attentive of husbands. Can it be that he simply doesn't care for her any more? Friends applaud her beauty, grace and charm. Her home and children testify to her success as a housewife and mother. What's wrong?

When a husband's love cools, the cause, say some doctors and psychiatrists, is often the wife's carelessness about feminine hygiene. The intelligent, modern woman uses "Lysol" for this important habit of personal cleanliness.

You ought to use "Lysol" in your routine

of intimate hygiene. Probably no other product is so widely used for feminine hygiene . . . for these important reasons:

1. Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in proper dilution, is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali. **2. Effectiveness** . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter (dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). **3. Spreading** . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of

low surface tension; virtually *search out germs*. **4. Economy** . . . Small bottle of "Lysol" makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. **5. Odor** . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use. **6. Stability** . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it might be left uncorked.



Lysol
 Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

PASTE THIS COUPON ON A PENNY POSTCARD

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET
 LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.
 Dept. M.S.-341, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "War Against Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name _____

Street _____

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New under-arm
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses — does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.



More than 25 MILLION
jars of Arrid have been
sold...Try a jar today.

ARRID

39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

SITROUX
Triple-Tested
CLEANSING TISSUES



SOFTER Say "Sit-True" for tissues that are as soft as a kiss on the cheek.

STRONGER As strong as a man's fond embrace. Sitroux is made from pure cellulose.

MORE ABSORBENT Drinks in moisture. Ideal for beauty care and a thousand and one uses everywhere.

AT 5 & 10¢ — DRUG & DEPT. STORES

(Continued from page 64)

for the season, is not likely to lose her head over the tinsel glitter of Hollywood. Little Miss Independence who at nineteen could talk right up to plush bottomed producers and get what she wanted has all the self-confidence required in a town where poise too often boils down to bluster.

Nor for the same reason, is Tierney a snob or likely to become one. Her Revolutionary forebears are real, her Irish-Creole ancestry aristocratic and valid, so she doesn't have to pretend. She's the kind of a kid the camera crew adores but never gets familiar with. None would dare tell her an off-color joke. While we talked waitresses dropped by to tell Gene their troubles and gasp at her get-up. She always strikes up windy conversations with taxi drivers, Gene said. In Albuquerque, in a recent flying vacation back home, Gene startled the airport weather bureau by busting right in with the pilot. "Hello, boys," cried Gene. "How's the weather?" At the port near Fairfield she went in the coffee shop for a bite and ran across a Polish girl she'd known in grade school. They visited so busily across the counter that Gene almost missed her plane.

But Gene Tierney is down to earth with decorum, and regular with reserve. She doesn't forget her good taste or manners, no matter what the situation. At a preview recently a news photographer focussed on her and her date. "Come on, Miss Tierney," suggested the flash-bulber, "put your arm around him." Gene smiled and took hold of his hand instead. If anyone calls her "Honey" or "Baby" she just doesn't hear. Her boy friends must all meet her mother first and be approved before there's any stepping out. And when Mama Tierney went back East last Christmas, leaving Gene to toil on "Tobacco Road," a chaperone moved right in.

It's things like that which finally banished any doubts the Tierney family and Gene's blue-blooded friends might have held about her fate in Horrible Hollywood. Now her dad is solidly on her career side, her mother's pretty proud of "Princess" (that's Gene to her mother) and both little sister Pat and brother

Butch are wondering if Hollywood does not hold something for them, too. Pat, a ravishing beauty of fourteen, visited Gene this summer and lost eighteen pounds in the excitement. But when she started blossoming out in fancy Hollywood hair-dos and striking glamorous poses at odd moments, Gene thought it was time Pat was packed back to school in Virginia. That's where she is now. As for Butch, who was a Phi Beta Kappa at Yale and now is finishing up at Harvard's School of Business—well, the other day the dean called him in. "I wish," said the dean, "you'd ask your sister in Hollywood not to mention the fact that you're here." Butch wanted to know why not. The dean pointed to a stack of letters. "Look at those clippings," he said. "They cost us eight cents apiece!" Maybe one more time won't bankrupt Harvard.

But Gene was depositing her napkin (The Stork Club never saw one quite so black)—and up she bounced in dusty determination. "Back to the turnip patch along old Tobacco Road," grinned Genie. And noting the inky napkin, "Oh, dear! I should never use a napkin. I'm practically clean. Now the boys will rub my face in the dirt again—and how they'll love that!" We were halfway out of the café before she glanced down at her bare, black feet. She'd left her slippers under the table. Gene flashed back through the shocked and staring lunchers and retrieved them.

"I wonder," she grinned, "what the good old glamour girls would say if they could see me now! Maybe," she added, "it's just as well they can't! They might not understand at all!"

Information Desk, Modern Screen
149 Madison Ave., New York City

I am enclosing five cents in stamps or coin for which kindly send me your chart of the Western Stars.

Name.....

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City.....State.....

Please print name and address plainly



Annabella's cool as anything before she broadcasts, but Ty Power who's a mere spectator, couldn't have worse mike fright. Can't eat for days!

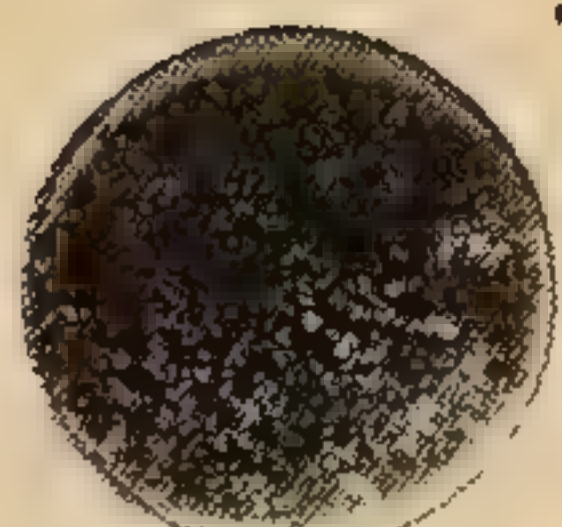
TILTED — BECAUSE OF DANDRUFF



NO CANDY or flowers for me on Valentine's Day! Nothing but a comic Valentine, making fun of my dandruff. But it showed me where I had made my mistake with Jack. I bought a bottle of Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo right away—Fitch Shampoo, you know, is sold under a money-back guarantee to remove dandruff instantly. In either hard or soft water it lathers richly antiseptically clean. Fitch Shampoo removes every stubborn speck of dandruff, both from the scalp and throughout the hair.

And besides that, it leaves your hair soft, lustrous and manageable, all its true natural beauty revealed. I happen to be a blonde, but it's just as good for brunettes. Now I keep dandruff under control by using Fitch Shampoo regularly each week. Things look better for next Valentine's Day already! Why not try Fitch Shampoo, too?

GOODBYE DANDRUFF



Soap Shampoo

1. This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.



Soap Shampoo

3. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of hair.



Fitch Shampoo

2. All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.



Fitch Shampoo

4. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff, undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.

Copr. 1941 F. W. Fitch Co., Des Moines, Ia.

Men

After and between Fitch Shampoos, use Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic. It stimulates the scalp, and keeps the hair neat and good looking!

Fitch's
TRADE MARK

Tested and Approved
\$580
Good Housekeeping
Bureau
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE



DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO

The Morning Star

SECTION ONE

MARCH, 1941

HOME EDITION

STARS BEGIN DAY WITH WELL-BALANCED MEAL



Cesar Romero, Hollywood's dashing Latin from Manhattan, is pictured here as he enjoys an ample and leisurely breakfast in his colorful Spanish type home, before leaving for the studio where he is currently appearing before the cameras in "Tall, Dark and Handsome."

HOLLYWOODITES ADHERE TO "BETTER BREAKFAST" PLAN

BY MARJORIE DEEN

It is no longer considered "smart" to start the day with nothing more substantial than a cup of coffee to carry one through the morning hours. There are, of course, some people who still rely upon a sadly inadequate refueling job to get up enough steam for their early activities. But on the sound stages in this cinema city of ours such habits have gone into the discard now that people—from stars to prop boys—have noticed how much better they feel and how much more efficiently they work after a really good breakfast.

Fortunately for us who are responsible for the family breakfast, a meal that is nourishing and well-balanced, and is a safeguard to health during the winter months, can be prepared both quickly and inexpensively. A fine basic pattern of fruit juice, hot cereal and coffee rates as the favorite combination from Maine to California, according to a study made of the breakfast-eating habits of our nation. But don't let the matter rest there when building your own menus. Make it a point, too, to turn out a really good cup of coffee, give careful consideration to the kind of fruit you serve and choose a quick-cooking, easy-to-prepare cereal that will also provide health-giving vitamins and minerals.

Such a cereal is to be found in the new "5 Minute" Cream of Wheat. For almost half a century this breakfast food has been known as an easy-to-digest energy food. Now, thanks to a special patented process, it cooks to full digestibility (even for babies) in the time indicated by its name. In addition it contains extra amounts of phosphorus, calcium and iron—so important for strong bones, sound teeth and good blood; and Vitamin B₁, the "Nerve" vitamin, which stimulates appetite, promotes growth, aids digestion and helps prevent diseases of the nervous system. So you see it's most important to have a good, substantial breakfast, featuring the right foods to assure our general well-being and to increase our morning pep and energy.

ORANGES DESERVE POPULARITY

FINE FLAVOR ONLY ONE OF THEIR OUTSTANDING QUALITIES

In many homes, the number one drink around the calendar is a tall glass of chilled orange juice. This high rating is richly deserved not only because the flavor of oranges is so universally well-liked, but also because they contain such a large proportion of those protective food essentials—vitamins and minerals.

Scientists have discovered that oranges are the richest everyday source of vitamin C, also a good source of vitamin B₁, that they contribute vitamins A and G, and calcium, phosphorus and iron as well. "But just what does all this do for me?" you may ask. Well, because of their dietetic plus-values, oranges stimulate appetite, aid in children's growth, promote the retention of calcium, phosphorus and other necessary food elements, help in the development of sound bone and tooth structure, prevent scurvy and provide easily digested food energy of the best type. In addition—and con-

trary to popular belief—although they are "acid" fruits, they actually counteract acidosis by promoting alkalinity.

Did you know that the body cannot manufacture or store vitamins C and B₁, and that a fresh intake is necessary each and every day to keep us up to par? And did you know that a single 8-ounce glass of orange juice furnishes the average requirement of vitamin C and about one-third of the amount of vitamin B₁ that has been figured as your daily quota? What better way could you start the day than with this salute to health!

Remember, though, that it's important to serve orange juice fresh, because the fine flavor is lost if the juice stands, and even vitamin content decreases. So if you like your orange juice cold, place fruit in the refrigerator for several hours before squeezing juice. When you use California oranges, which are practically seedless, the juice need not be strained.

BASIC MENU PATTERN FOR BREAKFAST

Fruit Juice
Hot Cereal with Cream and Sugar
Milk or Cocoa for Children
Coffee for Adults

ADDITIONAL SUGGESTIONS: Serve Cream of Wheat, as shown at right, with brown sugar as the sweetening. Occasionally vary by adding seedless raisins or sliced dates. To basic menu add, as desired: Muffins, toast (see opposite page for recipes), rolls or other hot breads. Eggs in every form—with bacon, sausages, ham, chipped beef. Codfish cakes, kidneys, hot cakes or other regional or family favorites.



Courtesy Sunkist Oranges



Courtesy Cream of Wheat

WEATHER

Today: Fair and cold. Tomorrow: Cloudy and continued cold. Snow in Eastern and Northern sections.

SECTION TWO

Here Are Some Facts About "The Cup That Cheers"

Surveys show that coffee is served in over 90% of homes in the United States. But in about 40% of those homes, not enough coffee is used to assure a fine, full-bodied brew, and, too many coffee-making devices are not kept spic and span. But you get really good coffee only from a strictly clean pot as coffee contains certain essential oils, which will impart an undesirable flavor if allowed to collect. So be sure to observe these rules for best results:

Empty out grounds as soon as coffee is made. Wash coffee-maker with soap and water as soon after using as possible, then scald to remove any trace of suds. Use brush to clean all parts where oils could collect. Dry with clean towel. Leave unassembled, between usings, to air. And remember . . . use enough fresh coffee of the right grind with only freshly boiled water—both carefully measured. Never boil coffee, never cool and reheat it, but keep it hot until served—which should be as soon as possible after it has been correctly prepared.

GOLDEN GLOW TOAST

Use regulation sliced baker's bread and for each 4 slices mix $\frac{1}{4}$ cup granulated sugar, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon cinnamon, moistened with 1 tablespoon orange juice. Trim off crusts and toast bread on one side only, under broiler flame. Spread untoasted sides generously with softened butter or margarine, then with sugar mixture. Return to broiler until slightly browned. Serve immediately.

COUNTRY COUSIN MUFFINS

$1\frac{1}{3}$ cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking soda
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
1 egg, beaten
1 cup thick sour cream
2 tablespoons melted shortening

Sift flour, measure; add baking powder, soda, salt and sugar and sift again. Beat egg thoroughly, add sour cream and melted shortening. Add liquids to dry ingredients and stir vigorously, but only until all flour has been sprinkled. Bake in greased muffin cups in hot oven (400° F.) 20-25 minutes.

VARIATIONS: Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup seedless raisins, or sliced dates, or chopped nut meats, to dry ingredients. Or add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crisp bacon, using bacon fat as shortening.

Pour boiling water over $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dried figs, let stand 10 minutes, drain, dry and add to batter at the very last.

Chop $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cranberries, sprinkle with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, let stand while preparing batter, add at the very last.

Can you do this?

-without doing this?

One of the things that assured the popularity of Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, *the very first day they were put on sale*, was this:

Fels-Naptha Soap Chips produce no irritating, sneezy dust

This fact means more to you than just the satisfaction of a sneezeless washday. It means that when these husky, *golden* chips come tumbling out of the box, every one is chock-full of washing energy. It means that Fels-Naptha Soap Chips put the *two* famous Fels-Naptha Cleaners to work—gentle naptha and richer, golden soap—a dirt-removing team that shames the half-hearted efforts of weak, would-be beauty soaps.

Get a box of *golden* Fels-Naptha Soap Chips for your next washday. Write today to Fels & Co., Dept. 11-C, Phila., Pa., for a free introductory box. Use them in any kind of water—hot or cool—hard or soft. You'll get the whitest, sweetest wash you've ever had—and these golden, extra-sudsy chips will do most of the work.

Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha
banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

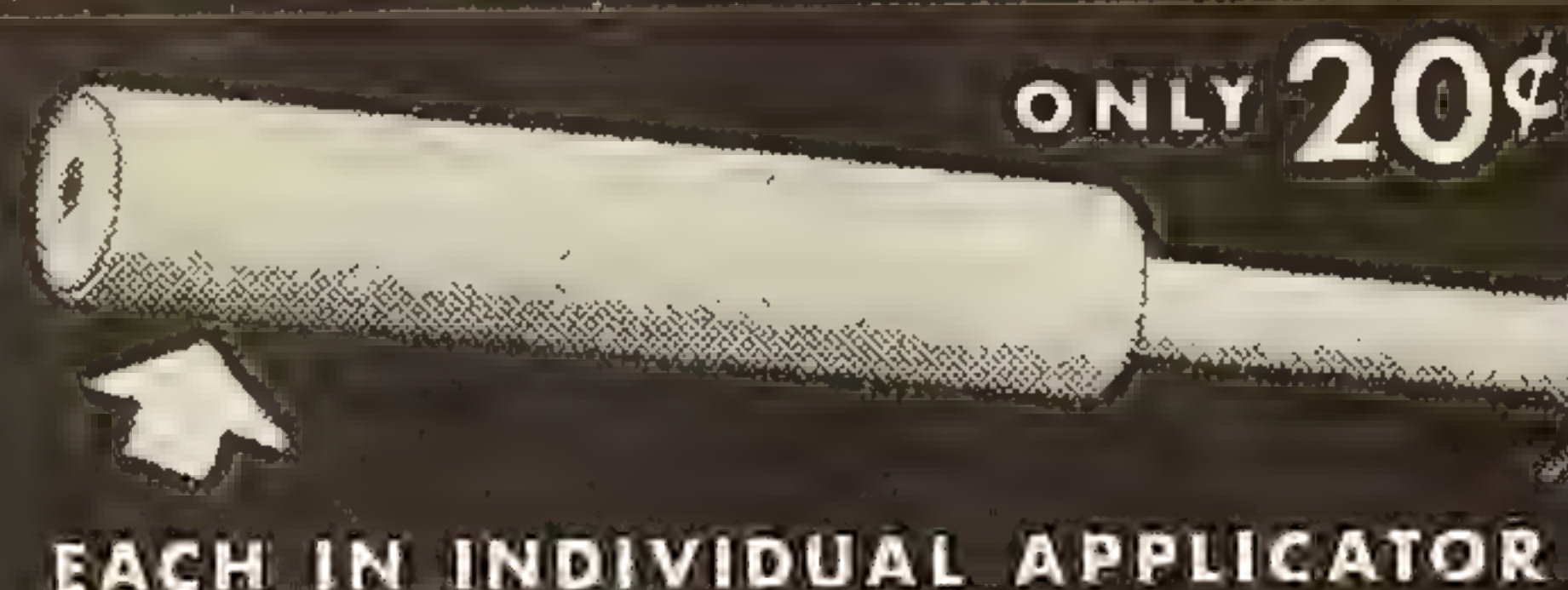


Why I switched to Meds



by a secretary

When you're as active as I am, it's a blessing to have the *extra* comfort of *internal* sanitary protection. But it used to cost me plenty extra! So did I cheer when I learned that Modess had brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon—at only 20¢ for a box of ten. Meds are the *only* tampons in individual applicators that cost so little. And I certainly like them a lot better.



ONLY 20¢

EACH IN INDIVIDUAL APPLICATOR

MADE BY MODESS

Meds

INTERNAL SANITARY PROTECTION

IMPROVED CAKE MASCARA!



- Special Spiral Brush darkens all sides of your lashes—curls them automatically!
- Smart new "lipstick" metal case holds hollow tube of Mascara.
- An unusually generous amount, de luxe quality.
- Tearproof—non-smarting.

Modern EYES Mascara

10c If your 5 & 10c store has not yet received "Modern Eyes," send a dime and 2c stamp for mailing.

MODERN COSMETICS, INC.,
Distributors, Dept. C-20
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Trade-mark "Modern Eyes" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 45)

Retreat From Glamour

What does a man who spends his days surrounded by lovely women do for recreation? We set a spy on Perc Westmore's trail and discovered that after a long, tiring session with Olivia de Havilland, Ida Lupino and Bette Davis, the oldest of the Westmores relaxes in the company of a huge gorilla's head! Actually! Our operator reports that the tremendous stuffed head suspends from the wall of a cubbyhole adjoining Perc's office. In his spare time Perc has rigged it up with tricky mechanical devices, and whenever the strain of work becomes too great, he retires to his cubbyhole, pushes buttons, and chortles with glee while his frightening pet winks, yawns, glowers and even sticks his tongue out in Perc's face!

Mrs. Desi Arnaz

Leave it to Lucille Ball to pull a new one on her harried movie bosses. First she knocked them cold by eloping with Desi Arnaz—and now she's asking that the studio officially change her name to Lucille Arnaz! Lucille, who was married in Connecticut with a ten-cent wedding ring, crowned her ceremony by sending a five-page special delivery letter to RKO in an attempt to convince the powers she ought henceforth be known by her new name only. The studio shot back a polite "Nothing doing, dearie" note, but when Lucille's honeymoon glow wears off, they'll sit her down and tell her what they really thought of her suggestion!

Off the Record

There's a soundman over at RKO who could clean up a neat pile of dough if he ever wanted to peddle a little recording he made the other day. The soundman was idling about between "takes" on a Lucille Ball test when he happened to glimpse Lucille and her husband (referred to somewhere above) creep into a corner and go into a cooing and purring routine that would have made a lesser man blush and turn away. In a moment of rare inspiration, the soundman swung his microphone high over the Arnaz' heads and with absolute shamelessness caught their conversation in all its intimate and revealing details! The recording is said to be terrific, and if Mr. Soundman ever decides to market it, he can add us to his list. We'd lay our cash on the line any day to hear what that pair's got to say!

Open Account

And now it's Brenda Joyce and William Orr who have hit the twosome trail. After several years of "going steady" with Accountant Owen Ward, Brenda's awakened to the fact that she's had this love business added up all wrong. She's put young Ward on the wrong side of her romantic ledger and Bill, whom she "discovered" on a recent cross-country personal appearance junket, is doing a bang-up job of replacing Owen. We wouldn't dare put our neck out and venture a guess as to where Brenda's flitting fancy will light, but we will say that, at the moment, she's a darned lucky girl, having a pair like that to do her court.

This Thing Called Love

There's nothing like the treachery of a double-dealing woman to make firm friends of confirmed rivals. Take the case of two

important foreign stars who would once have traded blows at the drop of an accent. They're the dearest of buddies now and the cause of their truce is none other than the young starlet over whom they had previously fought! This is how it happened. One afternoon, Movie Star "A" paid an unexpected visit to the little lady and found her busy with her "homework." This, he discovered to his horror, consisted of entering in a card file all the passionate telegrams, notes and letters he had sent her since the first day they met! Closer investigation revealed she had a similar file on Movie Star "B" and scores of other men, and that she'd approximated the cash value of each! Unable to wrest the dangerous collection from her, Movie Star "A" promptly notified Movie Star "B" and the last we heard, the pair were trying to decide whether to dump the schemer into the Pacific or jump in themselves!

Disa and Data

Signs planted along the road leading to the Ida Lupino-Louis Hayward home read, "This way to Screwloose College" . . . Edgar Buchanan, the Pasadena dentist who turned movie actor, fell so hard for the infants used in "Penny Serenade" he's adopting two for himself . . . Ingrid Bergman has never used a particle of powder off-screen . . . Alice Faye will strut through a three-minute "Road to Rio" sequence in a \$1,700 gown flecked with 30 ounces of real gold . . . Jimmie Cagney and Fred Astaire, pals from way back, are heckling producers for a story that will star them both . . . "Cisco Kid" Cesar Romero has never been south of the border . . . Tyrone Power owns an insurance policy that will pay him \$1,750 weekly if he's injured while off salary . . . Orson Welles, man of a thousand talents, doesn't know how to drive a car! . . . There's rebellion in the hearts of Henry Fonda's fans. They're threatening to boycott his pictures unless he stops wearing bow ties.

This Way Out

Years ago, when the boys from Sing Sing to San Quentin learned that their idol, Eddie "Little Caesar" Robinson, collected *objets d'art* in his spare time, they snarled with contempt and switched their affection to slugger Jimmie Cagney. At this writing, they're thinking of making another switch. Word has somehow leaked into the citizens of the cells that Jimmie wedding-gifted that other two-fisted toughie, Chester Morris, not with a gat or a blackjack, but with the most delicate, impractical, thin-stemmed glassware he could find on the Pacific Coast! The boys are pretty disgusted and, though they're giving Jimmie one more chance, they're quietly lining up Humphrey Bogart as a possible successor. Probably because they never heard of Bogie's flower garden!

UP-TO-DATE ADDRESS LIST!

Send today for the new up-to-date list of Hollywood stars with their correct studio addresses. It is a convenient size to handle or keep in a scrap-book. To receive a list, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a large, self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as no request can be complied with otherwise. Please send request to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.

HOW TO HANDLE WOLVES WITH KID GLOVES...

(Continued from page 33)

receives any—and it's not because she doesn't know a good insult when she sees it! By some special alchemy she is able to waltz around with some of the town's better wolves and still keep her lamb rating. It's not because she plays at being "goody-goody," but because she radiates a frank, friendly appeal. They can take it or leave it, and they take it.

The old "Taking Their Minds Off It" routine shows up in many variations, and one of the best is that perfected by Lucille Ball who used it frequently when she was a New York showgirl, poster model, mannequin—all professions that lure wolves like tender lambkins.

Her method was one of unblinking candor. Before the naughty man had a chance to ask her to sup with him at the El Morocco, she surprised him with "Good morning, Mr. Smiffkins! How is your wife today?" The baffled Mr. Smiffkins would usually tell her, only to find another question fired at him before he had a chance to purl out his invitation. "And how is your little daughter Minerva?" she would ask, her blue eyes wide.

By the time Lucille had checked on the family health, her pursuer was completely worn out with explaining, and Lucille was on her way. There's one thing about that routine—good will is never lost. Mr. Smiffkins may think you are mystifying, but awfully considerate of his folks' health. And so you are.

ALTHOUGH she makes use of the "Big Brother" routine regularly, Judy Canova, seen in "Scatter Brain" and preparing "Sis Hopkins," is a firm believer in the "Taking Their Minds Off It" system. "When the air gets a little too oppressive," says the amusing Judy, "I say, 'Well, I still like to dance!' And dance we do."

"I don't have much trouble with the predatory lads," she continued. "Half the time I figure that when an unknown man tries to speak to me, he may be one of my fans and only wants to say 'hello' so he can tell his friends about it."

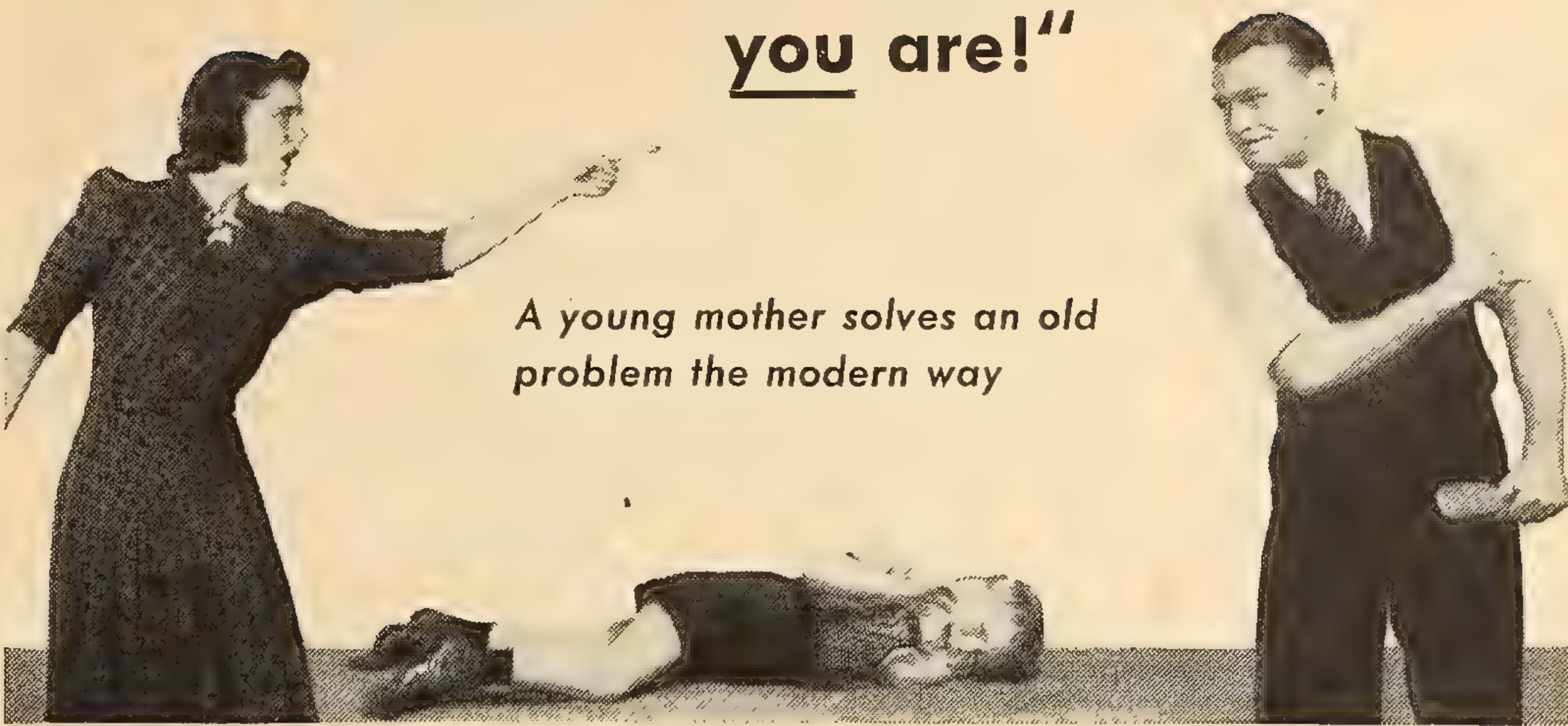
"I did have a funny experience one time in Newark. My sister Ann and I bumped into a couple of old show business friends and started walking down the street with them. There was a third fellow who kept by my side and began to give me the old 'one-two'... 'How's California?' he asked. 'Gee, I love it out there.'"

"Of course I thought my friends knew him and I answered him, but when we entered one of the shops he disappeared. 'Where's your pal?' I asked. 'What pal? I thought he was your pal.'"

"Later, Ann and I went across to the dime store to buy some Georgia Nylons, the white cotton stockings I use in my act, and there was that fellow, big as life. He started in again. Now my way of handling it would have been to give him a frigid silence, but Ann took one look at him and said 'Scram!' And he did. Maybe her way was best."

For extreme delicacy and poise, the "Big Brother" system in effect at Patricia Morison's house should win an anti-wolf Oscar. The spectacular quality of Pat's beauty brings her into uncommon focus. When the phone rings and it turns out to be a persistent wolf asking her to dine with him that night, the

"If anybody's spoiling him, you are!"

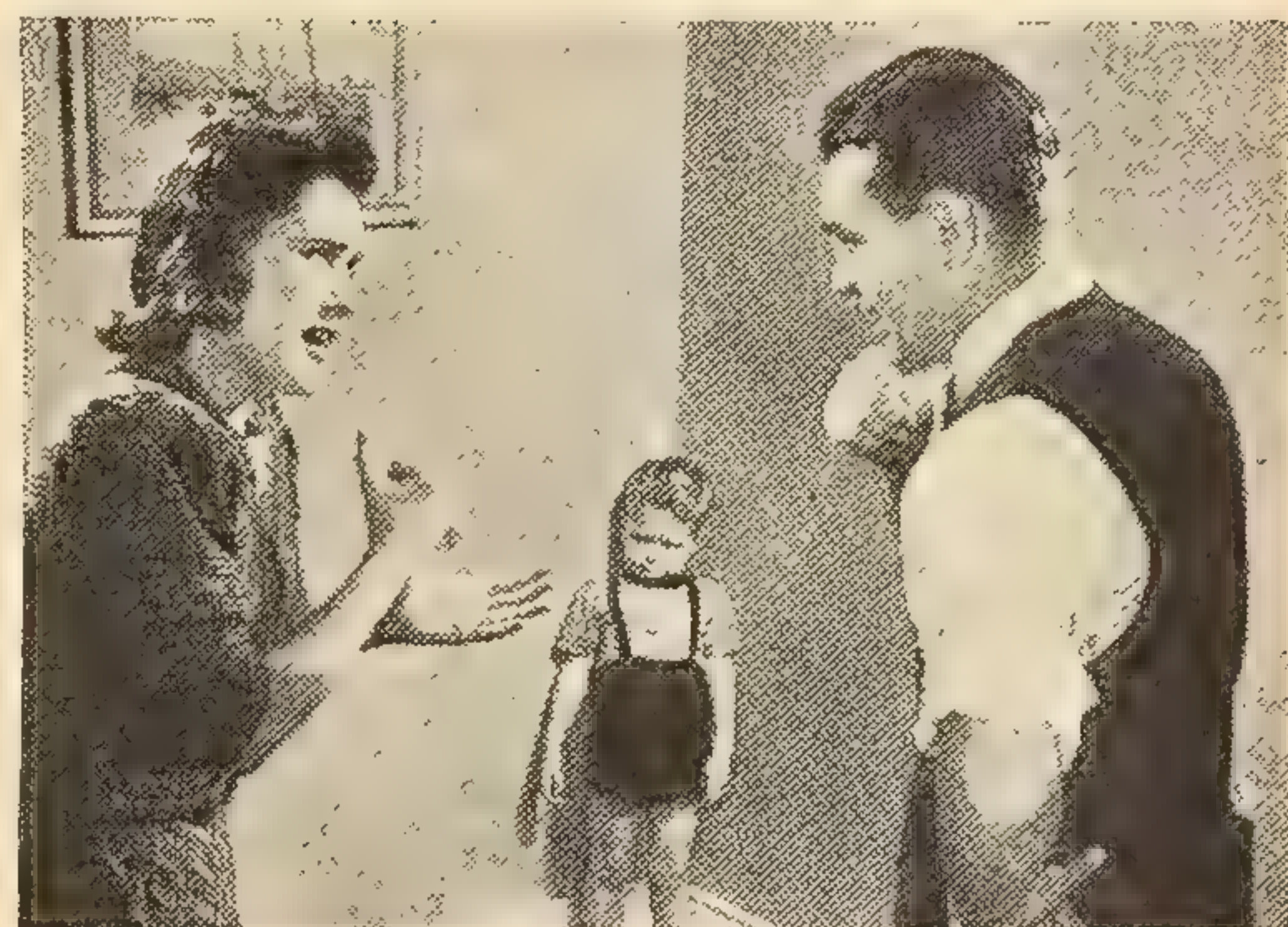


A young mother solves an old problem the modern way

1. My husband's the best-natured man in the world, but he has some old-fashioned ideas about disciplining children. He feels he's got to be strict or our little boy, Billy, will be spoiled. We were always quarreling about it.



2. And yesterday, we had it out once and for all. Billy refused to take his laxative again and kicked up the usual fuss. So Ted immediately started to *force* the stuff down Billy. The child looked so scared I just flew at my husband!



3. "You and your strict ideas," I raged. "If anybody's spoiling that child, it's *you*! Look at the way he's trembling. You can't tell me it does any good to get a child so upset! I'm going to call the doctor and ask *him* about these laxative fights."



4. And, sure enough, the doctor said forcing a child to take a nasty-tasting laxative could shock his delicate nervous system. He said children should get a nice-tasting laxative they'd take willingly. One made especially for them—not an adult's.



5. The doctor recommended Fletcher's Castoria. He said it's thorough, yet it's always mild and *safe*. It works mostly in the lower bowel so it isn't likely to upset a youngster's digestion. And so Ted said O. K., he'd get a bottle just to keep peace in the house.



6. Well, Billy took Fletcher's Castoria—and *how* he took it! He *loved* it! He smacked his lips and winked at his daddy, and I knew our laxative troubles were over. From that moment on, I've been telling all the mothers I know about Fletcher's Castoria.

HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

Chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: (1) In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea... (2) Senna works primarily in the lower bowel... (3) In regulated dosages, it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

Senna is especially processed in Fletcher's Castoria to eliminate griping and thus allow gentle laxative action.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**
The **SAFE** laxative for children

A
BEAUTY
TIP

TODAY—FOR A
TREAT—try Marl-
boros! Only a few
pennies difference
in price—for
richer—milder—
rarer tobaccos—
a distinguished
cigarette!

Ivory Tips Plain Ends
or Beauty Tips (red)
Now only 20¢

Now! Red—to
match red lips and
finger-tips!

MARLBORO *America's
Luxury Cigarette*

Paramount starlet instantly says, "Yes."
"And you won't mind if I bring Alex,
my brother, with us tonight?" she asks,
drippingly. "You see, I had a date with
him and I wouldn't want to break it, so
we'll make it a threesome." This is the
kind of rebuff which leaves the most
notorious wolf in doubt.

Ann Miller's one-woman crusade to
outwit the wolves veers off on a different
tack. When Ann first arrived in New
York from Houston, Texas, to carve out
a dancing-acting career for herself, she
thought that all forward passes were
restricted to the football gridiron. It
didn't take her long to learn otherwise.

"Every time I came out on the stage,
particularly in the Scandals, I looked so
much older than I actually was and so
sophisticated," Ann tells. "The songs I
sang, the dances I did, the costumes I
wore all helped give that impression. The
boys about town thought I was the 'oh
so hot' type from show business. 'Oh
boy!' they'd say. 'She's a card. Is she
going to be terrific!'"

"Off-stage, of course, I wasn't that type
at all. But they didn't know it. They
sent me diamond bracelets, watches, tons
of flowers . . . it was like the days of
Lillian Russell. I had to return the
jewels, of course. And the invitations—
they poured in like a flood.

"Of course it was smart for me, a
young actress, to be seen at the right
places, with the right men. Only most
of the men were much older than I was.
They were wiser, too. And dangerous.
But I actually came away with marriage
proposals from several of them.

"Mother was with me, just as she is
now, and mother's a scream. After the
show, when I was ready to go out danc-
ing, I always brought my night's escort
to mother, backstage. I would present

him to her, and she would say, 'Now you
know Ann is quite young. I don't want
you to keep her out too late. She must
be in by two o'clock.' And two o'clock
in the cafés of New York is very early.

"If the wolf looked particularly wolfish,
mother would say firmly, 'She *must* be
in by two in the morning because she
has to have some rest before her early
morning screen test.' The best part of
the system that we worked out was my
wardrobe. As I said before, my stage
costumes were oh-so sophisticated. My
own wardrobe was just the opposite.

IN it were a few simple dresses in
pastel tones with bouffant, little-girl
skirts. I'd slip into one of these after
I had taken off my make-up, add a touch
of color to my lips, brush my hair back
from my face, wear a single strand of
pearls, and I looked as mild as milk.
The men liked it.

"I can't say the men never made an
overture to me in my role of Miss Sim-
plicity. They did. And I always had a
retort. 'Please,' I'd say, 'I'm just a plain
Texas girl, and a very good little girl,
and I just don't like things like that.'
That was all there was to it. It wasn't
very often that I even had to say that.
I usually set the conversational pitch by
talking about backstage happenings, and
then there was always dancing. If a girl
is a good talker and a good dancer, she
doesn't need to worry about her escort.

"Another thing—I never played the
hard-drinking, comrade-in-cups type of
girl, matching Scotch and sodas with him.
Whenever drinks were ordered I asked
for a Pepsi-Cola. I didn't like liquor and
didn't pretend I did just to put on an
act. They must have liked me, because
they asked me out again and again."

Ann, whose film appearances have been

in "Too Many Girls" and "Hit Parade,"
finds the chief difference between East
and West Coast wolves is that the West-
ern gentlemen have far more time in
which to indulge in their whimsical pur-
suits. "A New Yorker does his skulking
in the evenings, but film work and its
time-between-pictures gives the Holly-
wood boys much more leisure," says Ann.

Guileless chatter is the plan in use by
tiny Connie Haines, warbler with Tommy
Dorsey's band whose "Fame and For-
tune" radio show has led them into a
picture called "Las Vegas Nights." If
he's a musical wolf she flaps her lashes
at him and asks him how on earth he
contrives those *arpeggios* on his harp or
trombone. When he launches into a
technical discussion of it, everything is
andante—until a broker wolf comes along
and Connie has to ask about the bearish
trend in the market.

The "Home and Mother" system is not
to be lightly regarded. Some of our bet-
ter glamour girls make full use of it.
For instance, if Carole Landis doesn't
like a new gentlemen after the first date
she asks him over for a quiet evening
at home. There is a fire in the hearth,
mother is sitting by, knitting, and the
dogs are brought in from the kennels.

These dogs are particularly friendly
and insist on lapping strangers' faces.
All of this is very discouraging to the
anticipatory gentleman, and he soon says
a hasty farewell. If he is a brave soul,
he may ask Carole to see a new film
with him, come Wednesday, and Carole
says, "Yes, mother and I would love to
go with you." That does it.

With slight modification the same tech-
nique is used, and very effectively, by
Dorothy Lamour. Raffish instincts, many
a girl has discovered, are smothered by
an overdose of domesticity.

If the glamour maiden must learn to
handle wolves with kid gloves, then the
glamour matrons, like Merle Oberon, Ida
Lupino, Doris Davenport, have their
problems, too. There is the wolf who
stalks the dinner party and sends roses to
the married lady. Yellow roses for friend-
ship, then red ones for something else.

"They are a variation on what we call
'taxi pouncers' in London," laughs Merle
Oberon, who is also Mrs. Alexander
Korda. "I have a very good way to
handle them. After the flowers arrive
they beg to call on me, and I say 'do—
for tea.' When tea-time comes, Mr. Korda
and several friends are usually home,
and we have a very gay time. The gen-
tleman never manages to find me at
home alone and, after a while, in quiet
desperation, he gives up."

Doris Davenport, who is Mrs. John
Randolph, says that she has little diffi-
culty with predatory gents. "If a woman
demands respect she is going to get it,
and she can always change a man's
thoughts by directing the conversation
into other channels. Women have edged
into man's sphere, they have the vote,
they work in competition with them, and
there aren't many fields in which a man
can be the supreme male. If he does get
out of hand once in a while, I suppose we
shouldn't blame him."

English Ida Lupino, who is Mrs. Louis
Hayward, has a more ruthless attitude.
She has a sure-fire squelch for the
"masher type" that she meets in public
places. "I simply stare at his feet," she
says firmly. "It never fails to deflate his
ego. First he gets restless, then he gets
worried. Just keep up a fixed stare right
on his feet and you'll find he finally can't
stand it any longer and wanders off."

It would seem from our intense pre-
occupation with the subject that there
are more ways than one to handle that
wolf disguised in Harris tweeds.

HE EARNED HIS LETTER

(Continued from page 36)

bursting with gratitude to the champion who had fought for him. Overnight, said champion seemed to have turned attacker, bent on fighting with him. Feeling like a flayed eel, he kept his outward composure. Bette Davis and Bart Marshall had worked with Wyler before. They did what they could to prop his morale. Marshall told him how Wyler had once baited him so that his hand, holding a teacup, shook. "Can't you stop that?" yelled Willie. "No," answered Marshall, "I can't. And the more you shout, the more I can't stop it."

"What's wrong with me?" Stephenson asked Bette one day in despair. "Am I really so stinking?"

"Jimmy," she said, "if Willie thought you were wrong for the part, he'd have thrown you out long ago. You're here, so stop worrying."

"But they're big people, and I'm not," he says, "so I went on worrying. In the absence of any word from Wyler, nothing could convince me I was doing well."

The first word came from a hairdresser who had driven to the lunchroom with Bette and the director. Very offhand, Bette had observed "Jimmy's grand in this scene, don't you think so, Willie?"

"I do," the unpredictable Willie had replied. "I'm proud of him."

THE nice girl couldn't wait to dash back and tell Jimmy, whose term of rejoicing was cut short, when Wyler drawled at him that afternoon "Jimmy, I could understand it if you did too much. But you don't do anything."

Not till he'd summoned his three leads to the projection room to see the finished picture, did Mr. Wyler break down. As the lights were switched on, he turned to face them. "You three have done first-class jobs." Then he grinned—a kind of bashful grin, if you'll believe it, and added, "I feel mine wasn't a bad one either."

It was all very disarming. Stephenson can't honestly say that his memories were erased. But their sting was removed. "What if he did give me a hell of a time? With it he gave me a new lease on life, for which I shall be everlastingly grateful."

That Wyler had earned his thanks was made plain at the preview. Before it, three photographers, cameras cocked, took not the slightest notice of him as he passed through the lobby. His wife was furious.

They'd insisted on sitting apart from their friends—the Melville Coopers and the Albert Treynors. "I've got tickets for you," said Jimmy, "but in another part of the house." He chuckled as he told the rest of the story. "Mrs. Treynor patted my arm and said, 'Thanks, Jimmy. Only this morning Albert was screaming, 'What'll I say if I don't like him?''"

Lorna sat through the picture in a haze, conscious enough to see Jimmy and only Jimmy. "As for me, I wanted to hide under my coat. As it went on, though, I began to settle down to the usual business of picking holes. I was also ham enough to notice that the scenes between me and Sen Yung drew applause. I couldn't tell whether it was for him or me or both, but I had a suspicion it was for Sen Yung."

Pressed for post-preview details, he went oysterish on us in a nice embarrassed way. Which didn't matter,

We didn't tell it to the Marines
...they told us!



Quantico Marines reported a longer lasting peppermint flavor in Beech-Nut Gum

IN RECENT TESTS at Quantico, Va., U. S. Marines reported that Beech-Nut's peppermint flavor *lasted* on an average of 25% longer than the peppermint flavor of all the other brands they tested. In addition, a large majority of these Marines said that they preferred the peppermint flavor of Beech-Nut to the average of the others tested. Prove this yourself. Get a package of Beech-Nut Gum and see how long and how much you enjoy its fine, distinctive flavor!

An independent research organization made the tests*

An independent research organization made these tests with about one-tenth of the Marines at Quantico, Va. Beech-Nut and various other brands of peppermint chewing gum were tested. All were bought in local stores. The identity of the gum

was positively concealed. Each Marine was given 2 different brands (Beech-Nut and one other) asked to chew them and report how long he thought the flavor of each stick lasted and which stick he found had the better flavor.

*Name on request.

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because we were there. We saw the floodgates open. We saw the Stephensons engulfed in a congratulatory tide. We heard the cameras click. He admitted, with the hereinbefore-mentioned smile, that "it was a pleasant experience. Very."

He reached the stage by the amateur route. Son of a Yorkshire chemist, he tried teaching and hated it—then dentistry which didn't pan out. He finally gravitated to the cotton business in Manchester and did well enough to get backing for a small firm of his own. One day a friend asked him to play Joseph Surface in a local production of "School for Scandal." He made the usual remonstrances. He'd never acted. He couldn't act. He didn't know the first thing about acting. Just the same, he succumbed to the indefinable lure of the footlights and played Joseph Surface. He must have been good. All the dramatic societies yelping for his services. One of them proposed to do Shaw's "Man and Superman" with Stephenson as John Tanner.

SHAW had always been my idol, for which reason I've never ceased to marvel at my colossal cheek. I did the part quaking, but I did it. The thing caused a local furor, so from then on I did nothing but act in my spare time and began to filch time from my business to make it spare, with the inevitable result that business felt the effects. Finally I said, "The hell with it. I like this better than anything else. In fact, I love it. I'll try to get a job as a professional actor."

He threw over the cotton firm which was his living and, armed with a letter from a well-known character actor, betook himself to the manager of the Liverpool Repertory Theatre. The manager, with rare faith in Stephenson's sponsor, gave him a job at fifteen a week. From a bit in the first play he was promptly graduated to alternating leads. His salary rose, too, though not at the same rate. At the end of four years he was making fifty a week, and no complaints. One stunning failure marred the content of those years. A Paramount scout asked him to make a test. "I waited sixty days in purgatory for the result, and the result was no."

He met his wife at New Brighton, where the company played a six weeks' summer season. Mutual friends took her to see him in "Counselor-at-Law." He sums up their romance in five words. "I fell. Then she fell." They decided to postpone marriage till he could accumulate a little more cash. Having waited a year and rolled up a prudent backlog, they proceeded to cast prudence to the winds.

Jimmy put it to Lorna. "Shall we stay in Liverpool, get another pound a week, and end our days here? Or shall we throw it all up and go to London?"

"Let's go to London," said Lorna.

As it happened, London came to them in Devonshire where they were spending their honeymoon. Stephenson had turned in his resignation, burned his bridges. Meantime in London, an actor who was playing the provost in "Storm in a Teacup" had asked for his release. The manager had seen Stephenson's performance of the same role in Liverpool. He phoned Liverpool and was put on the trail of Stephenson and his bride.

He rehearsed three days and played six months. The run ended on a Saturday night. On Tuesday morning he got his first screen job with the Warner studios at Teddington. Nine months later he was doing leads. One Sunday afternoon Irving Asher asked the Stephen-

sons to tea to meet Jack Warner. They left with a contract—a rather unusual one. Stephenson was to go to Hollywood for a test. Why the test couldn't have been made in England he didn't inquire and doesn't to this day know. "An actor who yearns to get to Hollywood, as ninety per cent of us do, skips lightly over the whys and wherefores."

He departed alone. "That way, I felt my return would be less conspicuous if I had to come home with my tail between my legs." His option was taken up, and Lorna joined him.

From the first they loved California. "Especially the people," says Stephenson, and his voice warms. "I mean the people on the street—the market clerk, the fellow who delivers the milk, the newsboy. They're friendly, they take you for granted as an equal, and it's nice. There are no class distinctions as in England, though, thank heaven, they're breaking down over there now too."

They have both hungered to return to England for the visit which has now been made impossible. Like all Britishers, with families at home, their spirits are haunted. Stephenson's chief anxiety is for his brothers. His parents and Lorna's people live in comparative safety. The planes zoom over them, but have thus far dropped no bombs. One brother is an army major, stationed at Portsmouth. The other is Alan Stephenson, one-time organist of Coventry Cathedral. You may have seen his picture, snapped by United Press, as he stood with King George and the provost among the cathedral ruins.

Stephenson was frantic when the first news of Coventry flashed over the radio. The cathedral shattered, he knew that his brother's home had been shattered with it. He didn't dare cable his parents, knowing the effect a telegraph boy at the door would have on his mother. So he cabled a friend of his brother's in Coventry. As luck would have it, Alan was with his friend when the message arrived, and sent back word that he and his wife were safe. Home and job were gone, though. Jimmy wants to get them into this country. There should be room here for a musician of Alan Stephenson's eminence—Bachelor of Music of the University of Oxford, Fellow of the Royal College of Organists, honorary member of the Royal College of Music.

AHAPPIER event was the arrival last May of Peter, the Stephensons' first born. Peter's male parent astounded himself. He'd taken the news of a coming baby, if not with detachment, at least with a vast calm. "It's all right, I suppose," he told his outraged wife, "but you'll have to look after it." Never having been overfond of other people's children, he saw no reason why he should be of his own.

His complacency was shattered by the infant's first wail, "which gave me the biggest thrill of my life," he admits with a kind of abashed awe. Every morning at six he keeps a date with his son. "I grin at him, and he grins back without a word." Lorna gloats over his downfall.

"What did you call that child?" she demanded one morning. "Not Coojy-woojy!"

"And what's wrong with Coojy-woojy?" he retorted, unblushing.

They live quietly in a rented house near the ocean. The garden is Lorna's province, the cars are Jimmy's. He likes to take them apart, so he can put them together again. He beats her at tennis, and she takes the hide off him at badminton. At night they read or play cribbage or go over his lines together. When they do go out, it's to dinner and a movie.

No dancing. No nightclubs. They prefer to be at home where they can tune in to London at seven thirty.

Bit parts and B pictures have faded like magic from the scene. "The Letter" was the beginning and Stephenson's off at last—at work with Geraldine Fitzgerald in a big bright beautiful A, called for the moment "Flight from Destiny." Except for a man named Hitler, who has given us all something to be sorry about, the world would look mighty good to Coojy-woojy's handsome father.

TWO YEARS WITH A PSYCHIATRIST . . .

(Continued from page 29)

about one of these things that you forget your obsession. It works, believe me.

"One very amusing bit of advice was given me. Whenever I had to interview or be interviewed by some person of overpowering importance and felt too submerged to assert myself, I was to think how that person would look *naked*. You'd be amazed how the visualization of the little, naked, defenseless human animal divests the most pompous personage of the last vestige of awe.

"He gave me some pointers about little things, too. For instance, I wrote poems and hadn't sold a single, damn one of them. It was getting me down. He told me to use my rejection slips as coasters for drinks! The idea was to make light of whatever was portentous to me. I tried it, and now I can hoot at those elaborately courteous slaps in the face!

"He also made me laugh, just as one might be made to take breathing exercises. Right in the midst of telling him something dead serious, he would say to me, 'Now, *laugh!*' He'd keep at me until I'd give a few croaks which sounded so funny I'd begin to laugh naturally.

HE sent me to a ranch with a companion of his own choosing. A gregarious person who couldn't breathe unless surrounded by a couple of dozen people, preferably noisy ones. The theory was that there is a certain amount of involuntary 'transference' of characteristics between any two people who spend much time together. I'll say this: I believe my ability to get along as well as I do in the studios is largely due to that experience on the ranch.

"After giving me these 'prescriptions,' he proceeded to walk back through the years of my life, opening all my carefully closed little doors and cupboards and exposing whatever he found there.

"He discovered that I was a very unhappy youngster and that in my childhood were the seeds of all my trouble. I adored my mother and it was from that mother-complex that all the phobias sprang.

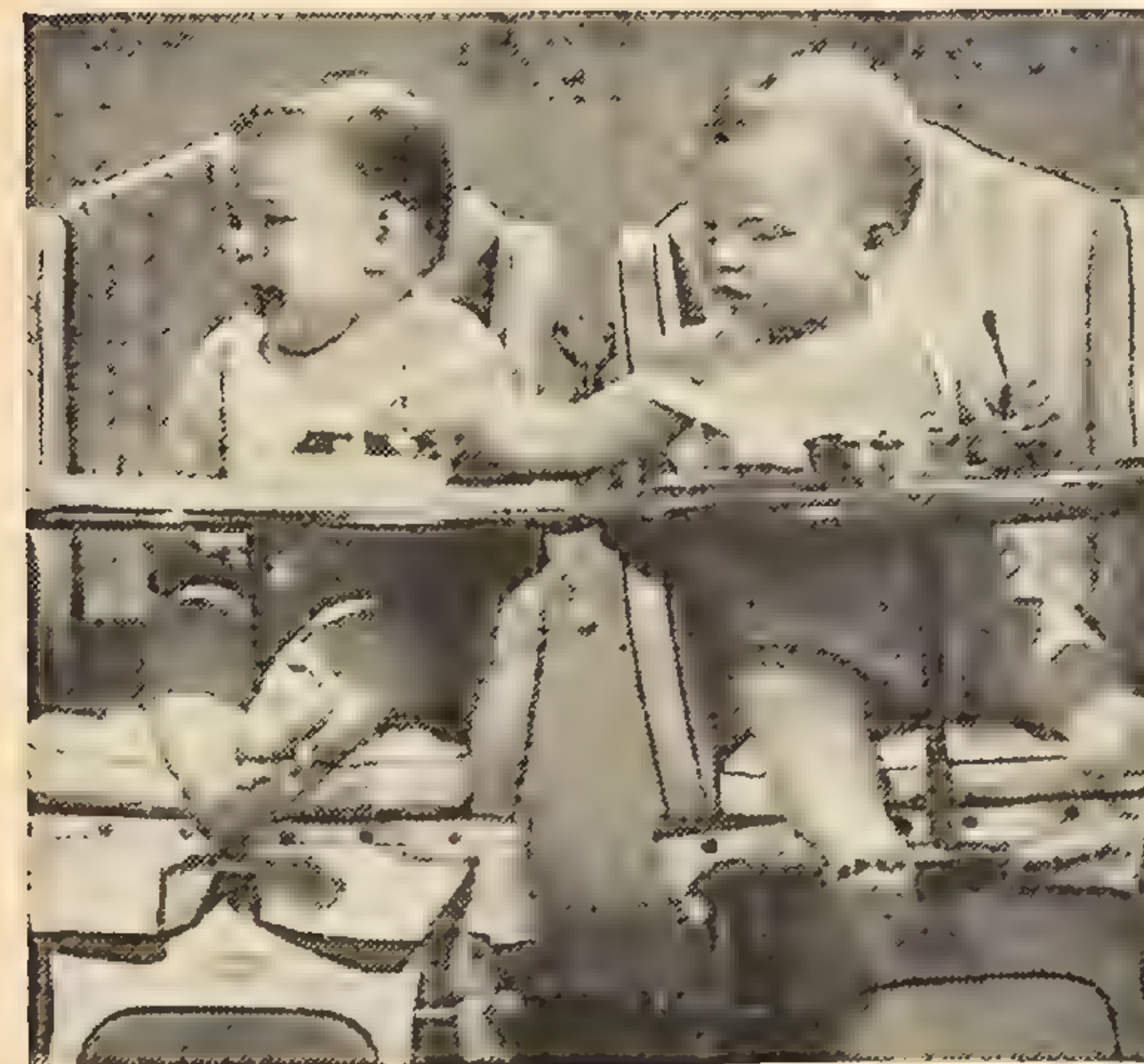
"When I was four, my mother divorced my father. I had been placed in a convent during the breaking up of our home and for a short time just after mother remarried. That was the beginning.

"When I reached home and found a stranger in my father's place, I knew, subconsciously, that my security was endangered. A stranger had come into my world, and I was frightened. Which makes it easy to trace why, now, I try to arrange it so that no stranger can enter my home.

"Analysis made it evident that although I had begun life with a passionate desire for intimate relationships, early



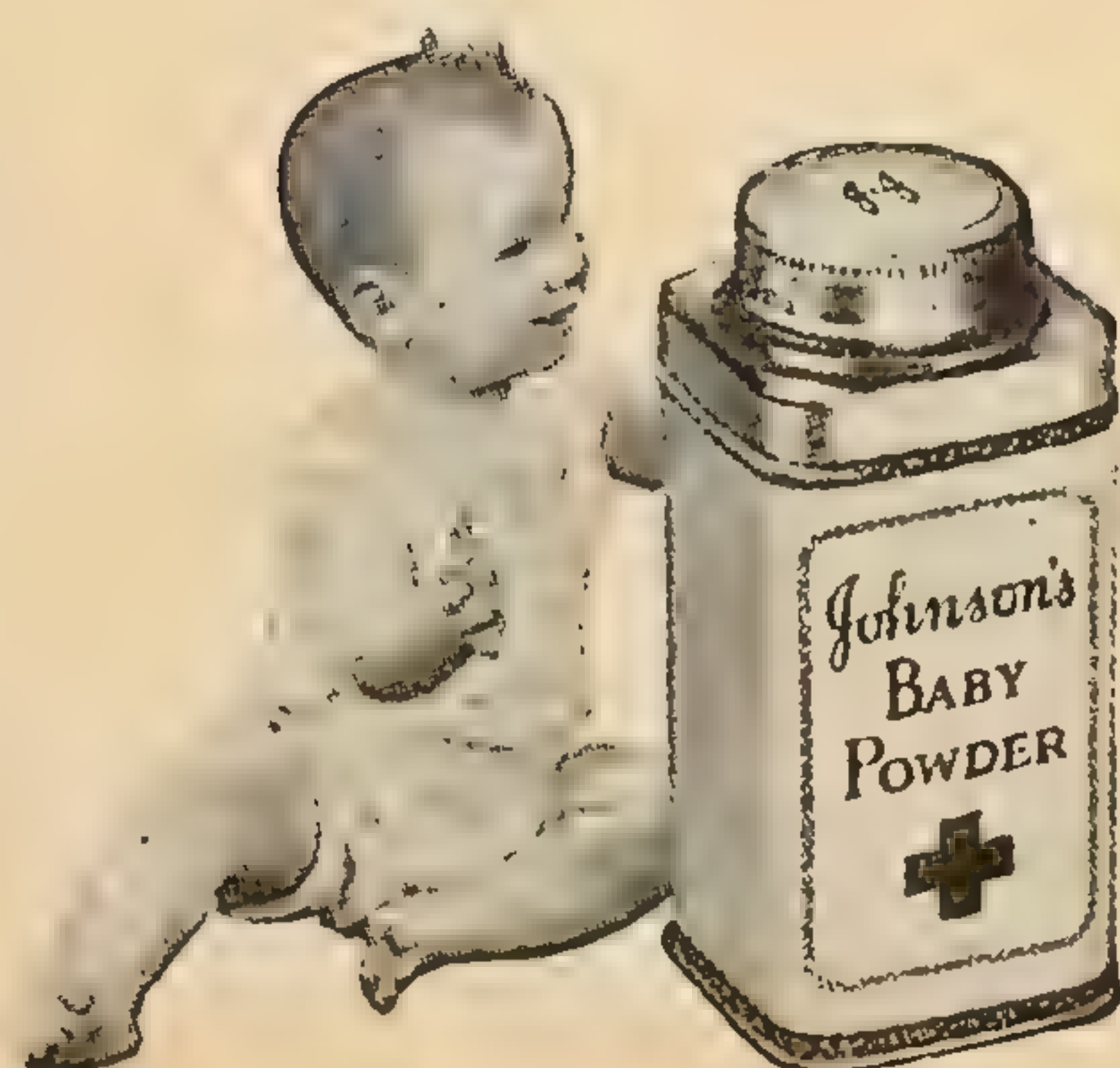
Was he a glump! Cried if you looked at him. Acted like our sissy little spaniel was a starving mountain lion.



Total loss at meals, too. Sneering at the cook, complaining about the service . . . I almost conked him with my spoon.



By bath-time I'd decided—one more peep and George was a drowned cousin. Imagine my surprise when he broke out in smiles. "Ah!" says he, clutching my Johnson's Baby Powder. "Downy-soft Johnson's—just what I've been needing! Conditions around this house are not so bad as I thought."



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experiences convinced me that those we love, we lose. Consequently I developed an over-reaction against close friendships.

"The psychiatrist made a great deal of my attachment for my mother. He asked me more questions about her than about myself. He learned that mother was very beautiful. She was also a terrifically violent person. Everything was splendid one minute; the next minute she would throw a chair at me. She was marvelously exciting, but completely unpredictable and altogether undependable. For example, we would do without a maid to economize, then at the end of the week mother would come home with three new hats! You couldn't blame her; you could only love her. She had magnificent hair. There was a ritual every Saturday morning when she shampooed it. If I had been good, I was allowed to brush it for her. The wild, white horse of Walla Walla couldn't have dragged me out to play on Saturday mornings!

"I was told that my lisp came from a too-violent desire to match my mother's fiery eloquence. Failing that, I compensated by lisping.

"I was unhappy at school. The children never paid any attention to me. I behaved as though they were all babies and I, alone, adult and superior. No wonder they loathed me. Mother would constantly ask little girls to our house in an effort to give me some companionship of my own age. And the minute Mother was out of the room, they would say to me, 'We wouldn't come to your house if it wasn't for your mother. We don't like you!'

"When I was eleven, I found out that my mother was going to have a baby. She grew preoccupied, too busy for me, and I was so horribly jealous, I ran away to my aunt's home in San Francisco. While I was there I suddenly had the desire to join the Group Theatre!

"Now wanting to be an actress was 'running away,' too. Or, as psychiatric jargon has it, 'escape.' In my own world, as myself, I felt wretched, colorless, a nonentity. As an actress, I saw myself as an infinite variety of fascinating women. As fascinating as mother.

EVEN when I was brought back from Auntie's, having joined the Group Theatre, I continued my work there every day. Mother would drive me to school in Burlingame each morning. I'd say, 'Mother, dear, one of the girls will drive me home.' And I would then take my lunch money and depart for San Francisco. This went on for months. When mother finally found out about it, she was very reasonable and let me stay on with the Group.

"I understood the people there, and they liked me. I was a child and they were adults, but we were doing a common work so that I was accepted as one of them. My first play was 'The Awakening of Spring.' I played the role of Winifred. That was in 1930, and I was eleven. I did many other plays, including Steinbeck's 'Of Mice and Men,' in which I was May. It was the best period of my life.

"Then I grew up and, at the University of California I met the boys—Garth and Donnen Jeffers. I met Donnen first. We fell in love. Then I met Garth and fell in love with him, too. The boys have not the slightest resemblance, one to the other. Donnen is frail, the spiritual type. Garth is huge and strong and vigorous. I went around with both of them. I left the Group and entered the University, partly for the Little Theatre there, but mostly to be with the boys. I'd go to the

movies with Donnen, come back and find Garth waiting to have a coke with me.

"I bought a tiny house in Monterey (paid for it on time, an infinitesimal sum a month) so I could be near Carmel where, in the stone house he built with his own hands, Robinson Jeffers lives, with Una, his fabulous wife, and the boys. A strange life they lived, there on that stern, dramatic coast, with its black stunted pines and cruel seas. The boys had never known any other young people. They spoke, and still speak, a language of their own.

IT was a strange romance. I find it indescribable. I could not make up my mind between them. There wasn't any choice possible to me. I could not love Donnen without Garth, nor Garth without Donnen. That was the mystery and the tragedy. They are a great deal alike, but not like in what they want of a woman. So that I began, then, to be one woman for Donnen, another for Garth. My personality was split then, analysis proved. But that was *all* it proved about the boys and me. Not even a psychiatrist could rationalize that romance which concerned, not a man and a woman, but two men and many women. I could find no help for what happened to me there.

"It was a good-bad time. We had fun, great fun. But we knew fear, too, because eventually we knew it had to end.

"I have never found another friend or another love. There has never been anyone who knew me as the boys knew me. I have had violent crushes, yes. But none with that special quality which cannot come again. And when I do meet someone I might like, he doesn't like me, because I either try too hard or go too far away.

"No psychiatrist could explain what there was between the boys and me, but I was made to understand what it did to me, that mystical, strange thing. I learned that it gave me a fear of love and emphasized my phobia about personal privacy because, once again, when I let myself love, I was mortally hurt.

"I left the University after the boys and I parted. I sold my house in Monterey and went back to the Group, did another play and a radio show. One day I came to the theatre and found a letter from Sam Goldwyn, asking me to come to Hollywood. When I saw him, I said I wasn't interested in a contract and wouldn't make a test. They offered me a contract without a test, and in the end I signed as an escape from loneliness.

"My lisp had come back. I went to a woman here in Hollywood who taught diction but was, more than all else, a practical psychologist. The first day she said to me, 'There is no reason for you to lisp. You don't, really.' She never, thereafter, mentioned the lisp. She taught me French, phonetically, then Spanish, and gave me the feeling I was merely there to study languages with her. My mind was on the languages, not the lisp.

"She put a light elastic band around my tummy, with a cord attached to it which she held in her hand. Then she had me recite Shakespearean Sonnets, while she kept pulling on the cord. Whenever I started to lisp, I thought of the cord. Even now, whenever I have the slightest tendency to lapse into the old way of speaking, I can feel the pull of that cord, and it not only cures me instantly but also give me perfect posture and a 'lift' as well.

"She also taught me," laughed Virginia, gaily now, "not to want to get rid of all my 'differences.' She pointed out how dreary it would be if none of us had

faults. She made me realize that, just as a child puts away paper dolls as he grows older, so we must put away the notions and fantasies of our childhood. We do not spend our adult lives mooning over a remembered toothache; we must not spend our adult lives mooning over a remembered heartache. And so," said Virginia, "I don't!" She added, amused, "I must be cured! I've never talked so long about myself to anyone in all my life."

We walked back to the set of "Tall, Dark and Handsome" (Cesar Romero) together. "I'm really much better than I was," Virginia was saying. "I'm happy enough now. I like my work. I know a couple of boys with whom I have fun, in my own peculiar way. I'm even planning to go to Ciro's, just once, if I can ever get myself assembled! And when I'm alone, as I mostly am, I have friends right within myself. I can sit at home for hours and never be bored. I don't know that I really believe in psychoanalysis; most of us are pretty well able to analyze ourselves when we mature. But it was an interesting experience. It did clarify things for me. Perhaps some other people may find it interesting, too."

"WHY I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE ONLY ONCE"

(Continued from page 30)

and the California Collegians got the job. And "Roberta" needed some pretty girls who could pass for mannequins in a fashionable dress shop—and Powers' models got the call.

Since Fred has never been known to look at another girl in private life, and seems like the shy type, there are people who wonder if Lillian was the first and only girl he ever dared to approach.

"No-o," says Fred, self-consciously, dissipating any illusion that he is, or ever has been, woman-shy. "There wasn't anything serious before Lillie, but I had gone out with girls. Quite a few of them. I was no hermit."

He doesn't think it was love at first sight with either Lillian or himself. "Though she looked pretty good to me the first time I ever saw her," he admits—which is Fred's way of saying that he thought she was just about the most beautiful girl on earth.

It took a little experimenting to find out that they were made for each other. But it didn't take long.

"I walked home with her after the show one night and found out where she lived. The next Sunday, I went for a walk and somehow I found myself walking along her street, dropping in to see her, and asking her if she wouldn't like to go out to dinner and a movie. The next Sunday, I again suggested dinner, but she asked me if I wouldn't prefer a home-cooked meal."

But Lillian didn't reach Fred's heart via his stomach!

"She served something she called chicken stew. It was canned chicken, canned vegetables and water—with no salt. I said it was delicious." Fred grins. "It's a laugh, the lies you'll tell to make an impression."

"After I got to know her a little better, I taught her something about cooking. I knew more about it than she did. When I was a kid, my mother worked. I'd come home after school and get dinner started. I can't cook anything fancy. But I'm a whiz at the very simple stuff."



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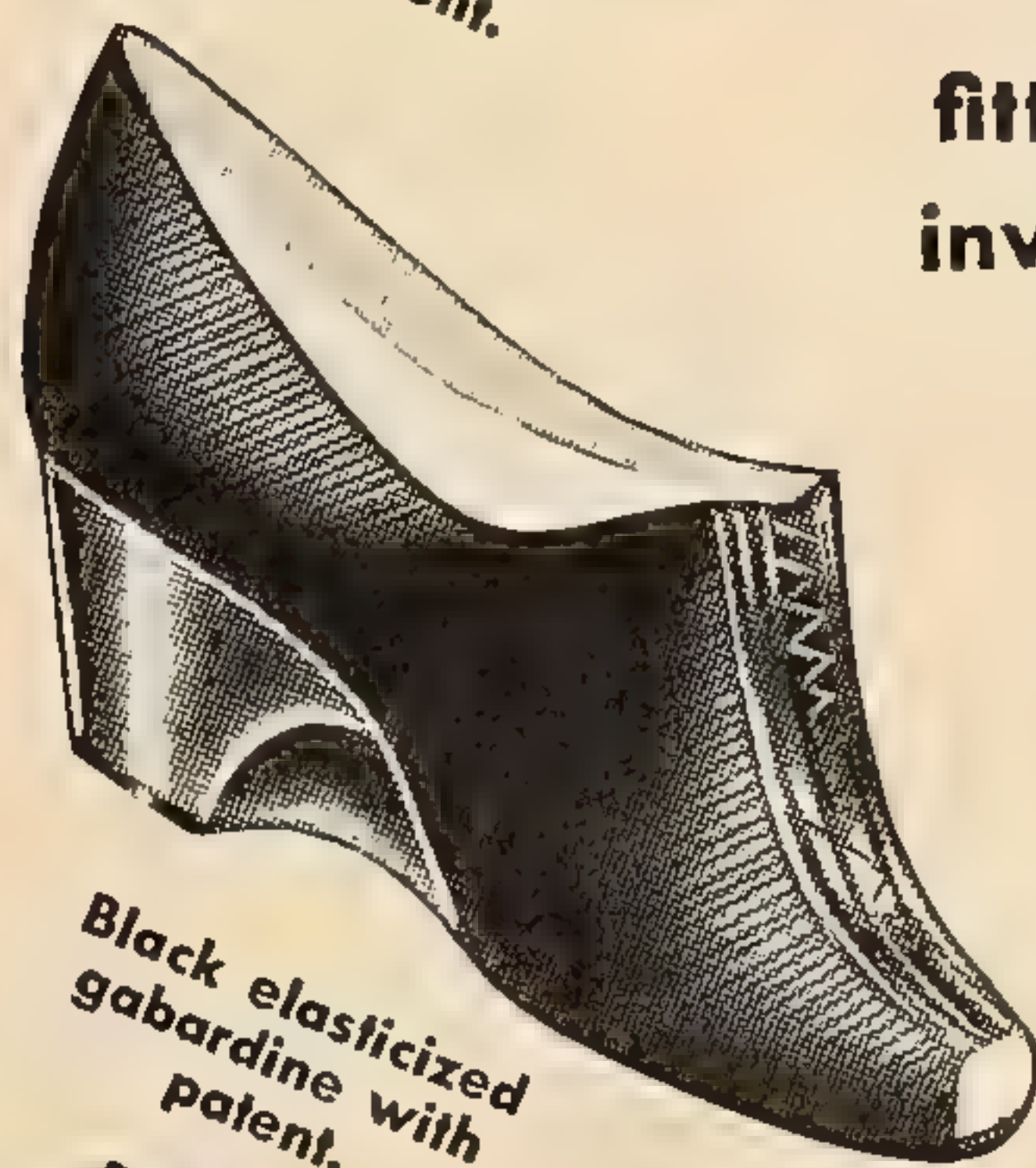
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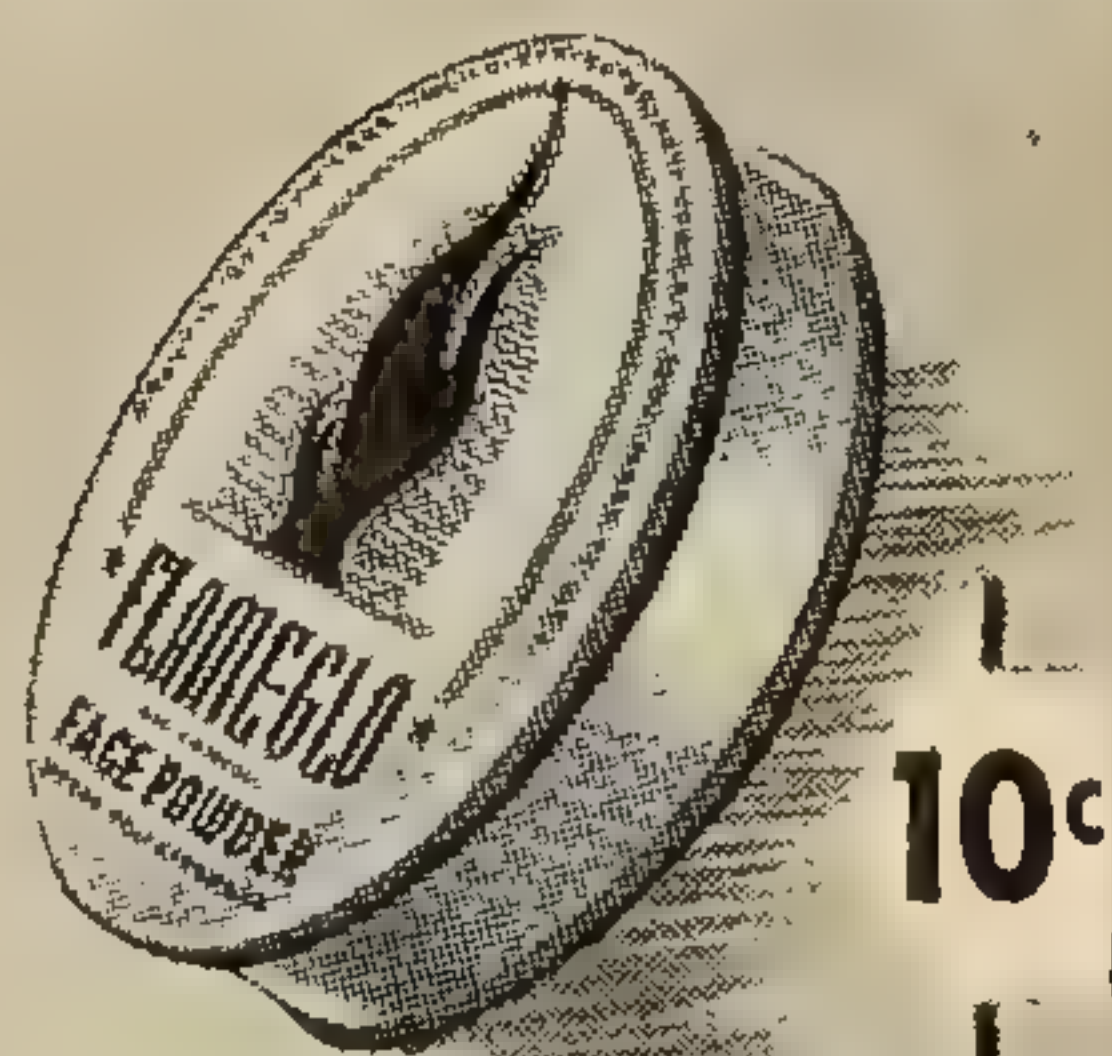
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Fred wonders if maybe he didn't win Lillian by the way he could cook.

"I know I interested her in a lot of dishes that she had never been interested in before. Tomatoes, for example. They didn't appeal to her. I talked her into eating them a couple of times, and she did just to please me, and after that she liked them. She got the idea that tomatoes, and a lot of other things she had never even tasted before were good for her. And that may have helped her get the idea that I was good for her."

He got the idea that she was good for him by noticing that when he was with her he felt more alive and happier than he had ever felt with anyone else.

He doesn't know when they realized it was love. "It just sort of grew on us—until neither of us could imagine anybody else being so companionable." He adds, reflectively, "I guess that's when liking turns into love, isn't it?"

Wanting to be together the rest of their lives, they wanted to marry. But there was one obstacle in their way. Fred was earning just enough to support his mother, himself and a couple of relatives who didn't have anybody else to provide for them.

Millions of guys who can't afford to get married don't think twice about going ahead—and letting their wives work to help pay the bills. But Fred thought twice, because his own father hadn't been able to pay the bills; his mother had had to work. He remembered what her life had been like. He remembered what his own life had been like, growing up in that atmosphere. He didn't want to let the girl he loved, or any possible offspring of his, in for that kind of thing. Before he married he wanted to be sure he could support a wife and family.

That was how he happened to give a

thought to Hollywood again. Hollywood was one place where a guy could earn big money in a hurry—if he could get the right break.

Having been there once before, Fred knew better than to head West without being invited out by a studio.

The way the press-agents tell it, a talent scout saw him, realized his potentialities and offered him a contract. It makes a better story that way, but the truth is that Fred called himself to that talent scout's attention and pestered the man into giving him a test—which resulted in a contract. A beginner's contract. He wouldn't have been that aggressive if he hadn't been desperately in love with Lillian, desperate to marry her.

WHILE he was about it, he made the talent scout conscious of Lillian. He had hopes that she could get a contract, too. But even if she couldn't, she was going to come out to Hollywood on her own and get a job modeling. They planned that in advance. They weren't going to be separated by three thousand miles, even for six months. (His contract was good for only six months unless Paramount picked up his option.)

Nothing came of Fred's contract, the first three months except dramatic lessons and more dramatic lessons. And nothing ever came of Lillian's test. (Fred still shakes his head about that—how she didn't get a contract, when he did.) But she gave up her job with the Powers agency to come to Hollywood and got a job modeling at Howard Grier's and later at Magnin's, to be near Fred. She proved that she had confidence that he would make good, if Paramount ever gave him anything to do. That helped.

"Particularly when they told me, after I had been working in 'The Gilded Lily'

two weeks, that they thought they were going to have to replace me," Fred says. "When they let me start the third week, I tried twice as hard—with Lillie right there to say, 'You can do it.'"

When everybody else in Hollywood doubted his ability, Lillian didn't. That's one very good reason why he loves her.

After "The Gilded Lily" came out, and everybody told him that he was "a natural," he wasn't impressed with his popularity. He didn't have any urge to capitalize on it and move in Important Circles. Lillian's company was plenty good enough for him.

When Paramount announced happily that their brand-new star was a bachelor, he was deluged with invitations from high quarters. Fred tells about a call from one Hollywood social queen.

"She wanted me to attend a big weekend party. She told me the party would not be a success unless I came. I asked brightly, 'Would it be all right if I brought my fiancée?' There was blank silence for a moment at the other end of the wire. Then she said, 'Oh—uh—we wanted just one more man.' Which let me out. I said I had an engagement on Sunday with my fiancée."

Conversations like that helped to keep Fred from having success-itis. And helped to keep him in love with Lillian.

"Also," he adds, "don't forget that we hadn't decided we were in love after knowing each other about three days. It wasn't one of those things. We had planned marriage for a long time and it meant a lot to us. When you work a long time to have something, it can't help meaning a lot to you."

Even after he clicked in "The Gilded Lily," Fred worked two years more before he asked Lillian to marry him. It took a while for his salary to go up after he clicked. Before he rated a raise, Paramount had to find out if he had clicked by accident—or if people were going to keep on liking him on the screen. And even long after Paramount decided he was going to last a while, Fred still wondered. He wanted an emergency reserve on hand, so that he could be sure Lillian would never have to work again, even if something happened to keep him from working. And he wanted a home that he would be sure he could keep, no matter what happened.

But it still baffles Hollywood how he kept his mind on that goal, and on Lillian, with all the temptations Hollywood was capable of offering.

"What temptations?" asks Fred.

Well, for example, the temptation to fall in love with a beautiful leading lady while pretending to do so.

Fred grins an amused grin, shaking his head. "I guess people don't realize how difficult it is, sometimes, to act like you're in love in front of cameras. For example:

"I had to do a love scene one time with a girl, in which we walked along a park path, talking, and finally stopped at a certain spot and embraced. The camera followed alongside. And walking at just the right pace to stay in focus with the camera every second wasn't easy. It was so tough, in fact, that the director stationed a prop man on the camera dolly with a long stick—to whack me on the shin and let me know when I was going too fast or too slow. And I was supposed to pretend I wasn't thinking of a thing except taking the girl in my arms."

He laughs in reminiscence. And another memory provokes another laugh.

"We were sitting on a park bench. I had my arm on the back of the bench. When you put your arm up on a bench like that, it naturally hunches up your

coat in a big bulge. But that would never do in a movie. It isn't glamorous. So the director stationed a prop man on the ground behind the bench, out of sight, to hold my coat down. There I was, telling a girl I loved her, with a guy hanging onto my coat!"

But some of his feminine co-stars have been so glamorous, it's difficult for all kinds of men, the world over, to imagine being around them without succumbing.

"Have you ever met Lillian?" he asks.

No, we've never had that pleasure. But what does she have that the other girls don't have?

"Well, some girls have one thing, and other girls have something else, but as far as I'm concerned, she has everything.

"She isn't a career girl. She likes a home, and everything a home stands for. She has a nice, even disposition; she isn't temperamental or self-centered. She isn't always looking at herself in mirrors. She has a sense of humor. She's intelligent about a variety of things. She's a good sport—lets me go on fishing trips for the simple reason that she thinks they're good for me—and not, as I've read somewhere, because I let her wear Lilly Daché hats.

"She has always wanted children. So far, we haven't been lucky enough to have any of our own. But we've adopted one—which was her idea.

"She was ill for a long time, if you remember." A far-off look comes in Fred's eyes. "She very nearly died. If she had had less of what it takes, she never would have pulled through.

"I guess the chief reason why I've fallen in love only once," he concludes, "is that I know when I'm happy."

That's Hollywood's thought for today.



Appropriate that Mary Brodel, who's a "strawberry blonde," should get her first big break in the film of that name!

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HOW THEY PROPOSED

(Continued from page 25)

marriage took place in New York.

Otto Kruger stood on the stage of a New York theatre, pouring out eloquence. He and his fellow-workers were engaged in the famous Actors' Equity strike, and he was imploring them to stick. The flow of language broke for an instant. His audience thought he was pausing for breath. He alone knew that his breath had been taken by the sight of a vision, ushering in the aisles.

Her name was Sue McNamamy.

He took her out to dinner that night and the next and the next, by which time he'd known her a hundred years. "There's only one of you, Sue. Will you marry me?" She said she would. "How soon?" "How long can you wait?" "A week." "All right. A week from today."

Marry in haste and be happy at leisure. That was twenty-two years ago, and they're still in love!

Everything happened to Dean Jagger at once. He scored a personal hit in the Theatre Guild's "They Shall Not Die"; he met a girl named Antoinette; and ten days later he was signed to a Hollywood contract. Antoinette met him that night after the show, and he steered her through the nearest doorway, which happened to be that of a five-cent coffee joint. While the waiter slopped coffee into their saucers, he babbled, "Come with me to Hollywood, come with me to Paramount, come with me forever." She said she'd like to, but her father was ill, and she had to go home to Boston. She promised to wait. Eight months later Paramount gave him four days off for his wedding in Boston. This was in January. His plane was grounded eight times, and the ceremony postponed three times, but Antoinette waited and went back with him to Hollywood. Not to Paramount forever (it's Twentieth Century-Fox now); it may not even be Hollywood forever. But it's Dean forever.

Roger Pryor had been conducting one of those long-distance courtships with Ann Sothern. He had a band which kept him in motion. She had a movie contract which kept her tied. Occasional radio broadcasts kept them together. On September 24th, 1936, he flew back to Hollywood to go on the air with Ann in "There's Always Juliet." She met him at the airport, and no sooner had he stepped off the plane than he said, "Let's get married." "Let's," said Ann, and drove him to the license bureau. The knot was tied on the 27th.

When Helen Gahagan was cast in the stellar role of "Tonight or Never," the director asked her to be at the theatre next day to choose a leading man. Among the candidates Miss Gahagan spotted a tall, lean stranger. "Who's that?" she murmured. "Melvyn Douglas." "Never heard of him in my life, but if it's all right with you, Melvyn Douglas is the one I want."

Nor did it take Douglas long to discover that she was the one he wanted. They were still rehearsing and had dashed out for a between-scenes bite. Did the suave Mel Douglas make a speech? He did not. "Let's get married," he said between munches. "Let's," said she. (Apologies, please. If Mr. Douglas could have foreseen this story, he'd doubtless have tried for a more original approach.)

Maureen O'Sullivan used to go riding with Johnny Farrow in Bel-Air. Their favorite trail branched off just below a hill. They'd lead their horses to the hilltop and dismount to enjoy the view. One day John said: "You make me happier than anyone I've ever known. Let's get married darling." (There it is again, girls.)

"Well, don't be so prosaic about it," said Maureen, before melting. They built their honeymoon house a-top that hill.



There'll be no "Oh, Johnny-ing" for Bonnie Baker in her first picture, "You're the One," 'cause her real-life boyfriend is the lead, and his name's Orrin Tucker!

They met as high school youngsters, dark-eyed young Dominic and Honore with the honey-colored braids. For a couple of years he took her to dances and football games. Then their ways parted. Six years went by; then one September night in Chicago, a friend phoned Don right after he'd finished a broadcast. "Come down to the Edgewater Beach Hotel. There's somebody I want you to meet." Somebody—you guessed it—was Honore! She and Don danced every dance together. Suddenly he grinned down at her. "I'm going to marry you," he said. Was he kidding? She didn't know, so she smiled sweetly, which commits a girl in neither direction.

Next day she returned to Dubuque where she lived. Followed a bombardment by wire, phone and in person. It's a four-hour drive from Dubuque to Chicago, but Don managed it with spectacular frequency. One night he phoned after his broadcast. "Wait up for me. I've got something for you."

She was used to his ways by now. So was her family. They went to bed and left her napping on the living-room couch. She woke up hungry, foraged in the kitchen for a snack, ate it and started washing dishes. It was at this unromantic point that her suitor burst in. Hands still in the dishpan, she gaped at him. His hands, face and shirt front were smeared in black grease. "What on earth—!" "Oh—that! Just a couple of flat tires. Close your eyes, honey, and stick out your paw." He finally got the diamond shoved down over her soapy knuckle—then, grease and all, folded her to his chest.

She became Mrs. Ameche in November, two months after he'd told her she would.

* * *

Alan Curtis never proposed to Ilona Massey in so many words. They've just been inseparable from the moment they met—on a train to Boise, Idaho, for the opening of "Northwest Passage." Curtis hadn't been keen to make the trip. "Who else is going?" "Well, among others, Ilona Massey." "What's she like?" They told him, but he shook his head. "You're laying it on too thick." Now he wonders how they could have been so lukewarm.

They saw each other every day. Every day he told her he loved her. Naturally the question of marriage reared its head. Ilona was afraid of it. They'd both tried it unsuccessfully before. Besides, she'd seen enough of so-called "Hollywood marriage" to make her jittery. If she married again, she must feel it would be for keeps. Day by day he argued against her misgivings. Look how happy they were just being together; how their tastes matched; how, having made a mistake apiece, they weren't likely to repeat it; how many movie people had been happily married for years. It's hard for a girl in love to hang on to misgivings. One evening, five months after they'd met, as he rode his favorite topic, she looked up at him and gave him her hand. That was his proposal, that was her assent.

* * *

All that kept Pat O'Brien from proposing to Eloise Taylor was lack of the wherewithal to keep a wife. They were trudging gloomily up Fifth Avenue one day when he stopped in his tracks. "Gee, we've just got to get married or something." That was all Eloise needed to dispel the vapors. "We've just got to get married or *nothing*," she retorted, and tucked her hand back under his arm.

Hollywood solved their problem. Pat

got the part of Walter Burns in "The Front Page," and he got his girl.

* * *

Rita Hayworth—Cansino before the movies tampered with her name—was reared in the formal Spanish tradition. No casual dates for her. "Oh, but Ed Judson's different," a friend kept assuring her. "He's an older man, and I know you'd like him. We must arrange a foursome soon." The friend, longer on words than deeds, was promoting Rita with Ed at the same time, but never got around to arranging the foursome.

One day Rita was called to the phone. "My name's Edward Judson," said a voice. "I'm a friend of Thus-and-so, etc., etc." "Oh, yes, I know about you." "Well, would it be very improper if I called on you?" "No-o, I guess not. My father and mother are here." He called. He was asked to dine—once, twice, three times. Having served his apprenticeship, he was given permission to take Rita out. They made progress. At last he said, "I want you to marry me. Don't say anything now. I'm going to New York. Think it over quietly while I'm gone, and when I come back, give me my answer."

Judson is back. Judson is calling his girl. "What's the answer, Rita?"

"This," said Rita, "is the day." Which proves that even the old Spanish customs can't shelter a girl from knowing her own mind.

* * *

John Carradine met Ardanelle Cosner at a party five years ago. First, he plied her with questions about herself and her child. Second, he told her what a remarkable fellow *he* was. Third, he said: "You're going to marry me." "You're crazy," she informed him kindly. "I'm



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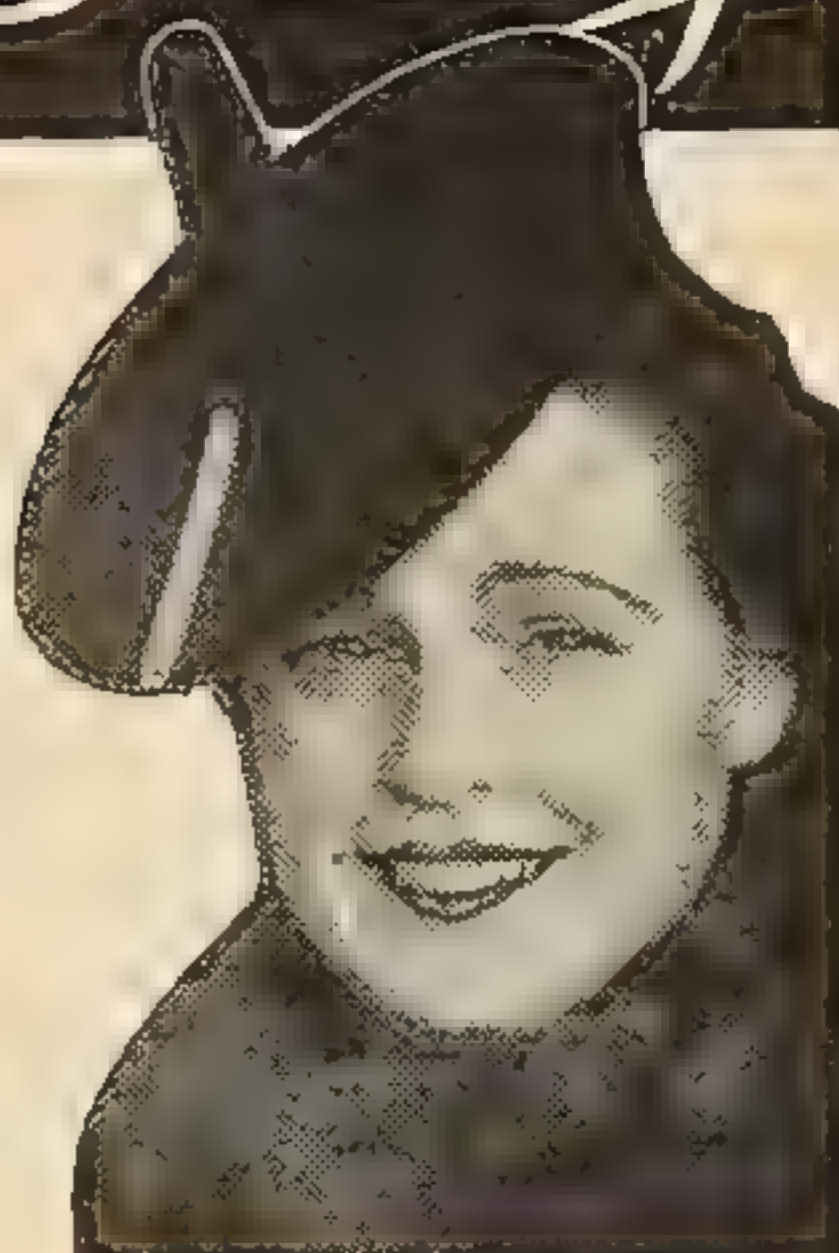


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stark mad," he agreed, "and you're going to marry me." He plucked her from the party and took her driving. He recited verse to her and after each verse, he said, "You're going to marry me." He dated her every night and kept her out till three or four in the morning. "Will you marry the man," the family finally yelled, "so you can get some sleep?"

"Which is just what I did," says Mrs. Carradine.

Nunnally Johnson was in New York. Dorris Bowden had been there but was back in Hollywood. She'd been listening to a broadcast of "We, the People," on which Johnson had introduced Jane Darwell. As the broadcast ended, the phone rang. "New York calling." Then the voice of Johnson. "Darling, will you marry me this summer?"

Dorris—(nonplussed as they say in the high-toned novels)—Look, I know this broadcast was a strain, and I know you're tired, but it went over beautifully—

Nunnally—I had a fine time, and I'm not tired, and I don't care how it went over. Will you marry me?

Dorris—Well, we'll think about it. (She hangs up.)

(Five minutes later. The phone rings.)

Nunnally—What do you mean, we'll think about it? If we want to get married, why don't we get married now? Why wait till summer?

Dorris—Look, I'll come back East, and we'll talk it over.

Nunnally—You take the plane back here tomorrow. (He hangs up.)

(Ten minutes later. The phone rings.)

Nunnally—Listen, I've just sent this wire to Zanuck. 'Dorris has consented to become Mrs. Johnson, God help her. See that she leaves on early plane.' Is that okay with you?

Dorris—That's okay with me, dear.

Nunnally—Goodnight, darling. (They both hang up.)

(Thirty minutes later. The phone rings.)

Nunnally—I just wanted to tell you how happy I am.

Dorris—So am I. Well, goodnight, darling.

Nunnally—Goodnight, Mrs. darling.

She took the plane next morning, whether personally trundled thereto by Mr. Zanuck remains unrecorded. They were married at the home of Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur, that other zany.

The Lupinos—mother and two daughters—were going to the beach with a young French artist, who was a friend of Louis Hayward's, too. Hayward happened to call him up that same day. "What are you doing this afternoon?" Louis didn't care for the answer. He'd known and disliked Ida as a brat in London. "Oh, well—I'm lonely, I'll go along. Guess I can stand the girl for a few hours." Conditioned thus, he was, of course, rude to her. She was rude right back—till they got on a roller coaster. They plunged; Ida clung to Louis. After that he was rather nice.

They went together for three years. Far from proposing, Louis kept telling her, "I've no intention of marrying. Anyway, not till I can keep my wife in comfort." "That's fine," said Ida. Or, in mellower moments he'd tell her, "When I'm ready to marry, I'll let you know." "Do that," said Ida lightly. "Keep in close touch with me."

They were at the Trocadero one night. He left her to make a phone call and was gone half an hour. "Long distance," he explained on his return.

When she got in that night, her mother said: "The honor of your hand has been sought by Mr. Hayward in marriage."

A moment later, light dawned. "Long distance, huh? And it took you half an hour to say bless you, my children."

Since the thing had been put on a formal basis, she invited him formally to tea next day and plunged most informally to the heart of the matter.

"Did you phone my mother last night?"

"Well—yes—in a way."

"What about?"

"Oh, I sort of thought we might maybe get married."

"That's fine. I've got the house and chintz all picked out."

"Don't rush me," said the man. Then—

"How soon could you get two days off for the wedding?" He put his cup down.

"How soon could you get right over here?"



Mrs. Dick Carlson's a boogie-woogie addict—but Dick, who's an ex-professor and a Phi Beta Kappa, sits 'em out if they're not in three-quarter time!

NO GIRL IS HOMELY

(Continued from page 47)

day coiffure and put on half as much make-up. The day Bette Davis took my advice on that point, some years ago, she became exactly twice as attractive!"

Mention of Bette Davis brought to our mind some of the other attractive actresses at Warner Brothers. Since he had said anything could be done with any face, we asked for the proof of the pudding.

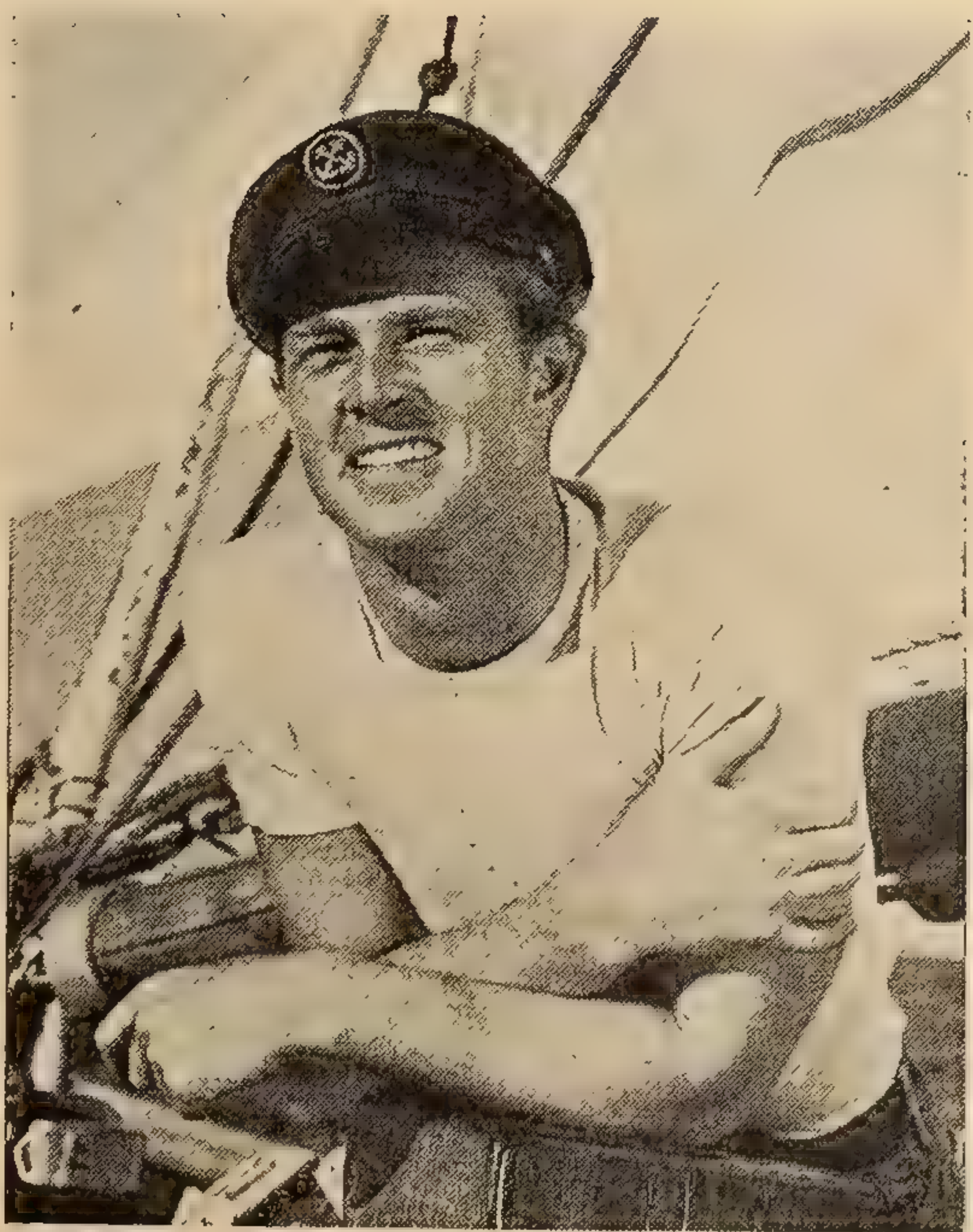
What had he done with whom?

"Well, some women don't need much work. Olivia de Havilland is the best example. She has a perfectly proportioned face, and she prepares it in a feminine fashion. She's fine. But when Ann Sheridan came to me, she didn't know what the word 'oomph' meant. The problem with her was to define her best features and correct her bad ones. One fault was that she had a square jaw. I created a new coiffure for her; drew her hair back from her face and away from her jawline; gave her a center part and a little fluffiness behind the ears. Then I painted shadows with powder on the sides of her jaw, so that when the lights hit it they would be absorbed. You see, she had been making the mistake of using light powder around the chin and cheeks, which accented the squareness of it by reflecting light instead of absorbing it.

"I recall when Alice Faye first came to this town. She wasn't the beauty she is today. She was the average girl with fine features. She had tiny eyebrows. She had a cupid's bow mouth that looked as if someone had suddenly pulled a trombone away from it. She had to be improved. She was. And now look at her!

"Many girls may have one bad thing wrong with their face, or by making one elementary mistake they may make themselves wholly unattractive. For instance, when Brenda Marshall came to the studio, her mouth was turned down and surly, and her hair was too fussy. So I turned her mouth up, with a different lipstick technique, brushed her hair flat and sleek on top, fluffy on the ends, and nobody recognized her!

Shirley Ross just returned from New York. The first day I laid eyes on her I knew there was something wrong.



Stirling Hayden's the tallest man in Hollywood. He's over six feet five!

The 3 ways to Brunette Beauty



MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III, is a true brunette. She has rich brown hair and hazel eyes and a warm-toned skin. She chooses Pond's Rose Brunette because it matches the warm tones in her skin.

Ask yourself these three simple and telling questions when trying to choose your right shade of powder.

Shall I lighten my skin?

Shall I match it?

Shall I warm it?

It all comes down to this:

Are you lovelier when your skin looks frail shell-pink against your dark hair? Or when your skin looks ivory-cream to contrast with the dark lights in your eyes? Or when your skin is a warm, rosy tone to dramatize your vivid brunette coloring?

Pond's has 4 superlative brunette shades to provide the effect you choose.

A lovely rose-pink shade with creamy overtones—Rose Dawn. It is light enough to match very fair-skinned brunettes. Slightly darker brunettes by the thousands use it to lighten and brighten their skin.

A rich ivory-cream shade—Brunette-Rachel—all cream and no pink. Countless brunettes use this to match their natu-

ral creaminess of tone. Some use it to add warmth to a pale ivory skin. Dark brunettes use it to lighten their skin when they prefer an even beige tone without pink in it. By far our most popular brunette shade.

A deeper, sunnier shade—Rose Brunette—in which there is more rose than cream. Matches most successfully brunette skin with a great deal of warmth. Darker brunettes use it to lighten their skin. The pink in the powder takes the dull yellowy tones out of the skin.

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I knew she could be better looking. I decided, finally, that it was her hair. She has a plumpish face, and she was wearing her hair tight on top and full around her face—which made her face even plumper. I simply turned her hair-do upside down. Bunched her hair on top, with hardly any of it at her cheeks—and wait till you see her!

"I insist—anyone can be attractive even if she's out-and-out ugly. I'll cite you an interesting case. Some years ago, Princess Catherine of Greece paid a visit to Hollywood. She wasn't good looking. In fact, she refused to permit a single photographer to snap her. One afternoon I met her. Everything was wrong with the Princess Catherine's face. It was too big on top. Too small on the bottom. Suddenly she said to me, 'Please make me beautiful!' It was a challenge. I was really on the spot, but here was a chance to prove my theory. I promptly ordered two jars of foundation cream sent in. One was dark and one was light. I smeared her large forehead with the dark cream to absorb light and make it appear smaller. I placed light cream around her jaw to reflect light and enlarge the chin. This gave her face balance. Then I completed the job with powder and rouge, and handed her a mirror. She took one look, gasped and blurted, 'I'm beautiful! I must be photographed immediately! Is there a photographer around?' I said, 'Your Majesty, there are twenty waiting downstairs!'"

"And that's how one unattractive woman, through the simple art of careful, ordinary make-up, was made into a stunning creature."

For two solid hours that world-famous beauty authority hammered home more beauty.

"Most women pencil in false eyebrows too high. This tends to make their eyes too narrow. . . . Girls with short noses should have long eyebrows. . . . Women play up instead of playing down their weaknesses by being inept. If you have bad or crooked teeth, don't work with make-up around your mouth to offset the teeth. This only draws attention to them. Instead, concentrate on some other good feature. Play that feature up to detract from the teeth. . . . For example, a Berkeley girl came to me. Had horrible skin. But I liked her eyes and mouth. Suggested she concentrate on them, and people would forget her complexion. She did. They did. Everything was fine. . . . You know how I made Ruth Gordon old in 'Dr. Ehrlich?' By making her screw up her face, then painting it and powdering it. Thus, when she relaxed, everything was made up except the wrinkles, which remained naturally dark. This made her appear old. Most women make this mistake and look lousy as a result. A girl goes into her bathroom or bedroom to make up, squints, screws up her face, wrinkles it as she powders and rouges, and it leaves her looking haggard and old. The face should be relaxed when being repaired."

When we were leaving he reminded us for the thousandth time, that no one was beyond the magic of cosmetics. He spoke of a great actress who had come to him two weeks before. A sudden skin infection had left her pock-marked. She was afraid her career was ended. Westmore told her not to worry. He told her to use the stipling process in making-up. Take powders of two colors, and paint them on her face in tiny dark and light dots. This would not only hide her pock marks, but blend with the thousands of little dots on every theatre screen, thereby creating a mellow illusion of beauty.

We didn't have to hear any more from the dark-haired genius, but—

Maybe it would be best to see another beauty expert or two, just to be certain we weren't giving you false cheer. So we trotted out to RKO, climbed some stairs, bumped into Orson Welles, said hello to Maureen O'Hara and entered a small cubicle that resembled a barber shop. This was the abode of a slight man wearing gold-rimmed glasses and a black moustache—Mel Berns.

OF course there is no such thing as a homely face," he assured us, when we'd queried him. "Because beauty isn't determined by the features alone, but by personality as well. In brief, I say a girl is as beautiful and charming and magnetic as her personality."

"Any normal face, assuming there are no extreme deformities, can be eye-appealing if there's mind behind that face. That's my idea, and I'm stuck with it."

"I have seen girl after girl, all with countenances utterly out of proportion, and with what we consider bad features. In some the eyes were bad, in others the mouth wrong. Still, most were beautiful, and their defects were cloaked by a gracious personality."

"There isn't a human on earth who doesn't have some beauty to take hold of, and this beauty can be enhanced until it includes the entire being."

Mel Berns listed several examples of cases where the magic wand of make-up had touched women who had entered the movies just ordinary people, and emerged as gorgeous females destined to be bombarded with mash notes and proposals. He mentioned Katharine Hepburn.

"When Hepburn came to Hollywood she was a sight, with her greenish-blue eyes, wild red hair, with her patched blue overalls and those terrible hob-nailed shoes. I remember when George Cukor, the director, first laid eyes on her. He quivered, and said, 'You need a haircut. You need everything. You're a disgrace. Look at those clothes!' And then he added, 'No well-dressed woman would wear those clothes outside of a bathroom!'"

"And believe me, Hepburn wasn't the picture of beauty. But she had courage and personality. She was willing to learn and improve. One of her defects was that she smiled too broadly. Her gums showed. I told her about it, and she would come into this office every day, and for one hour she would stand in front of that mirror and practice smiling—without her upper gums showing. She finally trained her lip muscles so well that today she couldn't smile and show her gums if she wanted to! By such persistence Katharine Hepburn became one of the most attractive women in the film colony. If she could do it, anyone can!"

Berns revealed the case of Anna Neagle. She came to Hollywood from London, a young girl with a prematurely old face. This was a result of serious character roles and special make-up in such films as "Queen Victoria" and "Nurse Edith Cavell." Berns began de-aging her. He changed the contour of her brows. Reshaped her lips. Balanced her features. Made her hair younger. And presto, overnight she was a song-and-dance youngster! The magic of make-up, indeed!

He concluded our chat with the story of Ginger Rogers' transformation. "We did remarkable things with her," he explained. "She was playing brittle, sophisticated roles as a musical comedy star. The studio decided she was ready for straight dramatic parts. So the make-up

department got to work on Ginger. They made her softer and more natural as to exterior. For example, her eyebrows had been penciled high in the sophisticated manner. These were erased, and her real brows permitted to grow back. Then for 'Kitty Foyle,' they took off all her make-up and gave her pigtails so that she could play, at one point, a fourteen-year-old!"

The last chap on our list was Twentieth Century-Fox's Guy Pearce. We caught him in his den and laid the big question mark in his lap.

"There isn't a face on earth that's beyond repair," he reported, seating himself on a stool. "Go out to the sticks, find a girl you wouldn't look at twice, put a good, careful make-up job on her—and you have glamour. Why, the devil, we do it every week in Hollywood!"

NOW I'll admit some faces are rather difficult. But in countenances with irregular features you'll usually find a compensating factor which might be termed 'character.' In fact, a good share of the big-name women in Hollywood are interesting rather than beautiful. And the words, to me, are almost synonymous.

"The trouble with most girls is that they wish to be perfect. They want their face all level and balanced. Everything similar. Both eyebrows even. Lips just so. Hair line exactly this way or that. Actually, that's unnatural. Every distinctive feature should be retained, even if it lacks balance. Girls should look for attractive individuality instead of mathematical perfection.

"Now take Vivien Leigh. I worked on the first screen test ever shot of her in London. I worked with Alexander Korda on it. After Korda looked at the test, he came to me and said something was crooked on her face. Finally he discovered it was her eyebrows. One was arched and the other straight. 'Why don't you make them both straight?' he wanted to know. I told him I hadn't, and I wouldn't, because the unbalanced brows made her face more interesting. Moreover they were natural. She had a habit of lifting one brow, which arched it. And I wanted it to remain that way. It wasn't perfection—but it gave her a fine impish quality. Finally Korda agreed. And between us, don't you think Vivien Leigh looks all right these days? And those eyebrows are still crooked! Frequently little irregularities like these can be turned into assets."

Pearce wound up our discussion: "Aside from actual deformities, there's not a flaw of face, neck or hands that a girl can't improve—if she is persistent, patient and intelligent!"

And so, here we are, and there you are, in front of your mirror again where we had you at the beginning of the story. And you still don't think you look swell enough to make the lads ignore Hedy or Marlene in the scramble for a gander at you. But now you know there's hope! For they, the royalty of beauty, have told you, and you must believe. But above everything, you must heed this summary of all they've said: Lady, to keep an attractive head—use it!

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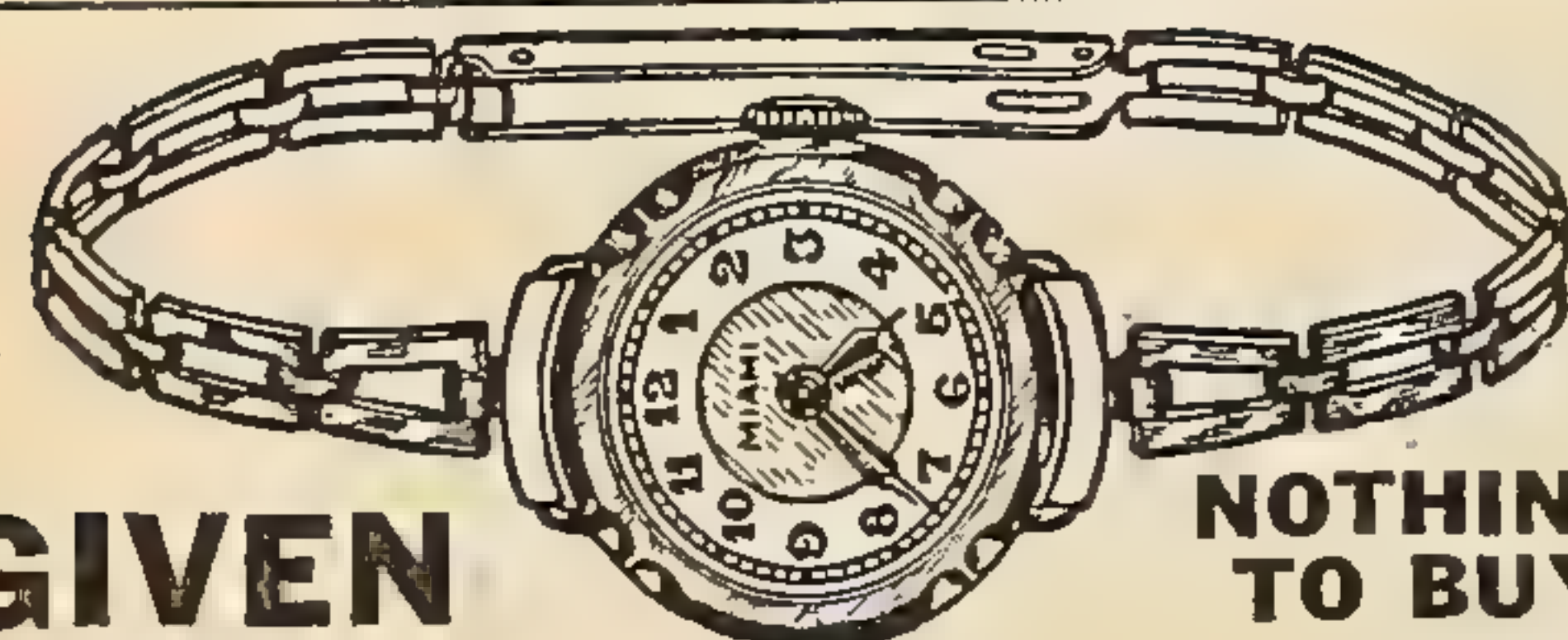
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LOOK TO YOUR LOCKS

(Continued from page 53)

STRINGY . . . It's probably oily and needs some real attention, but if the only man in the world asks you out on a moment's notice, here's how to give it a quick "shot in the arm." Remove excess oil and dust via a brisk brushing—cleaning the brush on a towel after every few strokes. Dampen your hair with one of those godsend-ish hair tonics (there's one that's also a wave set) created especially for oily hair and turn it up on perforated curlers. Leave it up till the last possible second, then comb it gently. A dash of perfume behind your ears, a clip glittering wickedly from your glossy curls—and we bet you'll be playing a few return engagements!

PERMANENTED . . . It should look just as soft and touchable as naturally curly hair, but if you indulged in one of those bargain waves that turned out to be no bargain—don't despair! Choose a really fine shampoo and massage it into the scalp. Then steam your hair by leaning over a basin of very hot water, making a sort of tent with a big bath towel. Steam for fifteen minutes, then complete your shampoo. This treatment restores hair elasticity, so that each hair will stretch to one fifth of its length. Nightly massages with reliable lubricants will complete the reconditioning. Next time, though, avoid that crimped poodle look—get a permanent you can trust!

FINE . . . It's "millionaire's hair" and requires a bit of pampering. Bet you've been shortchanging it on shampoos, because it's so wispy and flyaway afterwards. Here's a happy solution. Wash it with a special oil shampoo and rinse it with cool water. (This has a more subduing effect than a warm rinse.) Work a teaspoon of olive oil gradually into the scalp, and spray the ends of the hair (and never anything but the ends) with brilliantine. This not only lubricates, but actually heals brittle, split hair. Set it with a cream lotion that'll give it body, and use a comb with widely-spaced teeth. (Disown your needle-sharp fine-toothed one; it's a hair and scalp irritant.) When the lotion dries, another pouf of the brilliantine, a whisk of the comb, a pat here and there and— isn't it miraculous?



Starlet Maris Wrixon's all a-glitter in a million-dollar necklace and tiara.



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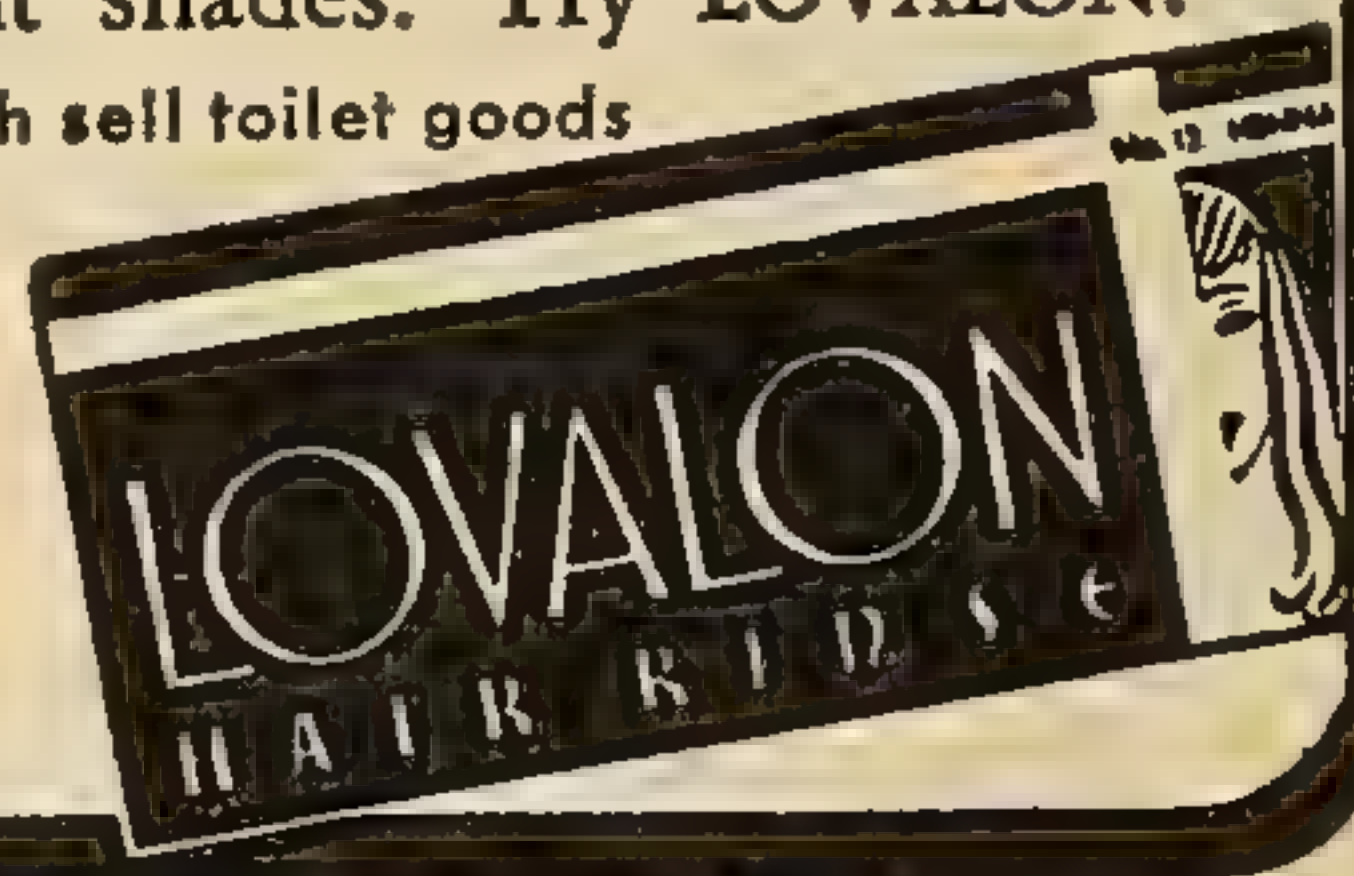
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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 18)

The story has to do with Joan, a royal princess in one of those improbable European countries, who is held captive in her own castle by Sanders, a sort of dictator. Hayward manages to free both the country and Joan by making believe he's a sissy in the daytime and doing masked heroics at night. It's the same story (essentially) as "The Mark of Zorro," and "The Scarlet Pimpernel," but who cares? It's the action that counts and there's plenty of it here.

The three top players already mentioned are really excellent and they're supported by a whole slew of better-than-average players, best of whom are, perhaps, Lionel Royce, Montagu Love, Ian MacWolfe, Clayton Moore and George Renavant. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. —Edward Small-United Artists.

★★★ Flight Command

There is some excellent flying footage in this picture—but, unfortunately, there is also a story. And the story spoils the picture, because it is so full of old-time routines.

It's a yarn about the American flying forces of today, gaining a certain amount of topical interest thereby. Robert Taylor is a young and daring flyer who is brought into the Hell Cats, an extra special aerial squadron commanded by Walter Pidgeon. Naturally, the other men resent him a bit until he gets a chance to show his mettle. Pidgeon is married to Ruth Hussey, and her brother (Shep-

perd Strudwick) is a member of the squadron who is also experimenting on a blind flying gadget on the side. Taylor helps him, and in a final test, Shepperd is killed. This puts Bob on the spot and to further complicate things, Bob and Ruth almost fall in love.

All ends of this are unravelled in a thrilling finale which manages to include everything except the kitchen stove. And maybe that's what is wrong—it's just plain too much, in spite of the fact that there is a good deal of thrilling merit in it.

All the acting is adequate, but none of it is exciting. Taylor is quite all right as the flyer and Pidgeon's acting as the understanding and kindly commander is A-1. But it doesn't seem quite right, somehow, for Bob to be the one who loses the gal (even if she never belonged to him in the first place) to Pidgeon. Ruth is excellent as the wife, but suffers from the fact that her part in the story (the love stuff) is one of the extraneous elements.

Paul Kelly and Shepperd Strudwick are unrestrainedly swell, and there's a new comic named Red Skelton, who reminds you a lot of Bob Hope, and who should go places. Directed by Frank Borzage.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★★★ Go West

The Marx Brothers are back in a movie, and a very good movie at that. It's funny from the word go; it has a

lot of good gags, of both the ear and sight kind. It not only starts off with a hilarious scene, but it keeps building—and the finale is one of the funniest routines in years; it'll probably leave you limp.

The three zanies are out west this time. They're not cowboys, but they're in the cow country, which gives them all sorts of latitude. They manage to get hold of a claim to an important hunk of land which the railroad needs. That gives your villains (Walter Woolf King and Robert Barratt) a chance to try cheating the trio out of the paper. But you know who wins, don't you?

As usual with Marx pictures, there is no attempt to spin a straightforward yarn. The lads simply go wild, going from gag to routine or vice versa. Groucho does all the gabbing, Harpo manages to get in his usual assortment of grand pantomimic routines, and Chico does most of the confusing. Of course Chico also gets in a swell piano solo, and Harpo manages to find a harp to twang for a delightful musical interlude.

The romantic element (such as it is) is in the capable hands of John Carroll and Diana Lewis. Diana is growing up. She's getting picture-wise and, if this film is any indication, you may expect her to get a really important leading lady assignment in the very near future. As for the Carroll lad, he has been climbing rapidly in the past year or so and this is just another okay as—
(Continued on page 89)

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NAME	↓ FORMERLY MARRIED TO	↓ LENGTH OF MARRIAGE	↓ CHILDREN	↓ HOW MARRIAGE ENDED	↓ PRESENT STATUS
HOPKINS, Miriam	Brandon Peters Austin Parker Anatole Litvak	• About 3 yrs. 8 years 2 years	• None Michael, 11, adopted None	• Divorce Divorce Divorce, 1939	• Author John Gunther's trying to get Inside The Heart of Hopkins
HOPPER, Hedda	DeWolf Hopper	• 9 years	• DeWolf, Jr., 26	• Divorce, 1922	• Nixing all proposals
HOLSON, Al	Ruby Keeler	• 11 years	• Al, Jr., 6, adopted	• Divorce, Oct., 1939	• Al's New York's newest Roving Romeo
JUDGE, Arline	Wesley Ruggles Dan Topping	• 5½ years 3 years	• Charles Wesley, 8 Daniel, Jr., 3	• Divorce, Apr., 1937 Divorce, May, 1940	• Resting between phony elopements
LAMARR, Hedy	Fritz Mandl Gene Markey	• About 3 yrs. 1½ years	• None Jimmy, adopted	• Divorce Divorce, 1940	• Keep your eye on John Howard
LAMOUR, Dorothy	Herbie Kaye	• 4 years	• None	• Divorce, May, 1939	• Has a case on Legalover Greg Bautzer
LANDIS, Carole	Irving Wheeler Willis Hunt	• 2 months 2 months	• None None	• Divorce, 1932 Divorce, 1940	• Franchot Tone leads all the rest
LANE, Lola	Lew Ayres Alexander Hall	• 2 years 3 years	• None None	• Divorce, 1933 Divorce, 1937	• Flash! Surprise marriage to yacht broker, Henry Clay Dunham
LANE, Priscilla	Oren Haglund	• 1 day	• None	• Annulled, 1940	• Has said "maybe" to a Manhattan mogul
MARSHALL, Brenda	Richard Gaines	• 3 years	• Virginia, 3	• Divorce, June, 1940	• Ever hear of William Holden?
MASSEY, Ilona	Nick Szavazd	• About 4 yrs.	• None	• Divorce, 1935	• Snagged by Alan Curtis
MONTEZ, Maria	Wm. MacFeeters	• 6 years	• None	• Divorce, 1940	• Girl of the Auer
MORRIS, Wayne	Leonora Schinasi	• 1½ years	• Bert DeWayne, III, 1	• Divorce, 1940	• Pat Stewart is helping him forget
MUNSON, Ona	Eddie Buzzell	• 2 years	• None	• Divorce, 1928	• Confirmed bachelor-girl
NAGLE, Anne	Ross Alexander	• 3½ months	• None	• Suicide, 1937	• All's quiet
OLIVER, Edna May	D. W. Pratt	• 1 year	• None	• Divorce, around 1930	• Happy-go-lucky
PAGE, Gale	Frederich Tritschler	• 10 years	• Frederich, Jr., 9	• Divorce, Oct., 1939	• Everything's under control
PARKER, Jean	George MacDonald	• 4 years	• None	• Divorce pending	• Doug Dawson holds the reins
PATRICK, Gail	Robert Cobb	• 4 years	• None	• Divorce, 1940	• Still terribly in love
RAINER, Luise	Clifford Odets	• 3 years	• None	• Divorce, 1940	• Said to be toting the torch
RAYE, Martha	Buddy Westmore Dave Rose	• 1 yr., 4 mos. 1½ years	• None None	• Divorce, Sept., 1938 Divorce, April, 1940	• It's rumored she's wilting for Rose
RICE, Florence	Sidney Smith Robert Wilcox	• 11 months 1 yr., 4 mos.	• None None	• Divorce, May, 1931 Divorce, July, 1940	• Pianist Dalies Frantz is striking the chord
ROBSON, May	E. H. Gore	• 4 years	• E. H. Gore, Jr., 48	• Died, 1883	• Suppose you were 76!
ROGERS, Ginger	Jack Culpepper Lew Ayres	• 3 years 5 yrs., 4 mos.	• None None	• Divorce, 1931 Divorce, Mar., 1940	• Wearing Howard Hughes' ring
SHEARER, Norma	Irving Thalberg	• 8 years	• Irving, Jr., 10; Katherine, 5	• Died, 1936	• It's still Raft
SHELTON, John	Sally Sage	• 3 years	• None	• Divorce, 1940	• Too career-minded for love
SHERIDAN, Ann	Edward Norris	• 2 years	• None	• Divorce, Oct., 1938	• Mr. George Brent remains her "one- and-only"
SINGLETON, Penny	Dr. Lawrence Scroggs Singleton	• 3 years	• Dorothy Virginia, 5 (by previous marriage)	• Divorce, Nov., 1939	• Our money's on Producer Bob Sparks
TONE, Franchot	Joan Crawford	• 2 years	• None	• Divorce, 1940	• Concentrating on Carole Landis
TURNER, Lana	Artie Shaw	• 7 months	• None	• Divorce, Sept., 1940	• Tony Martin was head man, last time we looked
VINSON, Helen	Fred Perry	• 5 years	• None	• Divorce, 1940	• May re-string their romance
WELLES, Orson	Virginia Nicholson	• 5 years	• Christopher (girl), 2	• Divorce, Feb., 1940	• Deeply in love with Dolores Del Rio
WRAY, Fay	John Monk Saunders	• 10 years	• Susan Cary, 4	• Divorce, 1938	• Don't ignore Clifford Odets. Fay doesn't
YOUNG, Roland	Marjorie Kummer	• 19 years	• None	• Divorce, Oct., 1940	• A stag at bay

(Continued from page 87)

signment for him. He does manage to sing one song, however, and this is good news because he has an elegant singing voice. Incidentally, Diana also manages a song, and there's still another warbling assignment handled neatly by June MacCloy.

People were talking (along that famous whispering grapevine of Hollywood) to the effect that the Marx Brothers were washed up, not so very long ago. Well, this is a picture that'll make 'em shut up, probably for good. Directed by Eddie Buzzell.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★★★ Trail of the Vigilantes

It's a shame this picture doesn't have a better title. Behind those corny whiskers lurks a grand slice of fun, and there will be plenty of customers who will be scared away, figuring it's just another horse opera. Well, it isn't. The horses are there, and the cowboys are there, high heels, chaps and all—but it's comedy which you won't easily forget.

Franchot Tone is the champ two-gun toter, and Peggy Moran is the looker who makes his manly heart flutter. That's about all there is to the romantic or straight dramatic element, the film actually being keyed to the ludicrous maneuverings of Mischa Auer, Broderick Crawford and Andy Devine. What it is, of course, is a satire on westerns—there is quite a lot of riding and shooting and excitement, but the fun element is uppermost. It's a lampoon in its most elegant terms.

For its basic premise, this super thriller employs the most standard of cowboy picture formulas—the story of a young

copper who goes into a tough neighborhood and cleans it up. It's the way this is handled (same story as "Destry Rides Again," but used for more subtle comedy effects) that makes the picture different from its predecessors.

Franchot as the clean-up guy is better than you think he can possibly be; he has a sense of restrained comedy which is somewhat surprising. The three humorous lads, Crawford, Auer and Devine, are in top form—which is good enough for anybody's movie. Peggy Moran is not only good to look at but shows the effects here of the careful build-up she's been getting; the gal is going places. Warren William and Porter Hall are as tough a combination as you can expect.

Most of the credit belongs to the director, Allan Dwan, who keeps the players acting straight-through comedy scenes—for very effective results. Directed by Allan Dwan.—Universal.

★★★ Little Nellie Kelly

Judy Garland grows up—which is the big news about this one. Metro doesn't bother explaining when she stopped being a little girl; she's a wife and mother here—and she comes through swimmingly, of course. "Little Nellie Kelly" is not the sort of picture that you are likely to write home about, mind you, but it's good, clean fun. In film circles, it is what is known as a family picture—okay for the entire family, including (or especially) mom and pop. And in this classification it is tops.

The story is taken from an old George M. Cohan play which, perhaps, was bet-

ter in its day. Judy plays a double role. First we see her as an Irish lass being courted by George Murphy; she's a rather quiet, somber young woman, not inclined to smile very often. They marry, come to America, and she dies in childbirth. (Yes, this is still Judy Garland, and a really grand bit of acting that deathbed scene is, too.) Then there's a time lapse, and Judy appears again, as the daughter, fully grown, happy, carefree, almost giddy. Doug McPhail is her boyfriend now, Murphy her pop, and Charlie Winninger his pop. It's pretty sentimental, with a lot of brogue thrown around, but it holds up throughout because of Judy's splendid work.

There's a bit of disappointment in Murphy's assignment here; it's almost a straight dramatic role, and he gets very little chance to be the splendid song and dance man that he is. McPhail hasn't much to do, but Winninger is a sock in a straight comedy role. Directed by Norman Taurog.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★★★ Comrade X

Clark Gable socks Hedy Lamarr and she pokes him right back, blow for blow. That seems to be the big thing about "Comrade X," plus, of course, the fact that Hedy bows in with a brand new type of characterization. It's a new Hedy, lads, and a honey of a one.

"Comrade X" is a comedy with a lot of laughs, but it's spotty. There are long, tiresome scenes during which nothing much happens, and the funny (Continued on page 95)

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THE SOUTH AMERICAN WAY

(Continued from page 41)

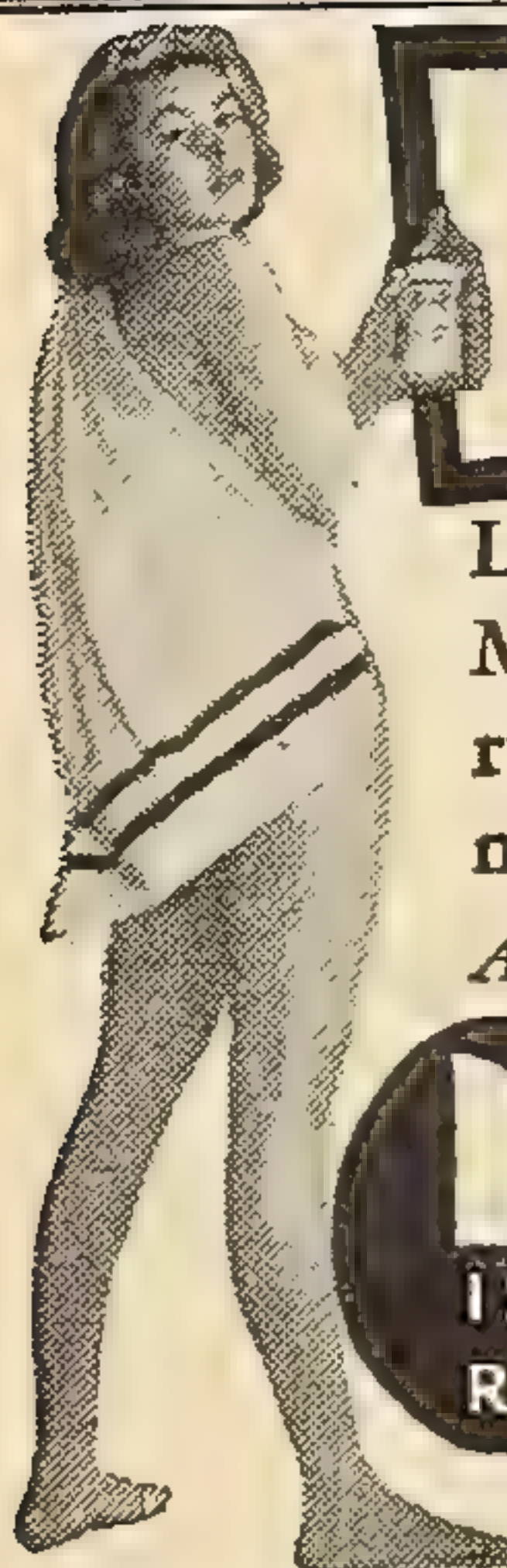
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too, and Miss Joan Crawford. I like very much Mr. Henry Fonda. So easy, so simple, so natural, this Henry Fonda.

"The moving pictures, the magazines that tell us about the moving pictures, they help very beeg to bring the good will we hope to accomplish between Nors' and Sous' America. And the exchange of travellers will help very much, too. Take myself, for example—I have met the Nors' Americans in their homes, now I have work with them in their Hollywood. I like them and maybe they like me, and that is the way to make friends, between people and countries.

THE Sous' American girls copy the movie stars way of dressing and making love and making fun.

"In Brazil, Deanna Durbin is a very beeg name. When there is a new Deanna Durbin picture, all the girls of that age dress just like her in that picture. Rio is then filled with little Sous' American Deanna Durbins in the dresses like she wore, with the hair like she fix hers, even taking the singing lessons so they can sing like her!

"I know now they are smart to do this. Because in Hollywood the girls and women know how to dress. You do not ever see a woman here, or a young girl, you do not want to turn around and look at her, she makes such a picture.

"So, it is good for them to copy. In Brazil, in the Argentine, the rich men send to Schiaparelli and Patou for the gowns for their ladies. For them, it is all right. But the not-so-rich are turning more and more to the movies and the movie magazines for their fashions!"

To interrupt the Miranda, briefly, and asking her Sous' American pardon, quite a few women are turning toward Miranda, too! The heavy scarlet mouth make-up she affects has certainly been picked up by the New York debs and has since cut a crimson swath from coast to coast. The "bahiana" costume she introduced into Nors' America has become a Thing. Lana Turner has one, Kay Francis, Alice Faye, Vera Vague. The costume includes the lavish use of heavily bangled jewelry and turbans, great hunks of gold and great chunks of jewels the size of eggs, barbarous, exciting, dramatic.

Moreover, not even the Royalties of Hollywood can compete with the fabulous splendor which is Miranda's way of life. "She is as rich as hell," a friend of hers told me, *sotto voce*, "she has the real McCoy in jewels and owns a terrific house overlooking the airport and the harbor of Rio, with a Lido deck, retinues of velvet-footed servants and deep-piled rugs from the Orient. Her collection of

perfumes alone is a Queen's ransom!"

"In Hollywood, too," Miranda was saying, "as in Rio, there is much family feeling. When I come here, I bring with me my mother, my sister, my brother-in-law, and we live together in a penthouse at the La Belle Tour apartment house.

"Then I see that others in Hollywood live close to their families, too. I like this. Rio will like this. Tyrone Power has his mother near to him. Alice Faye and her mother and brothers are like one. Don Ameche has his beeg family close by his home on their ranch which he buy for them. The little Lane sisters live with their mama. Claudette Colbert has her mama in her home with her. This is a very nice thing I notice' about Hollywood. It proves more the warm heart of it.

"Hollywood stars are like Rio stars, too, in many of the little ways. Like how they change their name' when they are in the pictures. Alice Faye, who has the real name Alice Leppert. Myrna Loy, who was baptize' Myra Williams. Me, my real name is Mario de Varma da Cunha. I change my name to Carmen Miranda. Miranda is my mama's name when she is a maiden. I am sometime' called 'The Brazilian Bombshell,' too, and 'Potatoes.' Like Mister Clark Gable who is sometime' called 'What-A-Man!'

"When I first come here I ask them what it mean', those words 'Going Hollywood.' I have read it in the magazines, and I do not know its true meaning. They tell me it is 'going Hollywood' when you drive around in a big, rich car, not bowing to anyone, like a proud orchid in its vase. So I come to my studio one day in an old 1937 Ford I have buy, with all my family in it and waving the 'hullo' to every-one I see. They say to me at the studio, 'You have not buy that car!' I say, 'But I have. I do not want to go the Hollywood!'

BUT what is curious, I see no one here doing what they call 'going Hollywood.' The people here, they live on the ranch in the valleys. The big men stars, like Mister Pat O'Brien, they work in their fields and ride their horses and play with their babies and do not go often for the night-life. Even the young senhors who are not married, like Mr. Cesar Romero and Mr. Eddie Albert, they like best to stay at home and have good dinners and play gin-rummy with their friends. It is more domestic than Rio, this Hollywood.

"And when they do go out I am surprise' because they show themselves so open, so generous. They do not make the chi-chi of themselves.

"But that is the only thing I do not agree with Hollywood about. Anyone can see the stars when they are out places. That is not always good. In Sous' America, the women are more mystery. We dress as for a part when we appear anywhere in the public. On the screen everything is perfect, the make-up, the clothes, the lights, the music, everything. But other places, maybe the star is feel' tired, maybe she not look so beautiful as possible, then she is not so interesting.

"Hollywood say 'Pouf!' to Glamour. I have read where the girls do not like to be call' the Glamour Girl. I do not say 'Pouf!' to glamour. I say it is necessary like food and drink. We should wear it thick as velvet and heavy as perfume.

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"Everything in Hollywood is so perfect that it is like living a little miracle-a-minute. When I hear my voice play back, it sounds better than when I actually sing. Now, how do they do that?"

"That is the question I ask myself every minute of every day in Hollywood. 'Now, how do they do that?'"

"When they ask me to come to Hollywood to make 'Down Argentine Way,' I could not because I have other engagement. So the Studio send the director and the entire crew of the Technicolor to New York to film my scenes at the Movietone studio. I am surprise they do not arrive on the Magic Carpet!"

"When I am to come at last to Hollywood to make 'The Road To Rio,' I am singing at the Chez Paris in Chicago. I cannot come when they are first ready for me. This is serious because I must record my first song in the English and I do not know the English, as you hear. The song is 'I, Yi, Yi, Yi, I Love You Very Much!' by Mr. Mack Gordon and Mr. Harry Warren. What is to do? The studio has made for me a recording of the song, sing by someone else in the English. They send it to me in Chicago and they also send a special English instructor, Senhor Z. Yacanelli, who prepare me for my English-speaking debut. He now acts for me as the interpreter on the sets."

HOWEVER, Mr. Irving Cummings can tell me very good what he want me to do without using any words. He say to me, 'Look, I am Miranda!' and he does what he wants Miranda to do. I did not know until I look at Hollywood how a director is sometime the actor, too. Everyone in Hollywood knows everything. The actors, too, know about the directing, know about the job of the cameraman and the sound-man, know how to be farmers and how to play the polo . . . some of them even have other businesses at which they make the money. They are marvelous people, the Hollywood stars!

"He is the politician, too, Mr. Irving Cummings. The first scene I make on my first day in the studio, he say to me, 'Beautiful! That is good, that is very good. An actress ten year in Hollywood could not do that better!' So I feel high up happy and have the confidence. One week later he make that scene over again. It had been very bad, that scene, but he had not tell me so until I got my confidence. I tell him I am so very grateful that my heart, it is doing the rhumba!"

"Mr. Don Ameche is the same. He help me with my lines. He use his eyes at me so I know, without words, what he mean'. In return, I help him learn Portuguese. I teach him the numbers and the months of the year. When you hear him sing the song in Portuguese in the picture, you will hear it sung as never before."

"Si, everyone in Hollywood know so many things . . . when I go to the preview of the 'Tin Pan Alley,' which is my first Hollywood preview, there are mobs of little children at the door. They ask me, too, for the autographs. I say, 'But you do not know who I am.' They say to me, 'Oh, but yes, you are Miss Miranda from down Argentine way!' Even the little children here are so smart!"

Miranda rose, stretched her lithe gold and jeweled body, stretched out her gem-covered arms. "This is how Sous' America, through the eyes of Miranda, look at Hollywood," she said. "It is a strange and wonderful place where you open your eyes and say, 'Dios, I have die' and gone to Paradise!"

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"I'D MAKE AN AWFUL HUSBAND"

(Continued from page 27)

I kept staring at her, and finally said, 'Umm, obviously from New York, so fresh looking, so smart looking.' She cracked back, 'Why, Mr. Lynn—how you do carry on!'

"And that's how I met Dana. A sweet girl, really. We have so many small things in common. To give you an idea—we both love Viennese waltzes and have them played for us wherever we go. Well, the younger set doesn't like waltzes much these days, so we usually have the floor to ourselves and have grand times! Dana has a peculiar Elizabeth Bergner gamin quality I adore. And she's good for me. More social and friendly than I am—which helps me, er, win friends and influence producers.

"But marriage, to Dana or anyone? Not now. I'm too serious about acting."

I WONDERED what this young hero—whom we all thought was so New Englandish, and then so suddenly Hollywoodish, and who's in truth, just very serious—I wondered what he expected of the woman he might one day marry.

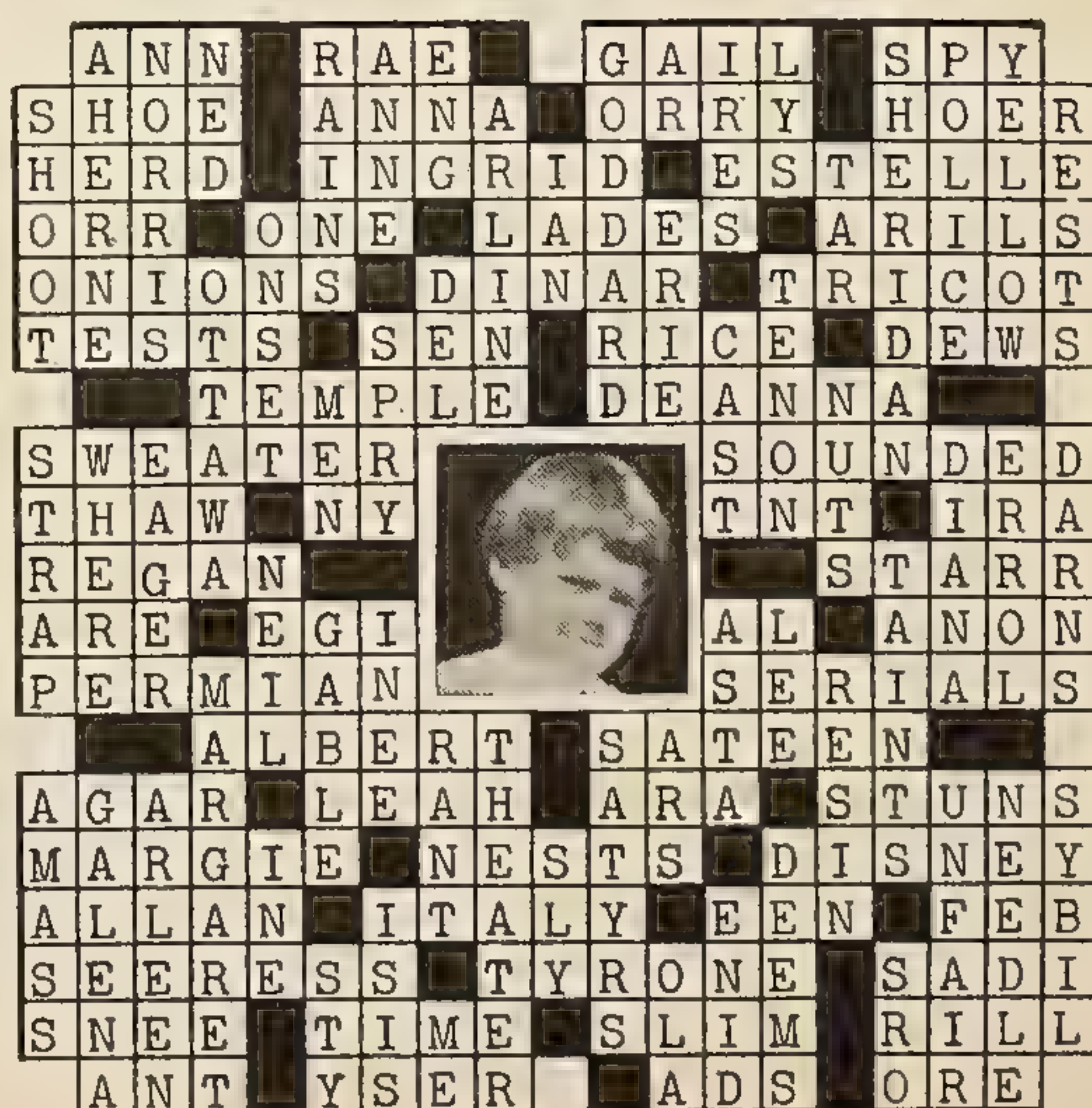
"The girl I marry," explained Lynn, "must be gayer than I am. By nature, I carry the burdens of the world, my world, on my shoulders, and she must be able to kid them off me. She must be able to share responsibilities and be able to map, in any emergency, a sensible course of action. Now she doesn't have to be beautiful in the accepted sense. It's what lives in the face. That's beauty. Also, the future Mrs. Lynn and I must have mutual interests. For example, I spend one-third of my waking moments participating in games of some sort. She must have this in common with me, or we'd be apart in interests and, as a consequence, lonely. She must like good music. I don't mean that she has to be a lover of opera or an arty person, but when I turn on the radio to listen to Tchaikowsky's Sixth, I don't want her turning it off! Understand?"

Yes, I understood. But there was still one thing I wanted cleared up while on the subject of the female. What about the rumor, quite prevalent, that Mr. Lynn was shy with the limper lilies?

Jeffrey dispelled that concept of himself with a five-minute declamation.

"Some women are born flirts," he insisted. "And I can't stand a woman, mine or someone else's, who is coquettish."

Solution to Puzzle on Page 10



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I'm not prudish enough to object if my lady-friend wishes to indulge in a little harmless eye-banter. But, when I'm with a girl on a date, I want her to remember she is with me and not to go on the eye for every other male within flirting distance.

"I admit I'm a retiring person. Sure. So I don't care to have other women make a play for me. I'm not interested in that sort of nonsense. As a result, I avoid such women—and immediately they think I'm afraid of them. Which I'm not in the least!

"And as for being bashful about kissing girls before the camera—no, not at all. You've got me wrong. I think it's fun, although sometimes hard work. My only trouble in osculating professionally is my lack of direction. That is, I never quite know how intense or restrained I must be. I'm always kissing Pat Lane or Ann Sheridan with the Will Hays office in the back of my mind. I always pray the director will tell me when to give all I have or to hold back. But directors rarely do. And so I'm confused.

"I don't know. I suppose it would be better if I overplayed and became more aggressive. Friends tell me I'd be a big hit if I became more of a sex menace before the camera. You know, devoured heroines from behind sex-laden lids. But that's not natural with me, and I prefer to remain myself."

Lynn remarked, in passing, that there was one instance where he didn't hold himself back on a screen kiss. It was during the occasion of a test for "Gone With The Wind." Paulette Goddard was testing for Scarlett and Jeffrey Lynn was testing for Ashley. Before the camera began rolling, Director George Cukor said, "Now, you two, give this scene, this kiss,



Pasternak's discovery, Dorothy Darrell, in her first film "Who's Wacky Now."

everything you've got, but everything!"

They began kissing.

"I still remember it," reflected Lynn. "No one would have called me shy if they could have seen that one. Know why? I knew just what to do, because the director had told me how far I could go and, furthermore, I was relaxed. It was a dirt set, outdoors, and being close to the soil—it may sound silly—relaxed me."

Jeffrey Lynn's wistful reference to the soil intrigued me. It didn't sound silly a bit. It was fascinating. I prodded him with a few more questions. Finally, he pushed aside his food, put his elbows on the table, his chin in cupped hands, and spoke dreamily:

"The soil? What I mean by saying it relaxes me? God, that's a tough one to discuss. You can be ridiculed for talk like this in Hollywood. But I remember once when I was out on location for a Western picture. I was sitting alone on the sand and brush, sort of kicking pebbles and drawing silly pictures in the sand. It was a day! The sun fresh on me, and the wind cool in my face. And suddenly, I felt a long way from Hollywood. My childhood background came back to me, clearly, and I felt I belonged to the earth, that every rock and every bit of earth around me was familiar and mine, and at once, I was relaxed. That moment, when I came to myself, I knew I was in the perfect mood—and that if a camera were trained on me, I could act with the ease I so admire in Gary Cooper."

Which brought us to the subject of acting itself. I asked Jeffrey Lynn about his career in general. And his reply was something you wouldn't expect of a so-called respectable pilgrim.

First, he said, he thought Gary Cooper,

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Jimmy Stewart and Cary Grant were all swell and that in his roles he'd like to be a little of each of them.

Then, he elaborated:
"I think the studio could get more out of me by ceasing, once and for all, to present me as the continually victimized young man. Frankly, I would prefer to be less the victim of the women I play with. After all, understand this, I've been 'a nice, young man' in ten successive roles—and for once, I think it would do me plenty of good to master my leading ladies. Sure, I'd like to bang out of doors leaving her open-mouthed, instead of continuing to shuffle about mooning into her face with mournful eyes.

"Here's what I feel has been wrong. My characterizations have always been steeped high in virtue, with absolutely no faults. Now you know that people in real life aren't that way. A hero doesn't have to be all Frank Merriwell. He has to be human.

"Oddly enough, my roles have stepped out and impressed themselves upon my private life. Since I was a goody-goody on the screen, I sensed that I must remain so off-screen. I felt I must restrict my social activities, since it is part of an actor's job to retain his public appeal.

DURING our bull-session, through the main course, dessert and the mellow pipefuls, I felt one thing about Jeffrey Lynn. And the more he talked, the greater I felt that more than most actors in Hollywood, he knew the why's and wherefore's of his dramatic ability and inability. He had followed the edict of that wise man of Athens, Socrates—"Know thyself." Jeffrey Lynn knew himself. For that reason, he would go far.

"My biggest battle in acting has been to beat down a self-consciousness that stiffens me before others," Lynn pointed out. "It's a bad thing, certainly. Because an actor, above anyone else, must never have the feeling that he's being looked at. When he feels that way, he tries to be self-assured by posturing and posing, and becomes a downright ham.

"The biggest thing that ever happened to me was reading the book, 'An Actor Prepares' by Stanislavski. It gave me my first understanding of realism and naturalness in acting. The author advised me, in essence, to become absorbed by my role, to go out on the stage and shake hands with the furniture.

"My self-consciousness is gradually disappearing. Besides, the movies are easier for a person with my complex than the stage, for on the set, the bright klieg lights bathe you in a spot of light, and all mechanical distractions, all other people, are blacked out in the darkness beyond."

Reading the volume, "An Actor Prepares," may have started Jeffrey Lynn on the road to improvement as a thespian, but other small events converted him into what he is today.

"Yes, small things shape your destiny," Lynn admitted. "A war was once started because a king shaved off his beard. A murder was committed because a gust of wind blew a hat off a cliff. And my own destiny was fixed on that afternoon, years ago, during my high school period in Worcester, when I was riding home on the bus and my scoutmaster drew me out on what I intended to be. I said an actor, and he didn't laugh but encouraged me. Except for him, I might this day be a clerk or bookkeeper in some small New England village."

Then there was another small event. After college, Lynn had gone to something called Lisbon, Maine, and taught English in a high school, and practiced his acting by reading Shakespeare aloud

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to his class when he could think of nothing to teach them. Later, he had been a doorman at a newsreel theatre and played in traveling stock companies. And then came another of those small events—

George Abbott, the great producer, was holding an open reading for parts, prior to casting "Brother Rat" for Broadway. Among the tyros trying out was Jeffrey Lynn. He stepped on the stage, one of three hundred applicants and, in a weak and faltering voice, read his part. It was terrible, and he started to go. He was five feet from the door—he remembers to this day it was exactly five feet—when a booming voice halted him with, "Hey you!" Lynn wheeled around. It was George Abbott. "Come to my office tomorrow morning at eleven!" And the great man was gone, and Lynn stood trembling as one touched with the St. Vitus.

The following morning, Jeffrey Lynn entered Abbott's office. The producer said, "We're all cast, but I have one small part for forty bucks a week. Want it?"

"Why, y-yes," Lynn gulped.

"And then, for fear that he might change his mind," Lynn told me, "I bolted for the door and ran out. I was crazy with joy. I'd crashed Broadway! It was in this play, in my small part, that Warner's discovered me and brought me to Hollywood in December of 1937."

But Mr. Lynn wasn't through. He had given me a good deal of food for thought, but here was the dessert.

"A short time ago I was sitting in the Brown Derby, eating. A woman approached me. She was a representative of the Theatre Guild, no less. She asked me if I was free to do a play on Broadway. She asked me! And only a brief time before, in New York, I hadn't been able to get past her third under-secretary!

"God, this is a crazy, fantastic world. You've got to keep your head in it. And so I'm going to keep mine—serious."

The pilgrim's progress? Pretty amazing, don't you think?

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 89)

ones (of which there are quite a few) wouldn't make up for it, if it were not for the fact that it's such a delight to feast your eyes on Hedy. That, of course, would make up for almost anything.

The story is laid in Russia, and Clark is an American newspaperman who gets into trouble with the Russian politicians because he has a quaint notion that it is good newspaper technique to send out none of the news that is handed him by the regulation news sources and all of the news that he can dig up on his own. There is such an obvious struggle on the part of the writers here to point scornful fingers at Russia that they forget their jobs—which is to be funny. It isn't the kind of satirical fun that "Ninotchka" was; it's farcical and burlesque—but this latter treatment calls for speed and greater wit than is shown here.

Hedy is a Russian street car conductor, whom Clark tries to kidnap and take back to America. She agrees to go with him in order to educate the American masses. But both of them land in prison first and are just about to be executed, when one of the funniest scenes in the picture—a rip-roaring chase sequence which employs about 50 tanks—is used for a sappy but very happy ending.

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Clark is not quite in his element as the Yankee newspaperman; farce is not his forte. But besides the grand work of Hedy there are A-1 performances by Oscar Homolka, Felix Bressart, Sig Rumann, Natasha Lytess (this gal has real possibilities as a comedienne) and Valdimir Sokoloff. Directed by King Vidor.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★★★ Flight From Destiny

This is a very strange picture, with a good deal of artistic merit, and commendable for its courage in breaking away from usual Hollywood formulas. But somehow it doesn't quite jell. It is a psychological tale of a gent who thinks he can justify murder—a gruesome subject, told too slowly and deliberately for the comfort of most spectators.

Tom Mitchell, whom you know by now as one of Hollywood's top actors, is cast as an old college prof with only a few months of life left. He doesn't know what to do with his time and

decides to search for an absolutely awful person (whom the law can't reach) to kill, thereby committing not a sin, but a good deed. He finds such a person in Mona Maris, a wicked wench who is driving Jeffrey Lynn from his wife, work and honor. He commits the murder. And that's where things miscarry—as you will find out on seeing the picture. It's not fair to tell you any more; suffice it to say there is a trick ending.

It's all pretty good, really; handled in a highly effective way so far as both acting and directing are concerned. Also, the photography is way above par. But the writing is pretty much on the surface, nothing subtle about it at all—and the pace of the entire thing is way off.

The acting honors are all Mitchell's, in spite of the fact that there is an exceptionally strong supporting cast, including James Stephenson, Jeff Lynn, Geraldine Fitzgerald and Mona Maris. All of them are A-1 and deserve feature billing, which they get—but Mitchell should have been starred. There's also

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a swell piece of acting by Mary Gordon, which should not go unheralded. Directed by Vincent Sherman.—Warner Bros.

★★★ Little Men

Elsie, "the oomph cow," whom you've read and heard so much about, finally makes her appearance in this movie, but don't let anybody kid you into thinking she's the whole works. In fact, Kay Francis milks Elsie, and Jack Oakie milks the script. And between them, plus some expert tomfoolery by George Bancroft, Ann Gillis and Jimmy Lydon, they managed to make this a pretty good movie.

Whenever a classic is brought to the screen, there is always the bother of explaining whether the film is faithful to the original or not. Well, this one most decidedly is not. The producers simply seemed to have said, "Let's make a movie about this subject," read the original novel, threw it away, and started all over again on their own. If the result were bad, they would be entitled to a solid slap on the wrist, but the result is good—so herewith a kiss on both cheeks.

The yarn is a pleasant mixture of Hollywood sentimentality (sometimes called hokum) and Hollywood rowdiness (sometimes called comedy) and the general line is the same as that of the Louisa May Alcott novel. Kay Francis is Jo, the schoolmarm, and very good indeed, with Charles Esmond (a promising young gent) as her husband. Jimmy Lydon is amazingly good as the schoolboy who makes all the trouble, and George Bancroft and Jack Oakie are, of course, the pair of crooks who jam things up.

All the players are good, and Oakie is better; this guy Oakie just keeps mowing 'em down with each new picture. And credit the director for the naturalness of the entire proceedings. Directed by Norman McLeod.—RKO-Radio.

★★½ South of Suez

A few years ago this picture would

have been rated a good deal more importantly. There is nothing especially wrong with it; it is well enough put together, and it has all the proper ingredients—the one thing missing is novelty. What keeps it from the top of the pile, in other words, is that it has been seen and done dozens of times before. There's nothing new in it.

This is unfortunate from the standpoint of Johnny Garfield and Brenda Marshall, both of whom try hard. And as a matter of fact, you'll enjoy their performances—if you just let yourself sit back and forget that you've heard this yarn before in so many different versions.

Johnny is an ex-jailbird (is this his seventh or eighth assignment to that particular role?) who wants revenge on a couple of tough lads who "railroaded" him. Brenda is his moll. While Johnny has been a tough mug he has sent his brother, William Lundigan, through college and kept his mother, Marjorie Rambeau, from knowing that he's a bad penny. Young Bill is about to graduate, so Johnny and Brenda come a-calling. Brenda has a change of heart, becomes a good girl and switches to honest Bill. Johnny is about to burn up and raise Cain when mama Rambeau takes a hand.

It's all pretty routine, but the acting is above par and there's a lot of good, fast action. Besides the splendid work of Garfield and Miss Marshall, Lundigan is in top form; George Tobias hands in another of his A-1 comedy characterizations, and Douglas Fowley is swell as a gangster. Miss Rambeau works hard but seems to have been miscast; her Italian accent is probably correct as all get-out, but this department's weary old ears just wouldn't accept it. Directed by Alfred E. Green.—Warner's.

★★½ The Mad Doctor

This is one of those psychological things in which you can see the bad boy doing his stuff, and you want to scream and tell the pretty heroine what she's getting herself into. You don't, of course,



Off-the-record warbling with Jack Oakie leads songstress-composer Gertrude Niesen astray. She's supposed to give her voice a rest twixt engagements!

because it's a movie and you know that the good boy will catch the villain and save the heroine in plenty of time. And that's what is wrong with the picture. You know, ahead of time, everything that is going to happen; what should be gripping suspense becomes, instead, polite curiosity.

Basil Rathbone is the fashionable doctor who has designs on Ellen Drew, a rich debutante. Her elder (and dizzy) sister is Vera Vague and, between the doc and Vera, Ellen is walking into a nasty death trap. But Ellen has a good friend named John Howard, a newspaperman who is in love with her, and who uncovers the projected crime in the nick of time.

The director has filled the picture with loads of symbolism and tries to impress you all the way through with "scientific" jargon, but it is overdone and results in the opposite effect.

Rathbone is as villainous as only Rathbone can be. Ellen is beautiful, but this won't help her climb. And it won't help John Howard either, especially since he doesn't look or act like a reporter for a minute. Vera Vague gets some laughs as the screwball rich dame, and Martin Kosleck is very effective in a curious characterization which is never quite explained, but which is intriguing. Directed by Tim Whelan.—*Paramount*.

★★½ The Bank Dick

The case of W. C. Fields is an interesting one. Movies come and movies go, but Bill hangs on forever. There's nothing especially new about his stuff, and there are some people who don't find his antics very amusing, but those are exceptions. The great majority of audiences love Fields' every gesture. Which would seem to be an unfathomable mystery, until you stop to figure the thing out.

It all adds up to this: He is the personification of the "lovable goof." There's probably a very sweet bozo somewhere near you, wherever you live. He's a drunkard; he's clumsy; he's not much good at holding on to a job; he can't seem to get anything done properly—but there's something about the guy you like. You bawl him out, you want to take hold of him and give him a good shaking—but you wind up lending him your last two bits. You disapprove of him, sure—but your heart and your head simply don't agree on the verdict.

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is W. C. Fields.

The story of "The Bank Dick?" Are you kidding? You know blamed well there isn't any story. The title sheet says there is a screenplay written by Mahatma Kane Jeeves (catch on?) which is the only pun in the picture, and which is a tip-off on the type of story—just a loosely strung bunch of Fields chatter and antics.

By accident, he knocks off a tough bank robber and becomes a hero. As a reward, he's made guardian of the bank and, of course, he gets everybody into trouble. It's the Fields routine that counts, even if it is quite reminiscent.

Remember this—if it reminds you of something you saw or heard before, one will get you ten that you saw or heard it before in an earlier Fields picture, not in an antiquated joke book.

There are other people in this picture, but none of them count. It's Fields all the way. Directed by Eddie Cline.—*Universal*.

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WHAT TO DO!

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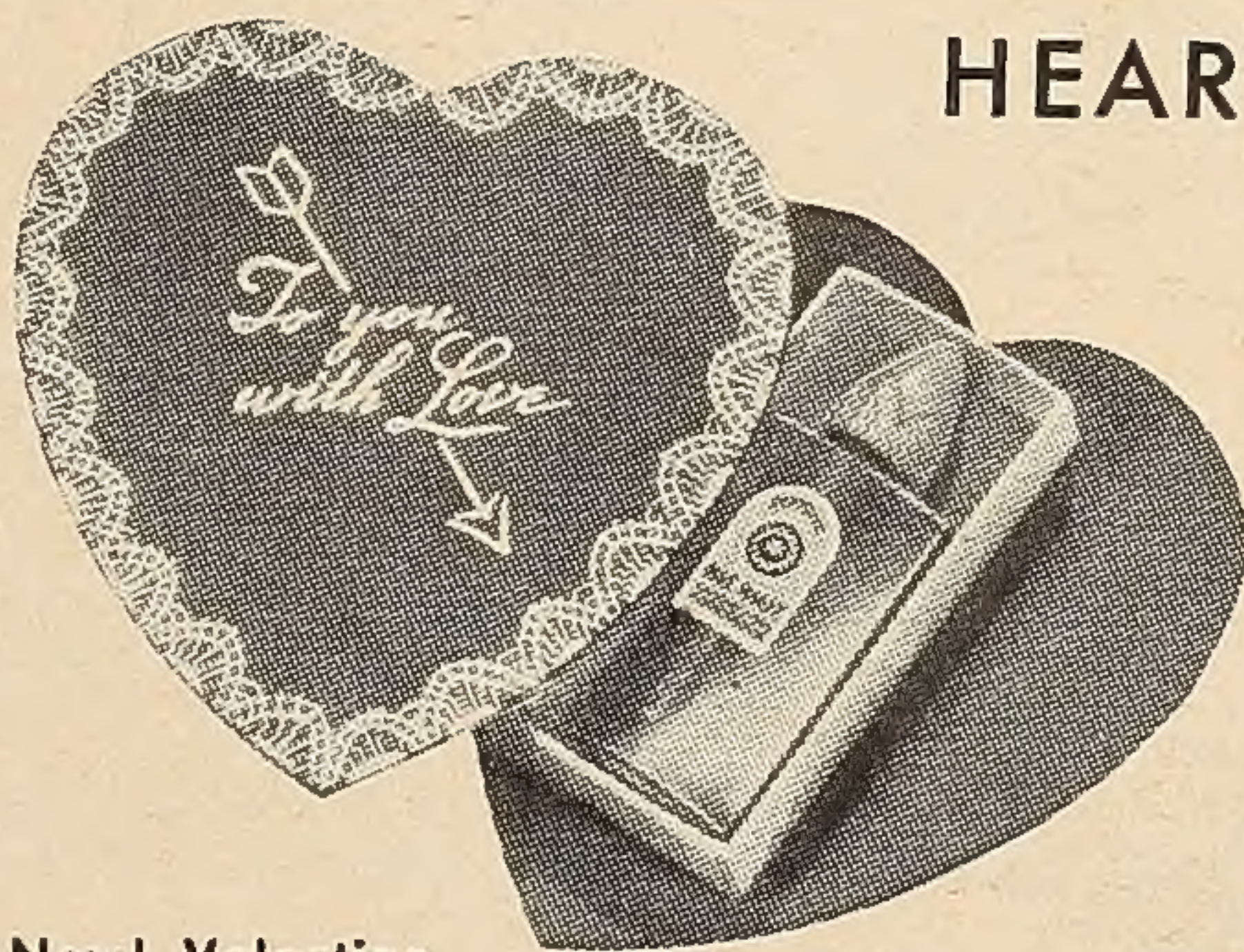
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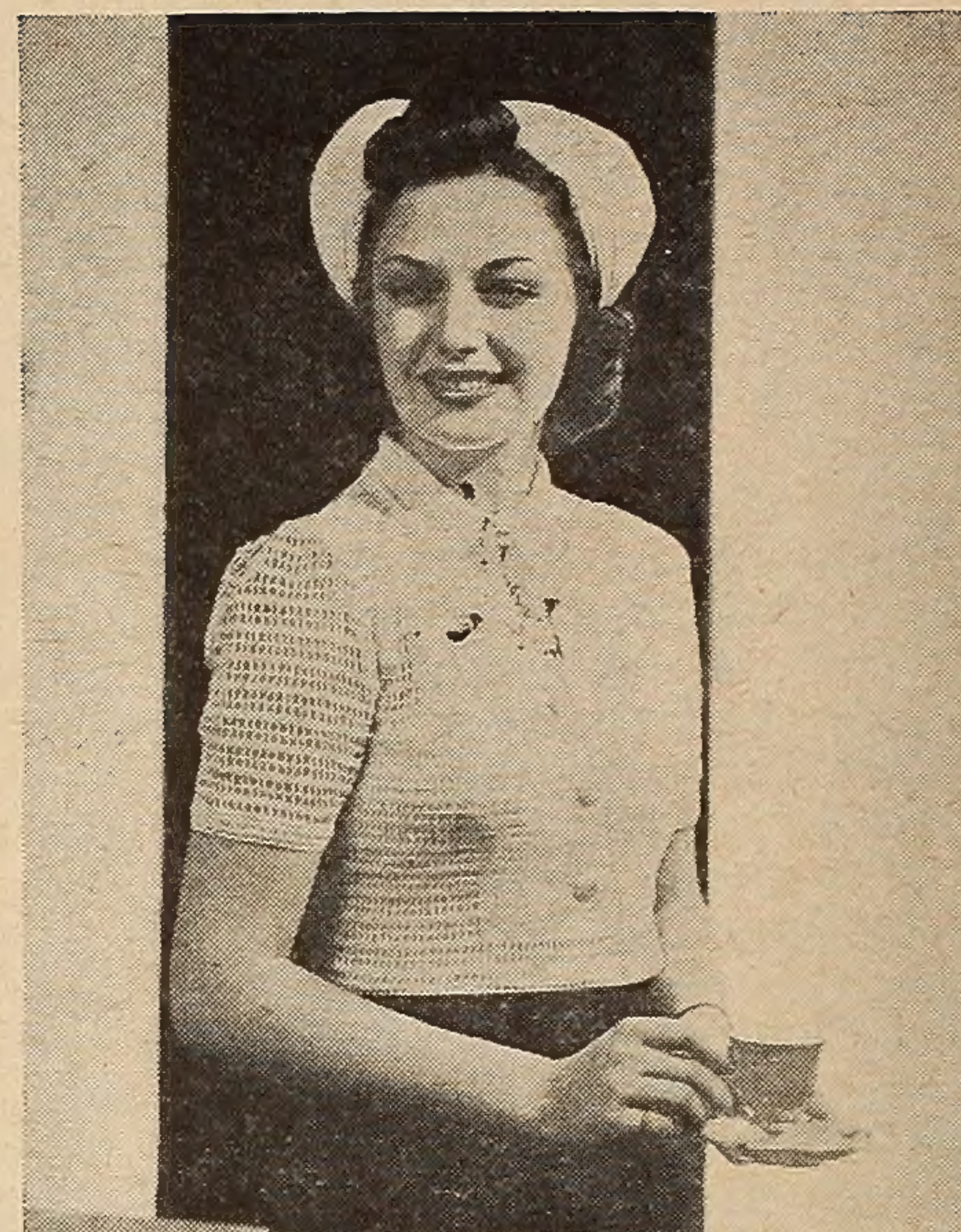
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